




IMPERIAL BRITAIN

**CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL
AND
CHARLES EDWARD PAYNE**

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IMPERIAL BRITAIN

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Stockton, Calif.

IMPERIAL BRITAIN

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TO
THE MEN IN KHAKE



PREFACE

Never has there been a time when the British Empire and its history has had the significance for thinking Americans that it has to-day. For, in the words of Sir Charles Dilke, "If the English race has a mission in the world it is surely this, to prevent peace on earth from depending on the verdict of a single man." In the days of Napoleon England saved Europe and civilization from such a catastrophe. To-day, not only have millions of Britons taken the field against German autocracy, but the British navy, British finance, British industry, have made possible the heroic and sustained resistance of France and Belgium to the formidable power which threatens to overwhelm them. And to-day, it may be added, it is the British fleet which makes possible the pouring of millions of Americans across the Atlantic resolved that government of, for and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

But great as has been the significance of Britain in the war, she seems likely to be even more significant in the work of reconstruction that must follow. Through the leadership of Lloyd George, the influence of organized labor, the encouragement and support of President Wil-

son, Britain has more and more clearly defined her purposes along democratic lines until to-day the officially announced aims of Britain and America are practically identical. These two countries will emerge from the conflict the least exhausted of all the combatants; they have the same hopes and plans for the future; and on them must now rest the main burden of making possible the realization of those ideals which Britons and Americans alike have accepted,—self-determination, the sanctity of treaties, the elimination of war, a League of Peace.

Most significant of all, the British Empire constitutes in itself a model that embodies these ideals, a model after which a world organization can be patterned. It is itself a world embracing almost all varieties of race and creed, almost every stage of culture and progress, almost every variety of conflicting economic interest, all bound together in a loose, elastic organization in which no part is exploited for the benefit of another, in which each part can develop its own peculiar character, in which every member has all the autonomy it is capable of exercising, and throughout which a spirit of justice and fair play prevails. The British Empire to-day is in great part a commonwealth of free, self-governing nations, bound together by ties of sentiment unaided by any elaborate machinery of government. It reaches its decisions through no formal body, no autocratic sovereign or bureaucracy, but

through the negotiations and conferences of High Commissioners and Prime Ministers. Yet this loose organization under the leadership of the United Kingdom has succeeded in establishing the Pax Britannica throughout one quarter of the world, in impressing its members with a sense of just treatment, and in binding them to the Empire with ties of loyalty and affection which the shock of this war has served only to strengthen.

If one quarter can be so organized for the establishment of peace, freedom, and justice, why not the whole? Of course the parallel does not hold at all points, for the British Empire was created by the conquests of a single dominant race. But it is sufficiently close to be not only an encouragement but a model, and the accumulated political and legal experience of the British in building up this vast structure, the greatest political achievement of mankind, cannot but be of immense value. All that is needed is the desire, and after the war the desire will be present, dynamic in form and irresistible in proportions. The gigantic character of the struggle has brought home to the race the horror, folly and iniquity of war as they have never been realized before. Millions of women are asking why they should have had to lose their loved ones; millions of men will wonder why they should go through the rest of life maimed, weakened and shattered. These griefs and questions will constitute a soil on which may

be reared a stately structure of which the poets and philosophers and statesmen of all time have dreamed, a world commonwealth.

But for such a commonwealth no ordinary pattern will serve. In proposing that British experience and British methods of organization should be utilized there is no desire to emulate Germany and impose the system or institutions of one country on any other. There has been far too much of national egoism already, and the world is paying the price. As Goethe once said, "Above the nations is humanity." Many nations, not excluding the German, have surpassed the British in many and various ways, and civilization is all the richer for it. But the British, following no preconceived plan, have found a way in which nations of infinite variety may yet combine in a friendly and harmonious federation. They have proved themselves the most politically minded and most politically gifted of all races, not only by making Britain the mother of Parliaments, but by the discovery that rigidity, uniformity and centralization do not supply the secrets of political union. In spite of many blunders and some crimes they have constructed the greatest and on the whole the most satisfactory political organization the world has yet known, and it is their offshoot, the United States, that has carried the federal idea to its fullest realization. Surely it is the better part of wisdom for

the world to utilize and profit by British experience and British success just as it has accepted the spiritual heritage of the Hebrews, the culture of the Greeks, and the legal and political achievements of the Romans.

Should this book give any of its readers a better understanding of the forces, motives and aims that have made the British Empire possible and of the light that it throws on the problem of world organization, it will have answered the purpose of its authors.

The chapters on the American Revolution and the Great War have been written by Mr. Payne. As the events of these two movements are familiar to American readers no attempt has been made to give a narrative account, but simply to discuss their significant aspects. The remainder of the book has been written by Mr. Lavell. The authors have, however, collaborated throughout, and are agreed in point of view and interpretation.

C. F. L.

C. E. P.

Grinnell, Iowa,

May 7, 1918.

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IMPERIAL BRITAIN

I

THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION

Twice since the Norman Conquest has the little country of England been the center of an empire: once when Henry II of England was at the same time master of half France; and now again when the Union Jack or the red ensign flies over cities and continents of which Henry Plantagenet never dreamed. Yet to use the same word to describe both of these empires seems unfortunate. Indeed, the use of the word "empire" is questionable in either case,—only to be sanctioned because we seem to have no other word that will quite answer the purpose. For "empire" is a Roman word. Its use seems to imply in some way absolute power,—the centralization which was so fundamentally characteristic of Rome. Yet the feudal empire of Henry II, so far from being centralized, was a mere bundle of separate lordships, thrown together by the accidents of conquest, marriage, and divorce. It was dashed to pieces in the reign of John, built again by Edward III, torn apart once more in the latter years of

the fourteenth century, put together in a structure of surpassing glory by Henry V, and finally destroyed in the reign of his son. Through it all, for these three hundred years, England's own well-being and growth were something entirely apart from her connection with these other possessions of her king; the bond that united them had no root in national life. And if there is more organic unity in the British Empire of to-day,—if there is in it, indeed, a very powerful and living organic unity,—yet there is as little centralization as there was in the days of Henry II. So if we use the word “empire,” as we must, let us at least remember that the old significance of the Roman word *imperium* has largely departed.

The empire of Henry II was, we have said, the loose, feudal union of half France with England. But in it the English destiny or the English national character was scarcely involved at all. It was not the genius of Englishmen that built up the feudal empire; it was feudal custom and the ability of half a dozen men to whom the English tongue was an abomination. To the Norman kings England was a mere appendage to their continental domains, valued only for her money and her archers. England's influence was not materially extended by the power of her rulers; she was rather influenced by France than France by England. So that from the landing of the

Jutes in 449 until the close of the Hundred Years' War in 1453, and of the Wars of the Roses in 1485, England was simply England, not even Great Britain, with no political interest outside her borders except a feudal and dynastic interest which affected only a foreign king and his military aristocracy. Her trade was largely local, across the narrow seas. Her seamen were many and daring, it is true, but from the political point of view they were in the background. The sea-power and imperial ambitions of Venice and Genoa in the south, of the Hanseatic League in the north, stirred as yet neither jealousy nor emulation in the bosoms of the slow-moving islanders.

But if the fifteenth century English were indifferent to seapower, little inclined to maritime enterprise, and quite without imperial ambitions, they and their fathers had unwittingly laid a solid foundation for national greatness. By slow degrees, with many moments of discouragement and reaction, there had been crystallizing the potent ideals of liberty and nationality without which the England that we know, the free mother of free states, could never have existed. In the old days before the Norman Conquest villagers and townsmen had met in their town meetings to deal with town affairs, had elected representatives to meet with other townsmen of the "hundred," and to meet in the still larger "folk moot" of the shire. That is to say,

they had been accustomed to the idea and practice of representative government. The larger affairs of the kingdom as a whole were indeed in the hands of the lords who met in their Witanagemot, i.e., the assembly of the wise, the nobles and clerics of greater power and larger grasp of affairs than could be claimed by the humbler merchants, craftsmen and agriculturists who made up the great mass of the population. Government of the people was still a thing of the future; but the germ of English liberty was clearly present in the England of Alfred and of Edward the Confessor.

This germ was not only never smothered out by the Norman kings: it was positively encouraged. William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry I and Henry II saw clearly that the great obstacle to the realization of their ambitious plans for consolidation and centralization was not the people but the great lords. The kings, intent on power, the people, anxious for protection against brutal and lawless barons, had no vision of the possibilities of the future. They became allies only to avert a common danger, not to realize a national or democratic ideal. But between them they built up a steadily growing political unity and a steadily growing national consciousness, until at last the barons, seeing that they could not hold their own against the alliance of king and people,

seized a golden opportunity to do a really great thing. For after the great Norman and Angevin kings came King John, enemy of lords and commons, enemy of God and man. The invincible alliance was broken by the blind wickedness of John; and the barons in sudden inspiration joined the troubled and oppressed people in wresting from the king the great charter. To them it was merely a winning move in their play for power. But the Charter signed at Runnymede in 1215, feudal document as it was, saw the birth of the English nation. Only the birth, indeed, not adolescence or conscious maturity. Yet Magna Carta was still an event of tremendous significance.¹ And it was confirmed fifty years later when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester and premier baron of England, called on the people for aid in his struggle against John's son, and summoned representatives of the towns to sit side by side with the lords in the first house of Commons.

¹ The following clauses of Magna Carta are the most famous:

12. No scutage or aid (feudal taxes) shall be imposed in our kingdom unless by the general council of our kingdom, etc., etc.

39. No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned or dispossessed or outlawed or banished or in any way destroyed . . . unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.

60. All the aforesaid customs and liberties which we have granted to be holden in our kingdom, as much as it belongs to us, all people of our kingdom, as well clergy as laity, shall observe, as far as they are concerned, towards their dependents.

Thus c. 12 laid down the principle, afterwards made definite and comprehensive, that the king was to have no independent power to levy taxes; c. 39 asserted the personal liberty of free Englishmen; c. 60 illus-

This first representative national assembly was, it is true, called by a rebel. Strictly speaking, it was illegal. But behind it was a force that could no longer be ignored. King and people had been invincible in restraining the lawless ferocity of the barons. Now the barons had been at least partly tamed, and barons and people were allied to restrain the lawlessness of the throne. The great king Edward I, still without any vision of the future and seeing only the advantage of town representation for taxing purposes, bowed to the inevitable. In 1295 he quietly followed the precedent created by de Montfort thirty years before, and thereafter the Parliament of England was composed of lords, knights, and representatives of the towns. Through the fourteenth century the national assembly, soon separated into two houses — Lords and Commons — grew in power, tightened its grasp on the two essential rights of legislation and taxation, interfered at critical moments with even the administration, gave its support to the deposition of two kings, asserted the rights of the English Church against what seemed the undue claims of the Papacy, grappled with economic difficulties, and made itself bit by bit the controlling power of the kingdom. The king was still the executive chief, and

trates the fact that while it was the barons who compelled John to sign the Charter they were at least dimly aware that they were acting not only for themselves but for the people at large.

able kings like Edward I, Edward III, and Henry V wielded a still potent scepter. But no king successfully defied Parliament during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The basis of English liberty seemed solidly laid. But while the towns were growing in wealth and consequence, and while merchants, craftsmen and sailors were developing economic security, intelligence, self-confidence, pride, imagination, courage, capacity to act together,—all of the things that go to make up the stuff of self-government,—yet hitherto they had allowed the lords to assume the leadership. The alliance between them was tacit but firm, and it held against all shocks. But in the main it was recognized that in politics and war the lords were more efficient than the representatives of the towns, and they were allowed to take the initiative. The people were indeed but restless and indifferent students of the great art of government. Their place in Parliament seemed often a burden rather than a privilege. As long as their individual rights were respected they were content to let others have the cares and responsibilities of guiding the ship of state. Then in the fifteenth century came the Wars of the Roses. The nobles, already decimated by the long war with France, dashed themselves to pieces in the conflict of fac-

tions.¹ And when Henry VII came to the throne after his victory over Richard of York on Bosworth Field (1485) the Parliament faced a crisis of which it was quite unconscious. The House of Lords under the new ruler was filled with nobles of his creation. Only a fragment of the old baronage was left. The Commons at last had to stand on their own feet or lose their hard-won liberties.

So the sixteenth century saw a national readjustment. The question that time had to answer was whether the English people had learned the lesson of self-government. And for a time it was difficult to see what the answer would be. Henry VII and Henry VIII were more absolute, apparently, than Henry II or Edward I or Henry V had ever been. The people, welcoming with relief an era of peace, looked placidly on while the king built up a great power on the ruins of feudalism. England seemed to be quietly becoming an absolute monarchy. But in reality the people were unconsciously adjusting themselves to the situation, showing little realization of their danger and little disposition to take the initiative, but never relaxing their stubborn grip on essen-

¹ The Hundred Years' War, in which the kings of England sought not only to regain and hold their old dominion over Normandy, Anjou and Aquitaine but to seize the crown of France, began about 1340 and ended when the French took Bordeaux in 1453. The Wars of the Roses, between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, began about 1460 and ended with the victory of Henry of Richmond at Bosworth in 1485.

tials. Indeed even at the height of the Tudor despotism there were signs that the lessons of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had not been utterly thrown away. Interest in national affairs was steadily growing stronger, quickened by the spread of Protestantism and the fear of Spain. And when the high-spirited Elizabeth came to the throne of her father, her brother and her sister, she faced a nation that was nearly ready to graduate after its long schooling. She found Parliament and people ready indeed to give her love and honor, willing to accord her much power in the exercise of her high duties, but unyielding as iron when their cherished liberties were menaced. Again and again the proud Queen sought angrily to assert her independent sovereignty; again and again she had to bow before the courteous obstinacy of Parliament. When she died in 1603 the nation was well awake, uncertain of its powers, unused to united action, unwilling to move other than slowly, cautiously, circumspectly, but still pulsing with a new and vast consciousness of strength and with new, vague ambitions of dazzling splendor.

For the sixteenth century had brought a steadily increasing responsiveness to the thrill of new intellectual life which was shaking Europe. The Renaissance in Italy had reached its height before the century opened,

and had begun to send abroad impulses of spiritual quickening that soon reached England through men like Colet, Erasmus and Thomas More. At the same time there came other influences just as disturbing. There were rumors of the advancing power of the Turks, of the closing up the old trade routes to Asia by way of Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, and — far more amazing — the opening of a new route to the east by Diaz and Vasco da Gama around the Cape of Good Hope. Portugal leaped into fame and wealth with the commerce now made possible by her navigators; Venice and Genoa faced slow ruin with the passing of the greatness of the Mediterranean highway; and all sea-faring peoples felt some stirring of the blood at the thought of the rich reward that had followed the enterprise of a handful of bold sailors. But eclipsing all other news came the tremendous tidings of the crossing of the Atlantic. All too late did Henry VII send out John and Sebastian Cabot to bring England some of the advantage of this short cut to India — as every one deemed was the significance of the discovery of Columbus. But no effort could make Newfoundland or Cape Breton or Labrador yield the rich spoil that soon flowed to Spain from the mines of Mexico and Peru. As Italy had led in the revival of learning, Portugal and Spain had led in the discovery of new worlds, and by the

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time the bewildered minds of English statesmen and sailors had adjusted themselves to the vast changes wrought in a single generation, the chance of sharing in the trade of Asia or the wealth of America seemed forever lost. The fruits of the Renaissance could be learned. The dying torch of Italy could touch the eager lamp of England's genius, and inspire a burst of intellectual glory in the northern islands even more splendid than Florence herself had seen in the days of Lorenzo. But the fruits of maritime enterprise could not so easily be transferred. Spain and Portugal, first in the field, rejoiced and waxed fat in a flood of wealth out of all proportion to the energy expended. The peoples of the north seemed to be hopelessly left behind.

It must be remembered that no one, up to the middle of the sixteenth century at any rate, had thought of planting a colony in our modern sense of the word. The possibility of such a development as was later seen in the English colonies of America, Australia or South Africa had not occurred to the wildest dreamer. The prize of Spain in her own eyes was not the opportunity to plant and develop new Spains overseas, but that of seizing a lucrative trade and exploiting a vast, helpless, and wealthy possession. And in this new territory competition was by no means to be permitted. The custom fol-

lowed by all European countries of making indefinitely large claims on the strength of sighting a single stretch of coast meant that Spain claimed the whole of the West Indies and Central and South America — with the sole exception of the Portuguese possession of Brazil — as one vast preserve. Not only was this whole territory annexed to the Spanish crown, but the wealth that came from it was a monopoly. Absurd as the idea seems to us, moreover, it was in accord with the notions of the time, and was accepted as right and normal by the English themselves. But no body of law, and no power of custom could so cancel the primary instincts of human nature that sailors and traders of all nations would not look somewhat wistfully at the gigantic prize that was making Spain the wealthiest and most powerful state in Europe. Every new rumor of the riches of Mexico and Peru made it more certain that little excuse would be needed to bring eager adventurers to the Spanish Main to snatch such crumbs of the great feast as Providence, cunning, or force might give them. Marvelous tales came with every western breeze to draw men toward the horizon beyond which lay America.

The inevitable conflict began early. In November, 1519, Cortez entered the City of Mexico for the first time, and when the conquest was completed two great

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treasure ships were dispatched to Spain as an earnest of what was coming. France and Spain were at war just then, and a Florentine captain named Verazzani in the service of France captured those treasure ships near the Azores. So Europe learned at the same time both the fabulous wealth of Spanish America and the ease with which a share of it could be obtained. France accordingly followed up Verazzani's success with some degree of vigor, but England still waited,—partly because her conservative instincts forbade her to make a new movement too hurriedly, and partly because during a great part of the sixteenth century she was Spain's ally. Then the Protestant revolution came to sow discord. The Marian persecution and the acute danger for a time that England might be made by Mary and Philip II a mere province of Spain awakened in the minds of Englishmen an active hatred of the Spaniards. And with the accession of the Protestant Elizabeth in 1558 the two countries began definitely to drift into a relation in which a small cause might precipitate a bitter and relentless war. The English sailors began to do more than cast greedy looks toward the Spanish Main. Ship after ship crossed the Atlantic to defy the monopoly by securing some of the trade; and when traders were punished as smugglers and pirates their trade became after a time

actual piracy, on the ancient principle that one may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. So national and racial a character did this unique kind of piracy assume, moreover, that an Englishman and a Spaniard came to regard one another as inevitable and invariable enemies, and the religious difference between them, aided by the Inquisition, added fierce fuel to their hatred. Yet for many years there was no open war. Neither Philip II nor Elizabeth wanted war, and both struggled against fate to preserve at least a nominal peace. War came only when Drake's great voyage of 1577-80 made it inevitable. Elizabeth had then to choose between England and Spain, for peace and good-will with the one meant war with the other.

So that in the third quarter of the sixteenth century England stood at the fork of the roads. Still far from anything like democracy, she had yet built a firm foundation for a free nationality that was rapidly becoming conscious. The intellectual vigor that was to make the age of Elizabeth one of the most brilliant in the annals of literature was joined to a proud and exuberant patriotism. Less than a century later this new national spirit was to turn in fierce resentment against the monarchy that sought to chain it in the name of divine right, and in civil war and revolution was to end forever the debate between kingly

power and national freedom. But Elizabeth's tact postponed the conflict, and in her day the energy of Englishmen was turned not so much to politics as to literature and adventure. Indeed even the literature of the age was a literature of action, of romance, and of aspiration. Shakespeare and Drake alike are the interpreters of an England unknown to Henry II and to de Montfort, a dynamic England which they had helped to make but which had grown far beyond their planning. She stood now at the threshold of a new era. Ahead of her lay the glory and the peril of empire.

II

THE COMING OF SEA-POWER

When English sailors first began to feel the lure of the far horizon there were two enterprises that attracted them with peculiar power. One was the quest of the northwest passage to the Indies, and one was the trade of the Spanish Main. The former was to attract English explorers for three centuries and was to immortalize some of the most notable names in the annals of British seamanship. The latter had all the fascination of adventure, conflict, and unguessable turns of chance. Between them, they were the school of Elizabethan seamen. In the polar seas, the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, Englishmen learned the lessons that were to stand them in good stead in 1588 and were ultimately to make them the first among sea-faring peoples. So that, roughly speaking, the reign of Elizabeth marks the beginning of England's sea-power; and if we open at random the pages of "Hakluyt's Voyages" we may obtain a glimpse into the training school.

On the eighth of June, 1576, Martin Frobisher left

Deptford with two small barks (25 and 20 tons), the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, and a pinnace of 10 tons, to seek in the northwest a nearer passage to Cathay than by the Cape of Good Hope or the Straits of Magellan. On the 11th of July "he had sight of a high and ragged land"—probably Greenland—"but durst not approach the same by reason of the great store of ice that lay along the coast and the great mists that troubled them not a little." Not far from here he lost the pinnace and was deserted by the *Michael*, but "notwithstanding these discomforts the worthy captain, although his mast was sprung and his topmast blown overboard with extreme foul weather, continued his course towards the northwest, knowing that the sea at length must needs have an ending." So he passed on and did at length sight two great forelands, with a great open passage between them, which he entered, and sailed above fifty leagues, believing that he had Asia on his right hand and America on his left.

After some time "he went ashore and found signs where fire had been made. He saw mighty deer . . . which ran at him: and hardly he escaped with his life in a narrow way, where he was fain to use defense and policy to save his life. In this place he saw and perceived sundry token of the peoples resorting thither. And being ashore upon the top of a hill, he per-

ceived a number of small things floating in the sea afar off, which he supposed to be porpoises, or seals, or some strange kind of fish; but coming nearer, he discovered them to be men in small boats made of leather." These were a troop of Esquimaux, who after nearly taking the captain himself, did some trading with the sailors and by treachery captured five of them. After this they kept away from the ships, but one was taken by a stratagem and brought back to England. So "with this new prey, which was a sufficient witness of the Captain's far and tedious travel towards the unknown parts of the world . . . the said Captain Frobisher returned homeward and arrived in England the second of October following. Thence he came to London, where he was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathay." Besides the unfortunate native there was by chance brought back a black stone — really iron pyrites — which certain refiners pronounced to be rich in gold. Thereafter it was gold, not the northwest passage, which formed the chief attraction to the desolate region of the north. In Frobisher's second voyage 200 tons and in the third 1,700 tons of the stuff were brought with great labor to England to the sore loss of those who had borne the expense of the enterprise.

But the interest of it all to us is not so much the success or ill success of these voyages. It is the persistent and purposeful daring, the awakening interest in a world wider than England, the determination against all obstacles to search the untried and immense possibilities of the New World. Every sentence of the old sailor narratives assures us that the narrowness, the pettiness, the morbid interest in unreal things, of the Middle Ages have passed away. It is like breathing in a draught of fresh sea air to see again the little ships of England—struggling against the terrors and dangers of the north, stemming and striking great rocks of ice, compassed about with floes and bergs, and so driven by tempests against the crystal reefs that “planks of timber of more than three inches thick by the surging of the sea with the ice were shivered and cut in sunder.”

To these northern voyagers the elements themselves were the most formidable foes. But to the all-expecting imaginations of the Elizabethan mariners there was even more terror in the strange beasts and devils of the new seas. An iceberg was an iceberg—dangerous enough but avoidable. But what of the strange monster that Sir Humphrey Gilbert saw “swimming or rather sliding upon the water off the coast of Labrador,—a monster like a lion in shape, hair and color, which passed along

turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes, and which coming right against the ship sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion"? Might not this be the devil himself? And every voyager had to face beasts equally strange and equally invested with the halo of marvel that belonged to the newly discovered regions,—serpents with three heads, monsters in the shape and color of men who rose from the sea and might bring on many days of foul weather, and evil creatures such as the "monstrous venomous worme" encountered by the companions of Hawkins, "with two heads and a body as bigge as a man's arme, whose blood made the sword that cut him asunder as black as ink."

Fearsome tales, surely. And yet these encounters with beasts and devils are after all only incidents. Even the conflicts with storms, with heat, and with cold were not the epoch-making ones of the age, significant as they are of its spirit. The great battles of the English were with a power more cruel and far more hated than ice, heat, storms, or savage monsters. The fierce and withering grip of Spain and the Inquisition on the wealthiest part of the New World and on the empire of the sea still remained to be matched and shaken before England's introduction to her new future could be complete.

In the summer of 1568 John Hawkins, having accomplished a profitable bit of trade in negroes with those of the Spaniards who were willing to defy their own law for the sake of profit, headed northwest from the Gulf of Mexico intending to make for England. It was his third voyage, and he was well known in both England and Spain. It had been his avowed practice to simply disregard the Spanish laws as to trade, and since his living merchandise was badly needed for heavy labor by the Spanish mine owners and planters, he had driven a profitable business. In dining with the Spanish ambassador, after his second voyage, he had quite coolly declared his intention of visiting the African coast and the Indies again. And so he did; but as might be expected, this cool violation of Spanish law aroused irritation at the court of Philip II, and orders were sent out to treat Hawkins as an open enemy if the opportunity occurred. Now it happened that on this very trip, as the English ships passed by the west end of Cuba, heavy storms came upon them and, being driven far into the Gulf and failing to find any other harbor, they took refuge in the port of Vera Cruz, guarded by the castle of San Juan de Ullua. Here to their surprise they found twelve ships — part of the annual silver fleet for Spain — which were awaiting there the rest of the fleet and its armed convoy.

Hawkins was a trader, not either a pirate or an enemy of the Spaniards. He did not touch the prize before him accordingly, but sent word of his arrival to the Spanish Council at Mexico, and asked permission to remain in the harbor to refit. But, says Hawkins, "the message being sent away the sixteenth of September at night, being the very day of our arrival, in the next morning, which was the seventeenth day of the same month, we saw open off the haven thirteen great ships. And understanding them to be the fleet of Spain I sent immediately to advise the general of the fleet of my being there: giving him to understand that, before I would suffer them to enter the port, there should some orders of conditions pass between us for our safe being there, and maintenance of peace."

Now the harbor was so guarded by an island that the English ships in possession could easily keep out an enemy five times as strong. But the English admiral was torn between two difficulties. If he prevented the Spanish fleet entering, they must inevitably be shipwrecked by the next storm from the north. In view of the peace existing between the two countries — peace which Elizabeth was very anxious to maintain — such a disaster would be a very grave matter and would probably mean trouble from the Queen. On the other hand, if entrance were

permitted, there was the danger of treachery. At last Hawkins resolved on the more generous course, and giving the Spaniards the benefit of the doubt he made a convention, exchanged hostages and allowed them to come in.

All was apparently satisfactory for a time, and the English sailors set to work busily to repair their ships. It was Monday, the twentieth of September, when the Spanish fleet entered the port. On Thursday morning the English noticed a suspicious shifting and embarking of men going on, and a stealthy clearing of the ships and arrangement of ordnance which was uncalled for on any peaceful pretext. Remonstrance first brought polite assurances, but at last the mine was sprung. On all sides the English were attacked, and in most cases were taken utterly by surprise. The men on shore were nearly all killed at once without mercy. The largest of the English ships was attacked by three Spaniards; each of the others was terribly outnumbered, and what with the odds and the surprise, and the Spanish command of great ordnance on shore, the English were barely able to hold their own. After an hour's fight three of the enemy's ships were burned and sunk, and the battle eased off somewhat; but then fire ships were sent down upon Hawkins' battered vessels, and those that were able cut loose

and put to sea as best they might,— two large ships, the *Jesus* and the *Minion*, the former of which was so injured that she had to be abandoned soon after, and the smaller *Judith*, commanded by Francis Drake. Of the sufferings of the crews of these, as without sufficient provisions, with battered and half rigged ships, they wandered in an unknown sea, we cannot speak here. Those who have access to “Hakluyt’s Voyages” may read of them as told by two seamen, Phillips and Job Hartop, and by Hawkins himself in his narrative of this disastrous third voyage. But disastrous as the incident at San Juan de Ullua was to the English, it was — as has been well observed — even more disastrous to the Spaniards. For it brought them the bitter and undying enmity, not only of Hawkins, but also of the young captain of the *Judith* — Francis Drake.

Let us now move forward a few years. In 1571 Drake was in the West Indian seas engaged in real piracy on his own account. Ships were captured, treasure was seized and hidden, and investigations made into the operations by which the silver and gold of Peru was conveyed to Spain. He found that Panama was the focus on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, and that the treasure was thence carried across the mountain ridge to Nombre de Dios, where it was shipped home. In May, 1572, with

two ships and material for three pinnaces, the daring captain set sail from Plymouth to attack the richest spot on the Spanish Main. On reaching a group of islands near their destination he found that Nombre de Dios had recently been strongly fortified against a possible attack of the Maroons,—a formidable mixed negro and Indian race, deadly enemies of the Spaniards and treated by them like wild beasts. But he resolved to try his fortune. With seventy-three men he attacked the town on its coast side, drove the redoubtable Spanish soldiery out of the opposite gate, refused to touch three hundred and sixty tons of silver that were ready to be shipped in order to devote undivided attention to the stores of pearls and gold, and finally withdrew from the panic-stricken town only when he himself fell wounded. In spite of remonstrances the sailors bore their commander back to the boats. On the way out of the bay a wine ship was captured, and with her cargo to console them for their retreat the English took up their quarters on the island where the town had its gardens and poultry yards. Here they rested and looked after the wounded while their leader formed new plans.

With very little delay all necessary repairing was done, and the little squadron went on its way in search of more adventures. At Carthagená several prizes were

taken, but the spread of the news from Nombre de Dios made surprises difficult, and Drake resolved to fall back on his little pinnaces and carry on his depredations on shore and up the rivers. For this it was necessary to learn the country, and establish firm alliance with the Maroons, which took time; so during the next month the rovers had to trust to their negro allies and an occasional ship for supplies, while they sustained various attacks from the Spaniards, and from a more dreaded foe — the yellow fever. Finally news came that a mule train was on its way from Panama to Carthagena with a great load of treasure. With eighteen men and a Maroon chief, named Pedro, with thirty negroes, Drake marched inland towards Panama. In four days they reached the lofty ridge from which Drake first looked upon the Pacific. There was a great tree there in which the Maroons had cut and made steps, and had built at the top a “bower where ten or twelve men might easily sit.” Here the Maroon chief “took our captain by the hand and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see at once the two seas. . . . After our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief . . . and having as it pleased God at that time by reason of the breeze a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought Almighty God of his goodness to give

him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea. And then calling up the rest of our men he acquainted John Oxenham especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happiness; who understanding it presently protested that unless our captain did beat him from his company he would follow him by God's grace. Thus all, thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended, and after our repast continued our ordinary march through the woods."

These are only glimpses. They convey little impression of orderly sequence. But orderly sequence matters less in the age of Elizabeth than in most periods, simply because policy, statesmanship, the working out of carefully laid plans play but a small part in the great achievements of the time. It was an age primarily of individual initiative, of personality. The triumph of Burghley and the Queen lay not in the positive doing of things, not in constructive diplomacy, but in the preservation of peace, in giving England a chance to develop the tremendous energy that leaped within her. To understand this English Renaissance — profitable and even fascinating as it is to study the constant game of diplomacy that kept France and Spain balanced and steered England clear of the rocks and whirlpools of European politics for twenty-five

years — it is beyond comparison more necessary to know the men of Elizabethan England as they were. So for our purpose these bits of real life are worth while, and we shall add one more. For it is written that at the end of this first buccaneering expedition Drake and his men turned at last homeward, “passing hard by Carthagena, in the sight of all the fleet, with a flag of St. George in the main-top of our frigate, with silk streamers and ancients down to the water, sailing forward with a large wind.” The impudence of this is emphasized by the fact that the adventurers were sailing home in captured Spanish ships, their own having been destroyed in various ways during the year. “Within twenty-three days,” runs on the narrative, “we passed from the Cape of Florida to the Isles of Scilly, and so arrived at Plymouth on Sunday about sermon-time, August 9, 1573. At what time the news of our Captain’s return . . . did so pass over all the church, and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him that very few or none remained with the preacher, all hastening to see the evidences of God’s love and blessing toward our gracious Queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain’s labor and success. *Soli Deo Gloria.*”

Are we to wonder then that when the great crescent of Spanish ships of war came slowly up the channel to chas-

tise the heretic islanders in the last week of July, 1588, they were watched by eyes that reflected little fear? All the famous leaders who had time and again smitten these same foes hip and thigh on the Spanish Main now sailed rejoicing out of port after port to do battle for England within sight of home, and stalwart sons of Devon and Kent who had followed Drake at *Nombre de Dios* or across the Pacific, who had raided African villages and Spanish galleons under *swains*, or sailed their little barks between the giant *bergs* of the Greenland coast with Davis and Frobisher, now went joyously forth, rejoicing that they were Englishmen, in sure confidence that the God who had guided them and given them courage on far away seas would nerve their arms once more against Spain. It was on Saturday, the twentieth of July, 1588, at daybreak, that the Armada sighted the coast of Cornwall. No fighting occurred that day, but in the night some sixty English ships sailed around to the rear of the great fleet to hover and swoop and sting as the Spaniards sailed slowly on toward Calais. Again and again during that week the English admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, closed in on the Spaniards for a fierce exchange of shots, but it was only to strike a few deadly blows and then draw away. "The enemy pursue me," wrote irritably the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the

Spanish admiral. "They fire upon me most days from morning to nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board; but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow." But well Howard knew that much as this running fight might damage and demoralize the Spanish fleet, the real death grapple was yet to come.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth, Lord Henry Seymour, who had been waiting between Calais and Dover, joined his admiral, while the Spaniards cast anchor off Calais. And now the English captains were ready to strike. On Sunday night fire ships were sent drifting down with an easy wind on the Spanish fleet. In a panic the great ships cut cables and put to sea, sailing on somewhat confusedly to form once more in a crescent off the Flemish town of Gravelines. And here, on Monday, July twenty-ninth, the English closed desperately with their enemies in the tremendous conflict that was to determine the independence of their country and the greatness of their race for ages to come. No new thing was it for the brave sailors of Drake and Hawkins to grapple with these lords of the Indies, these allies of the Inquisition, these proud devils who would treat London as they had treated Antwerp,

and valiantly did they fight that day for England. By the evening the Invincible Armada was in full flight toward the North Sea. Then tempests more cruel than the English fell fiercely upon the beaten fleet. Painfully, in dire confusion, the great galleons labored northwards, strewing the shores with wrecks and with the corpses of hapless men who had hoped to harry England as they had harried the Netherlands, and who had found instead a wild grave on the pitiless shore of northern Scotland.

The defeat of the Armada did not settle the matter, of course. It saved England from invasion, perhaps from conquest, and was the most brilliant of the victories won by English gallantry and spirit over the discipline and the resources of Spain. But it by no means destroyed the sea-power of Spain. It is rather the specific point at which the beginning of her decline became evident to those who, a few years or decades later, saw her star waning and that of England waxing brighter and more glorious. And its chief significance may be seen best by those who try to see it clearly in its setting. Not in that one battle, but in scores of fierce — often unrecorded — fights the world over did England give signs of her new vitality. And not alone in the joy and bitterness of warfare, but in the dawn of a new wonder, a new

wish to face the mysteries of the world and of life, a new enthusiasm and a new power, did the countrymen of Raleigh and of Shakespere enter upon an era of adventure and of achievement beyond the dreams of Columbus or of Cortez.

III

THE OPENING OF THE EAST

As it was during the reign of Elizabeth that the first steps were taken towards the founding of the English colonies in America, and the first English ship sailed across the Pacific, so it was while the great queen was still on the throne that a company of English merchants was authorized to enter upon competition with Portugal and Holland in the Eastern trade. Here as in America, England was late in the field, and before we endeavour to see something of the first feeble steps of the famous company "of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies," we must glance for a moment at their predecessors. For many and daring as the explorers of the English race have been, there are few chapters in the story of the expansion of Europe whose first pages contain an English name. Our pride of race, amply justified as it is, must recognize that if the English race — American, Canadian, Australian, or pure Yorkshire — has a certain careless curiosity, a tenacity, an unwillingness to re-

treat, and an inexhaustible determination to somehow reach the end aimed at, yet the exploring instinct in us is balanced and checked by our own virtues. The Englishman seldom forgets the end in the means, or allows a dream to overcome his caution. When Henry VII of England refused to listen to the application of Columbus his caution was typical of his race. When John of Portugal did the same thing his decision was out of accord with a century of Portuguese enterprise. While Marco Polo was exploring the far realms of the Khan of Tartary England was laying the foundations of her parliamentary government. While the Portuguese sailors sent out by Henry the Navigator were creeping mile by mile down the coast of Africa, England was vainly trying to conquer France and settle vexed questions as to the kings who should reign over her. In the age of Elizabeth, indeed, there was an outburst of chivalrous enthusiasm well represented by such heroes as Raleigh and Humphrey Gilbert. But in the main Englishmen need not be given credit for being the first to brush aside the dark veil of mystery that hid the outer world from the Europe of the Middle Ages. Rather do they merit the praise,—more practical, if less picturesque—of penetrating, settling, trading, building after the veil was lifted. The solid virtues of the trader and the pioneer look gray and un-

romantic beside the glorious achievements of Columbus, of Vasco da Gama, and of Balboa. The high emotions of the man who dares to face absolute mystery and to peer over the edge of the known world into possible infinity, are emotions that few Englishmen have felt. And yet it is no accident that while an Italian sailor under Spanish orders discovered America, and a Portuguese navigator first pierced the Indian Ocean by the Cape of Good Hope, yet Spanish supremacy has yielded to Anglo-Saxon in the western world and the Portuguese possessions in the East are a mere dot on the edge of the vast realm of British India.

The discovery of America was practically a discovery of an unknown world. The voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497-9 was the discovery of a new route to a world with which Europe has been in communication for ages. A thousand years before Portugal dreamed of a Cape route to India there was a steady and rich trade between Europe and the East along three great highways, each marked by famous and wealthy merchant cities. One lay through Alexandria and the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean. A second ran through Syria by way of Damascus and Palmyra to Bagdad and Persia. A third route was that by Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the Caucasus and the Caspian, connecting with the caravans from

Northern India, Bokhara, and Samarcand. The second of these had once been the greatest. It had fed the wealth of Tyre and Sidon and made possible the glory of Solomon. But the destruction of Tyre by Alexander had paved the way for the rise of Alexandria, and opulent as the Syrian cities remained for many ages, the Egyptian and the Bosphorus routes took thenceforward the greater part of the rich commerce between Asia and the Mediterranean. From the side of Europe the Asiatic trade tended more and more after the fall of Rome to fall into the hands of the Italian coast cities. Long before Europe had fully aroused itself from the stupor and the chaos of the Empire's collapse, Venice and Genoa and Pisa were sending their galleys to the Levant and the increase of trade with the Orient that came during the Crusades meant more wealth for the Italian cities as well as for Constantinople and Alexandria. But early in the fifteenth century a shadow that had already darkened Syria began to menace Constantinople and Egypt. In 1453 the triumphant Turks stood masters of the Bosphorus, and in 1516 their empire included the valley of the Nile. In place of a Christian emperor and the civilized Arabs the three great roads to the East were in the hands of a wild and brutal race of fanatics, incapable of appreciating or preserving the civilization of the lands they had

conquered, and indifferent to the value of the trade routes of which they now became the lords. It was as if a wall of barbarism had suddenly intervened between Europe and Asia. Trade at once became difficult. The wealth of Venice and Genoa began a slow but sure decline. And the very century that saw with every decade a new awakening of conscious curiosity and interest in the world saw the western peoples confronted with a totally new problem that both stimulated their keenest interest and seemed to defy solution.

There were three conceivable ways by which a fifteenth century European might think of reaching the Indies. One was the old threefold route already described, through the Mediterranean. One was straight across the Atlantic. One lay round the southern point of Africa. Of these the first was familiar enough, but was attended now with great difficulty and risk. The second was a mere dream until the voyages of Columbus and his successors, and then it proved to be not so much a new route to the East as the opening up of a hitherto undreamed of continent. That the third should ever have been a mystery seems strange now, but such it certainly was. The north coast of Africa and inland as far as the great desert, the valley of the Nile as far as the granite quarries of Syene, and a few hundred miles of the Atlantic coast,

represented all that Romans or mediæval Europeans knew of what was indeed to them a Dark Continent.

To Portugal belongs the honor of throwing light on at least part of that darkness. Early in the fifteenth century King John I sent out an expedition which passed the traditional boundary of Cape Non. His son, grandson on his mother's side of the English John of Gaunt, was the famous Henry the Navigator. Making his headquarters on the rocky promontory of Sagres near Cape St. Vincent, he founded a school of navigation, gathered together all the geographical wisdom of his age and devoted his learning and his vast wealth to the solving of the mystery of the African coast. His first expedition in 1418 added Porto Santo and Madeira to the dominions of Portugal. In 1434 one of Prince Henry's little squadrons headed boldly out to sea and passed for the first time the formidable headland of Cape Bojador. Thereafter before Spain was even a united state or the enterprise of Columbus thought of the ships of her little neighbor crept further south, explored the Gold Coast, discovered the mouth of the Congo, and finally in 1486 under Bartholomew Diaz doubled the mighty cape that forms the turning point of Africa. Almost at the same time Pedro de Covilham by way of Naples, Cairo, the Red Sea and Aden penetrated to India on a voyage, so to speak,

of inspection. After visiting many cities there he set out on his return voyage, touching at Sofala on the east coast of Africa and reaching practical certainty as to the feasibility of a Cape route to India. He never reached Portugal, but in 1490 he sent his king a report which not only supplemented that of Diaz, but definitely assured him "that the ships which sailed down the coast of Guinea might be sure of reaching the termination of the continent, by persisting in a course to the south; and that when they should arrive in the eastern ocean their best direction must be to inquire for Sofala and the Island of the Moon." The end might already be anticipated. In 1494 Pope Alexander VI divided the East and West between Spain and Portugal. And in July, 1497, Vasco da Gama sailed from the Tagus on the memorable voyage which ended in the harbor of Calicut on the Malabar coast of India, May 20, 1498.

In a later study we shall try to see something of the physical and political character of India. It is enough for the present to say that the peninsula had not even the pretense of unity. The Malabar coast is a mere strip between the Western Ghats and the sea, and though the ruler of Calicut was one of the most powerful of the coast rajahs, yet "Calicut and Cochin" (I quote here from Sir William Hunter) "were merely two among half a

dozen patches of the Malabar strip: all Malabar had formed but one-eighth of the single kingdom of Kerala; and the entire kingdom of Kerala was only one of the fifty-six countries of India recognized by Hindu geography." So the stage on which the Portuguese were to act out their part in the endless drama of India was not a great one. And gallantly as they faced and drove from the field their Moorish rivals in the trade of the Malabar coast, nobly as they added deed after deed to their already brilliant record of chivalrous heroism, yet the dark horrors of the Goa Inquisition add a terribly black side to the story, and the great names of Vasco da Gama, Almeida, and Albuquerque give place soon to others whose ruthless cruelties are redeemed by little of the high souled fearlessness and enterprise of the earlier days.

For a time the Portuguese simply traded, only showing their prowess when **some** act of treachery provoked them, or when the rivalry of the Moors and their Egyptian allies culminated in a battle royal between Christian and Moslem like the sea fight off Diu in 1509. But there was at least one true empire builder among them, and if there had been more like him Portugal might have created a great and lasting dominion in the East. Even before he was made supreme representative of Portuguese authority in eastern waters, Affonso d'Albuquerque, left

in 1507 in command of a squadron of six ships by Tristan da Cunha, conquered Socotra and imposed submission and payment of tribute on the Kingdom of Ormuz. And these were no barren triumphs of a mere fighter. The line of trade by which Portugal's Moslem competitors carried wealthy cargoes of Indian merchandise to meet the galleys of Venice in the ports of Egypt lay through the Red Sea. Socotra lay almost across their path, and the ships that might steer to the north and so avoid Socotra, would have to pass by Ormuz. Moreover a hold over Ormuz meant control of the outlet of the Persian Gulf, and this carried with it not only a rich source of trade, but a long step — perhaps a complete one — towards maritime supremacy in the Orient. These bold strokes were carried out against the will of practically all the great captain's associates. They even ventured to present to him a written remonstrance, not daring to protest by word of mouth from fear of his passionate temper. But he struck aside all opposition, built a strong fortress at Ormuz, besieged the port of Aden, captured Goa and held it as a point of vantage for the control of the Malabar coast, and in 1511 seized the very center of the Mussulman trade further east by the conquest of Malacca. By 1515 the Portuguese were lords of the whole ocean highway from the African coast north to the

Persian Gulf and east to the Spice Islands. Glad should we be if it were possible to devote more time to the knightly Viceroy to whom this was chiefly due. Of a nobler type than either Cortez or Pizarro, he is rather to be compared in our minds with the great Englishman of two centuries later — Clive. It is told of him that a bitter enemy, one who had been with him and had sought again and again to thwart him in his great enterprises, died in poverty at Cochin while Albuquerque was at the height of his greatness. “But Affonso d’Albuquerque forgot all that he had been guilty of towards himself and only held in memory that this man had been his companion in arms, and had helped him in all the troubles connected with the conquest of the kingdom of Ormuz like a cavalier, and ordered him to be buried at his expense with the usual display of torches, and himself accompanied the body to the grave clad all in mourning.”

The first quarter of the sixteenth century, then, saw Portugal in practical possession of a monopoly of the trade of Southern Asia. The Italian cities had to be content with that which still might be brought in a thin trickle by Moorish and Egyptian merchants through the Red Sea, or which came by the two more northerly routes — through Syria and through the Bosphorus. The glory of Lisbon surpassed the glory of Venice, and Lisbon her-

self was almost equaled by Goa. Yet with the new spirit of intellectual life and enterprise that was stirring in Europe monopoly could not long prevail,—at least without a struggle. Even the treaty with Spain (the Treaty of Tordesillas), drawing a line between the two empires 370 leagues west of the Azores, ignored the fact that the earth was round, and before long the Portuguese traders saw with consternation the little squadron of Magellan (a Portuguese, but in the service of Spain) come sailing across the Pacific to the Philippines and the Moluccas. Each of the indignant rivals could appeal with unanswerable force to the Papal Bull of 1493 and the Treaty of Tordesillas (1494), and though the matter was partly settled by the Convention of Saragossa in 1529 there remained much heartburning and frequent deadly quarrels.

The two other possible competitors (before the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain) were France and England. But until late in the century both of these accepted as a thing accomplished the arrangements of 1493-4. One opening only was left by which the ambition and enterprise of the two northern states might find a way to gain wealth and power overseas. The Treaty of Tordesillas forbade intrusion from the west or south. Nothing was said about the north. Even before the voyage

of Columbus the merchants of Bristol had sent ships out into the western ocean to seek a northwest passage to Asia, and after 1492 their efforts were redoubled. So in the closing years of the fifteenth century we see Spain believing herself to possess a southwestern passage to India, Portugal finally achieving the discovery of a southeastern route, and England eagerly seeking one by the northwest. No one realized that the three might clash. "You wrote that a person like Columbus," says the King of Spain in a letter to his ambassador in England in 1496, "has come to England for the purpose of persuading the king to enter into an undertaking similar to that of the Indies, without prejudice to Spain or Portugal. He is quite at liberty."

In May, 1497, accordingly, John Cabot sailed from England with the hope of reaching Asia by the north Atlantic. Late in June — first of Europeans unless we except Lief Ericsson — he sighted the mainland of North America somewhere on the coast of Newfoundland or Cape Breton Island; but he and England thought it was Asia, and voyage after voyage ended in vain explorations on the unpromising coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador in search of some sign of the way to Cathay. That America was not Asia was evident before many

years, but there was left a chance of at least passing through by the north to the Pacific as Magellan had to the south. And not of a northwest passage only, but even of one by the northeast was there hope in those years of blind groping. In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed — at the suggestion and under the protection of a company headed by Sebastian Cabot — for the discovery of Cathay, and “diverse other regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown,” by the northeast route. Through the summer and fall of that year his three vessels coasted along the cheerless shores of Russia, until winter fell upon them. And there two years later the hapless captain and his seventy men were found sitting or lying as they had died, blocks of ice in the shape of men, Willoughby himself seated at his table with maps and papers before him, watching them with dead eyes that were as full and clear as when the fatal drowsiness had seized them two long arctic nights before. John Milton tells the whole weird story in his “History of Moscovia.” More famous, doubtless, are the efforts of Humphrey Gilbert in the northwest, and the three voyages of Martin Frobisher of which we have already spoken. But none of these availed, and the memory of them only remains to illustrate to us the awakening energy of the people who

were already — in Frobisher's time — matching strength with Spain on her own ground, and were soon to intrude on the eastern domain of Portugal.

Four important events now have to be noted and kept in mind as bases of our next step forward into this subject of the opening of the East. First, the adoption by the English of the Protestant faith, carrying with it a new attitude of independence toward the Papal award of 1493. Second, the revolt of the Netherlands and the rapid rise of Holland as a maritime power. Third, the temporary union in 1580 of the crowns of Spain and Portugal. And fourth, the gradual growth and final bursting into flame of fierce hatred between Catholic Spain and Protestant England. Drake showed his countrymen with sufficient clearness that the northwest and northeast passages were not the only possible routes from England to India. The declining spirit and power of Portugal was already compelling her as the sixteenth century neared its close to give way in the East to the fierce courage and enterprise of the Dutch. And though the search for the northwest passage was not wholly put aside, yet the founding of the East India Company in 1600 proved that England had definitely decided to enter competition with Portugal and Holland in the Indian Ocean.

We say "with Portugal and Holland," for we must re-

member that the burst of new life in England in the age of Elizabeth was in a measure paralleled across the channel by the appearance of an independent, fiercely virile Holland. And the new Dutch national energy, like the English, found part of its expression in maritime and commercial enterprise. The Dutch Barentz failed as completely — though less tragically — as the English Wiloughby in the attempt to reach Asia by the northeast; and the more gloriously their obstinate courage was rewarded by victories over their Spanish oppressors, the more confidently did they turn to the hope of competing with Portugal in her own seas and by the Cape route. Two patriotic Dutchmen brought to their country the necessary initial information. Cornelius Hunter, a resident for many years of Lisbon, found out — by inquiries so diligent that they brought him imprisonment at the hands of the suspicious Portuguese — all that could be learned at the capital. And his facts were supplemented by the observations of John Huyghen van Linschoten of Haarlem, who from 1583 to 1589 lived at Goa, the Portuguese capital of the Indies, in the train of the Archbishop. His accounts of India and of the routes to the East were published by the special license of the Dutch States-General, and in 1595 a squadron of four ships was sent out under Cornelius Houtman. Avoiding the penin-

sula of India he sailed on to the island of Java, made a treaty with the king of Bantam, and returned home in triumph. Between 1595 and 1601 fifteen Dutch expeditions followed in the footsteps of Houtman or penetrated the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, and in 1602 was formed the Dutch East India Company.

But Linschoten's "Voyage to the East Indies" was translated into English in 1598, and the splendor of the prize—"great provinces, puissant cities, and unmeasurable islands"—was held up to the eager eyes of the countrymen of Gresham and Hawkins. "I do not doubt," runs the preface, "but yet I do most heartily pray and wish that this poor Translation may work in our English nation a further desire and increase of honor over all countries of the world by means of our Wodden Walles." It was a wish abundantly fulfilled. Linschoten's work only reënforced the impression already made by the marvels told by an English traveler, Ralph Fitch, who visited Ormuz in 1583, was taken thence as a prisoner to Goa; journeyed after his release to the court of the Mogul Emperor Akbar (where he saw a deplorable number of heathen temples and idols: "some be like a cow, some like a monkey, some like peacocks, and some like the devil"), then farther east still to Bengal, Burmah and Malacca. In 1591 he returned to England with a

complete account of the wealth of the Indian trade and the weakness of the Portuguese hold on it. So the interest awakened by Fitch, renewed by Linschoten, and stimulated by every rumor of the decline of the Portuguese monopoly and the success of the Dutch in Java, Sumatra and Ceylon, was at last focused on a definite undertaking. On September 22, 1599, an assembly of London merchants met in Founders' Hall to consider the situation. The projects for a route by either northeast or northwest, though not wholly put aside, seemed unlikely to come to anything. The Muscovy Company, which had tried since 1554 to carry on trade by an overland route through Russia, was fast realizing that the journey was too long and too expensive for profitable traffic. And the Levant Company, which had been competing with the Mediterranean merchants on their own ground with some success, was finding Turkish insolence, the greed of the Barbary pirates, and the Spanish hold on the Straits of Gibraltar so vexatious and disastrous that any relief might well be welcomed. It is not surprising, therefore, that two of the most prominent men in the assembly of London merchants in Founders' Hall were among the founders of the Levant Company. Already, earlier in 1599, they had sent to the court of the Great Mogul one John Mildenhall, a merchant of London, to make preliminary

negotiations for the opening up of trade with India with renewed energy and by the Cape route. And now after some days of discussion the assembly subscribed £30,133 for an initial voyage and formally requested the Queen to grant them "a privilege in succession and to incorporate them in a company, for that the trade to the Indies being so far remote from hence, cannot be traded but in a joint and a united stock."

For diplomatic reasons the consent of the government was delayed, but at last it was intimated to the leaders of the enterprise that all was well. At once a committee was appointed to arrange for the voyage. A warship of 600 tons — built to serve as a privateer and owned by the Earl of Cumberland — with three smaller ships and a pinnace were purchased and fitted out with speed, the committee providing a barrel of beer daily for the workmen so that "they leave not their work to run to the alehouse." More than double the original capital was subscribed. And on December 31, 1600, a charter from Queen Elizabeth constituted the adventurers into "one body complete and politick, in deed and in name, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies," the purposes of the undertaking being "the Honor of our Nation, the Wealth of our People, the Increase of our Navigation, and the

advancement of lawful traffic to the benefit of our Commonwealth." The charter secured to the Company for fifteen years an exclusive right to trade in all seas and countries beyond the Cape and Straits of Magellan except such as may be in the actual possession of any Christian prince "in amity with the Queen," with the necessary powers of discipline, by-laws, and defense. Thus appropriately, in the closing years of great Elizabeth, was formed that most famous of all merchant companies, destined after a century and a half of trade to stand suddenly in dazzling splendor before the world as the conqueror of the Carnatic, of Bengal, then of all India.

Before we turn to the early struggles of the company in the East, it would be a pity not to quote the quaint, Puritanical, Elizabethan regulations issued by the Directors to their servants. At each factory, as a trading post was called, the members of the staff were to live and eat together, to meet daily for prayers, and to be in at a certain hour of night. They must be brotherly one to another ("no brabbles"), cleanly of person, respectful to superior officers and to the preacher, and careful as to their health. Blasphemy, gambling, drinking, and banqueting are sternly denounced. And all these instructions are given in a kindly, albeit an uncompromising tone, in minutes and in letters in which a strictly business detail

might be followed by a grave warning against the evils of gluttony. Take these sentences from a letter of 1610. "And because there is no means more prevalent to strengthen and confirm the ways of the godly in righteousness than the spirit of God which is the guide into all good motions, and no aim more pregnant to support and uphold the sinner from falling into wickedness than the grace of God. . . . we exhort you in the fear of God to be very careful to assemble together your whole family (*i.e.*, all the employees of the post) every morning and evening, and to join together in all humility with hearty prayer to Almighty God for his merciful protection." "Settle such modest and sober government in your own household that neither amongst themselves there be contentious quarrels or other occasions of strife." "Comport yourselves both in your habit and housekeeping in such comely and convenient manner as neither may disparage our business nor be accounted too excessive in expenses." This admirable advice was accompanied, moreover, with goodly aids to spiritual and intellectual refreshment. "For the better comfort and recreation of such of our factors as are residing in the Indies we have sent the works of that worthy servant of Christ Mr. William Perkins, together with Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' and Mr. Hackluit's voyages to recreate their spirits with

variety of history." What could be better, surely? One's heart goes out across the three centuries to these stalwart old London merchants who so studiously chose their words in the quaintly phrased dispatches. The old letter books of the Company are yellow and musty now, and yet life comes back to them quickly enough as we read words throbbing with the same spirit that we know so well in colonial New England, the spirit of indomitable Puritan strength and conviction and unshakable purpose. These founders of the East India Company were men who might have been the fathers or the neighbors of those who, a few years later, settled Plymouth and Boston.

The first ten years of the new undertaking were years of doubtful fortune. Not only was each voyage itself long and hazardous, not only was it no easy matter to take from England commodities that could be profitably exchanged for the silks and calicoes and spices of Asia, but suspicious and powerful enemies awaited with deadly intent each English ship that ventured into the Indian Ocean. On the coast of India the Portuguese still held the field, not in the old-time strength that had been theirs before the dead hand of Spain had fallen upon them, and before the cruel poison of the Inquisition had sapped their life, but still with gallant determination to defend what was left of the heritage bequeathed to them by Da

Gama and Albuquerque. And farther east, at Malacca and on the coast of Java the Dutch watchfully held the control of the trade to the Spice Islands. Behind both of these European rivals lay the native princes, and little as they might love the masterful aliens who bullied them into trade and curtailed their independence, yet they were scarcely likely to risk cruel displeasure and vengeance by giving favor to the insignificant late comers.

The first distinct conflict on the Malabar coast came in the fall of 1611, near Surat. Sir Henry Middleton with three English ships found a Portuguese squadron of twenty armed vessels lying across the mouth of the river by which the city had to be reached. Their commander, with courtesy, but with decision, informed the English captain that unless he bore letters from the King of Spain or his Viceroy he must forbid entrance. To which Middleton naturally responded that he came not to interfere with any rights of the Portuguese but to open up trade with the Great Mogul, in whose cities he had as good a right to trade as any adventurer in Christendom. But the Englishman's insistence availed little against his rival's positive orders, and a more definite step became necessary when supplies began to run short and scurvy to break out. Three ships seemed scarcely likely to break a blockade maintained by twenty, yet seamanship availed

much in the shoals of that dangerous coast, and the attack that came as the English stood in toward shore was beaten off so fiercely that the attitude of the natives was determined as it was by Clive's defense of Arcot nearly a century and a half later. The sight of a prize taken triumphantly by the little force of the English under the very eyes of a six times stronger enemy convinced the discerning Indians that the hostility of the Portuguese was less dangerous than that of the new arrivals, and trade was opened at once. If doubt still remained, it was removed by the great fight off Swally, near Surat, in December, 1612. Four Portuguese galleons, aided by twenty-six small galleys — useful for quick movement in the shallow water — tried to capture Thomas Best, commanding the Company's ship *Red Dragon* and a smaller vessel that he had with him. Day after day the armada renewed the attack, ashamed to give up the contest, and yet forced again and again to cease their onset and flee from these savage sons of the men who had fought under Drake and Howard; until at last, with sore loss in men and ships, the remainder of the squadron sailed away south to Goa, and the Mogul's soldiers who had gathered on the shore to witness the fight knew that the star of Portugal in India had set. To Best, himself, exactly a year later (December, 1613), was given the imperial decree which

established an English factory at Surat,— the first definite foothold in India of the future masters of Delhi.

The victory over the Portuguese came none too soon. For disaster followed disaster in the Spice Islands, until in 1623 the Dutch seized the Company's representatives at Amboyna, tortured and executed ten of them, and drove their rivals from the field. It was indeed the great age of Holland. This business of Amboyna was murderous and shameful enough, but in the main the Dutch won in the far East because the eastern trade was to them a national enterprise, into which they threw their full strength at a time when their country was filled with the spirit of an heroic age. So they held their own in the Spice Islands, and the English returned to India, not knowing that their place of retreat held for them a destiny immeasurably greater than any petty bargain with the Dutch could have brought them in the Moluccas. Each company — Dutch and English — now held to its own field, and the defeated Portuguese clung, angry and disconsolate, to a Goa shorn of its splendor, nursing great memories of the time when their heroic captains had achieved for Europe the opening of the East. One act in the great drama of India was over.

IV

THE GREAT DUEL WITH FRANCE

When Philip II sent his invincible Armada to invade England in 1588 he was unquestionably lord of the most powerful monarchy in Christendom. A century before, Spain was hardly beginning to be ranked as a great power. A century after, she had yielded her primacy to France. It was long, indeed, before England realized that the adversary with whom she had grappled so fiercely on the Spanish Main and in the fight off Gravelines was ceasing to be dangerous. For Spain's decline was a gradual one. The wealth of Mexico and South America made her for generations the richest state in Europe,—richest, that is to say, in wealth immediately available for purposes of conquest and aggrandizement. We see now clearly enough that gold and silver are by no means the surest source of national prosperity. We know that the very use of the shiploads of bullion that came year after year from America meant a squandering of resources as absolute as the hewing down of a vast area of timber

without thought of replanting. As each tree might be made an immediate source of revenue, so might each ingot of gold or silver; but as the destruction of the forest leaves a barren waste of stumps, so the draining of the Indies meant ultimate exhaustion of the supply, and worse still, the moral degeneration of the spendthrift who draws on his capital and awakens too late from the illusion that has destroyed him. All this is clear enough now, and needs little wisdom to point the moral. But during the first half of the seventeenth century Spain's gold still made her formidable, and if her fleets were yielding place to those of Holland and England, yet her naval power was not to be despised, and her soldiers were still esteemed the best equipped and the best disciplined in Europe.

France was her great rival, as in the days of Charles V, but the relative strength of the combatants was no longer what it had been when the giant power of the lord of Austria, Spain, the Netherlands and the Indies struck down Francis I at Pavia. During the period when the might of Spain was at its zenith — *i.e.*, during a great part of the sixteenth century — France lay almost powerless, torn in twain by the fierce religious wars of which St. Bartholomew was only the most terrible incident. But at last in 1598, when Spain, ruined by the bigotry of

Philip II and the deceptive wealth of the Indies, was well on the road to hopeless decline, her rival stood united and strong with the vigor of a healthy patriotic reaction against the disunion of the past fifty years. Under Henry of Navarre France entered upon a new era.

There are few periods to which a Frenchman untainted by extreme republicanism can look back with more patriotic satisfaction than the seventeenth century. It was not an age of developing liberty. On the contrary it saw the steady decrease of national influence on the government, and the rise of a monarchy more absolutely centralized and more perfectly organized than Europe had seen since the best days of Rome. But at the same time, under the strong, wise rule of men like Henry IV and his great co-worker Sully, the two famous Cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin, and that master brain of all the ministers of Louis XIV, Jean-Baptiste Colbert, France grew and waxed prosperous, while her power in arms at length overshadowed that of Spain herself. The peace that closed the Thirty Years' War in Germany (1648) was in effect a diplomatic triumph for France and a blow to Spain. Already on the field of Rocroi (1643) Condé had anticipated by force of arms the victory planned by the cunning brains of Richelieu and Mazarin, and in those fateful five years the military greatness of Spain sank

beyond hope of resurrection. Henceforward her destiny tended more and more to be merged into that of her rival, until in the eighteenth century the alliance between the countries north and south of the Pyrenees was a familiar and permanent fact in the diplomacy of Europe,—an alliance, moreover, in which France was the controlling factor. Only fitfully and ineffectually did Spain ever again assert a claim to the glory that had been hers before the Inquisition cowed her into spiritual torpor, and her ill-gotten wealth destroyed her manhood. But France grew more formidable with every decade. Louis XIV, with all his faults, had two virtues which, joined to a never satisfied ambition and a limitless vanity, seemed likely for a time to make him master of Europe: he had immense industry and the keenest of eyes in the selection of able ministers. “Louis XIV,” says Macaulay in one of his most Macaulayesque passages, “was not a great general. He was not a great legislator. But he was, in one sense of the word, a great king. . . . His was a talisman which extorted the obedience of the proudest and mightiest spirits. The haughty and turbulent warriors whose contests had agitated France during his minority yielded to the irresistible spell, and like the gigantic slaves of the ring and lamp of Aladdin, labored to decorate and aggrandize a master whom they could have

crushed. . . . The arms of Turenne were the terror of Europe. The policy of Colbert was the strength of France. But in their foreign successes and their internal prosperity the people saw only the greatness and wisdom of Louis."

Now all the power, all the genius at the disposal of this proud lord of France, all the resources of his vast realm, were turned to the realization of two great schemes. With Colbert steadily building up the wealth of the country, nursing its industry and commerce and organizing its finances, with Louvois, Condé, Turenne, and Vauban rapidly fashioning armies, building fortifications, gathering and perfecting all the equipment of war, or hurling a blow with sure stroke against some startled enemy,—the king himself regarded wealth and military power simply as means by which he could in Europe extend his dominions to the Rhine, and in America build up a colony that might mean more to France in days to come than Mexico and Peru with all their wealth had ever meant to Spain. The former would mean supremacy in Europe; the latter might well mean in time supremacy in the world. Opposition to the first would come from the Netherlands, the German states along the frontier, and Austria, all of whom were threatened with partial or complete conquest and the dangerous neighbor-

hood of a vast and expanding military power. To these might be added England, if she could spare time and energy from her absorbing problems at home to attend to affairs across the Channel. In the New World, Germany, Holland and Austria were interested not at all. There the ambition of Louis was confronted only by the colonies of England. But behind the colonies stood the mother country, and events might well bring about such a situation that Great Britain would perforce have to arouse herself to a stern conflict or submit to a second place or none at all on the sea and in America.

Such then was the situation when England at last ended her long period of struggle, doubt, and heart-burning in the effort to reconcile her well-loved principles of monarchy with her fundamental liberties. One stage of the conflict had carried her into republicanism, an end not desired and not maintained. The next crisis, that of 1688, had a happier and more stable outcome. The departure of James II and the coming of William III inaugurated the limited monarchy of England as we know it, and the country could once more turn with a free mind to problems other than those of Parliaments and kingly prerogatives. Here then stood one such problem in full sight. The growth of France had already awakened the jealousy and anxiety of thoughtful leaders of all parties. When

William of Orange was invited to take the throne, the Englishmen who sent for him knew perfectly well that they were negotiating with the man who, as the chief magistrate of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, was the bitterest and ablest of all the enemies of France. His accession to the throne of England meant at once the formation of a Grand Alliance against the ambition of Louis in which the island kingdom took the first place. So was opened in 1689 that second Hundred Years' War, as Seeley has called it, which began as an effort to restore and maintain the balance of power but which became finally a gigantic duel for empire in three continents, only ending at last on the field of Waterloo.

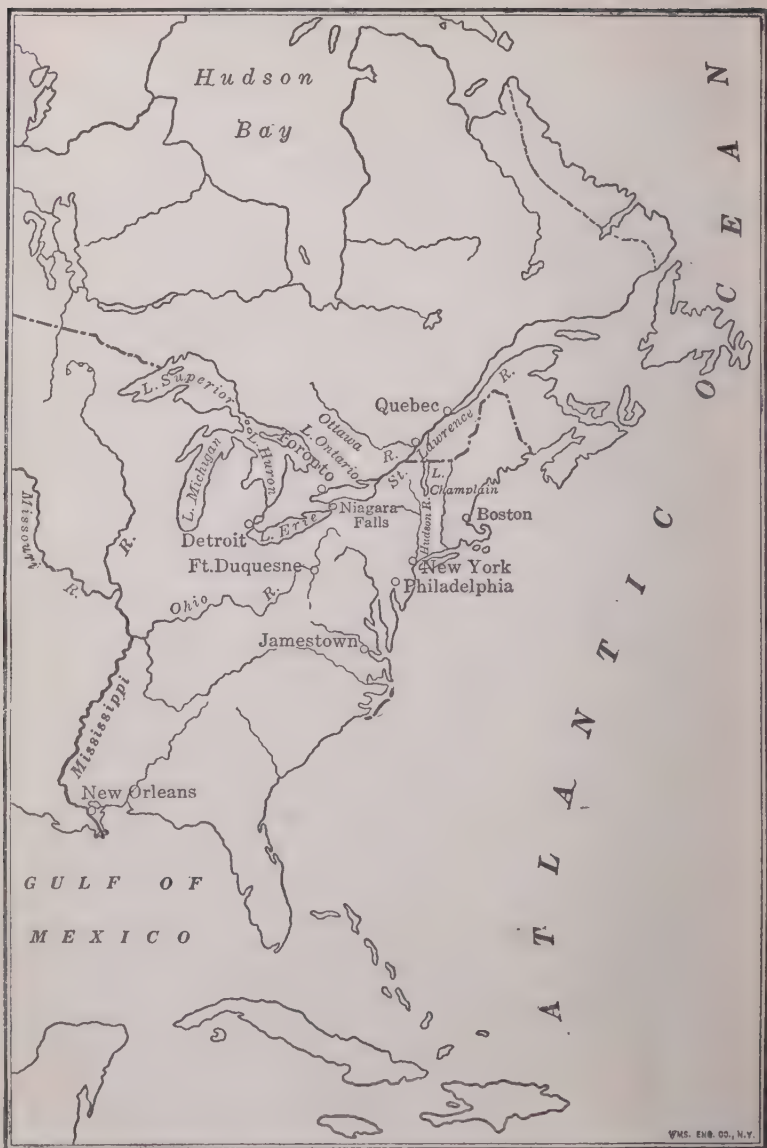
For a systematic study of the conflict in its European phases we have no time just now, necessary as it may be occasionally to revert to single situations that were world-wide in their significance. Rather must we turn now definitely to America, where the most momentous part of the great struggle was to be fought out. Nowhere else in the world were the two rivals face to face in quite such an uncompromising way. Beginning their colonial experience on the same continent at almost the same time, they developed there, each colony after the manner of the race it represented. In the one grew up stalwart citizens and men of affairs like Franklin and Washington.

We of English speech know them well, for they are of our own blood. In the other were men of an even more picturesque type, perhaps, a type at any rate less familiar to us,— knightly heroes like Champlain, Frontenac and La Salle, who, if they failed in their effort to plant a faithful and powerful image of old France in the New World, left us nevertheless a deathless memory of courage and constancy. Between the two peoples grew up a mortal enmity. Almost from the very infancy of the two colonies New France and New England gripped throats and fought savagely for life and power. Even in so vast a continent neither was content to own a rival or a possible superior. So supreme was the long struggle and so momentous the issue that no true American, no true Englishman has vulgarized it by a word of contempt for the conquered. No annals written by an American historian are so fascinating, so vitalized by living sympathy, as the familiar narratives that tell us the heroic tales of the Jesuit mission among the Hurons, of Champlain's voyage up the Ottawa, of wild grapples with an irreconcilable, ever watchful enemy, of the perils and romance of Ville Marie, of the self-sacrifice, the gallant courage, the loyal endurance of the brave race whom in no unequal fight our fathers fought and conquered. And in our memories of the last great conflict between the two

races in America, when all our pride of blood is stirred by the glorious deeds of English and Americans fighting and winning side by side, and when we treasure every word and every movement of the conqueror of Quebec, the countrymen of Parkman have yet surely rewritten for Montcalm the noble line of Juvenal,—*Victrix causa deis placuit, victa Catoni*.

Queen Elizabeth and most of her paladins were dead before the first permanent colony was planted by Englishmen in a new world. The son of Mary Stuart was on the throne, ignoble son of a brilliant mother, and if Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Bacon still continued the literary glory of the Elizabethan age, Raleigh alone remained of that chivalrous group of courtiers and men of action who left to the duller, grayer ages that followed a memory so full of magic life and color. It was his colony that at last in 1606 took root in the land he had named Virginia,—took root and waxed strong and manfully asserted its right to manage its own affairs before it was twenty years old. The settlers represented divers and complex motives,—thirst for actual gold, the wealth that might come from a northwest passage if, as was thought, the Western Ocean were only a little distance away, and the more practical belief that a good trade could be built up with the products of the soil. Englishmen too saw

the advantage of buying from a colony what had heretofore been imported from foreign states. "What commodities soever," wrote one enthusiast, "Spaine, France, Italy, or these parts doe yield to us in wines of all sorts, in oyles, in flax, in rosens, in pitch, frankinsense, coorans, sugers, and such like, these partes doe abound with the growth of them all." And if the dearth of gold mines and the fading of the dream of a near-by Western Sea caused the abandonment of some of the early visions, if there were many dark years of misery and discouragement, yet on the whole the colony grew and prospered, and even though tobacco might take the place of "oyles and frankinsense" a good thriving traffic sprang up nevertheless, and the colony forged gallantly ahead in spite of Spanish intrigues, settlers of doubtful morals, vexatious laws and troubles with the Indians. For back of all the struggles and anxieties of those years there was hope, nay a certainty, that a great future awaited the little colony if only she could win her way through these first hard years. "Be not gulled," wrote Governor Dale in vigorous words to England, "with the clamorous reports of bad people. Believe Caleb and Joshua. . . . I have seen the best countries of Europe; I protest unto you before the living God — put them all together, this country will be equivalent unto them, it being inhabitant with good



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people." And the same hope strengthened the courage of those stouthearted and worthy Englishmen who prayed "that merciful and tender God who is both easie and glad to be entreated, that it would please Him to bless and water these feeble beginnings, and that as He is wonderful in all His workes, so to nourish this graine of seed that it may spread till the people of this earth admire the greatness and seeke the shade and fruits thereof." ¹

Fourteen years after the founding of Jamestown and many hundreds of miles to the northeast, in a little ship coasting anxiously along a rocky shore, there gathered one December day in 1620 a group of grave men to put their names to a solemn covenant:

In the name of God, amen; we, whose names are under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, . . . having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furthering of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

¹ Brown, "Genesis of the United States," Vol. I.

In this spirit was founded the colony of Plymouth, and in this spirit another group of Puritans founded Boston ten years later. In this spirit did little bands of men go forth from Massachusetts from time to time to found what we now know as the other states of New England. And the same soberness of mind, the same depth of responsibility, the same grave independence of spirit permeates every act and every utterance of these strong-souled founders of this new Puritan England. Freedom, (not Rousseau's freedom, but the self-restrained liberty of Englishmen), responsibility, caution, courage of conviction,—all the typical English virtues of the sterner kind are found in these exiles. Broad minded and broad hearted kindliness, joy in the beauty and pleasures of the world were doubtless lacking; these virtues of the milder, more joyous, more generous type would be found more readily in the homes of Maryland and Virginia. For Heaven turned to the Cavalier a brighter countenance than to the Puritan. To the earnest citizen of Plymouth or Boston in those days this earthly life was a grave business, to be lightened doubtless for the younger spirits by some godly mirth and by the natural sentiments of life — Jonathan Edwards himself was no Hildebrand, nor was Cotton Mather a St. Bernard — but grave in the main nevertheless, with the commandments of the Lord,

the brevity and responsibilities of life, and the fear of Hell to be kept constantly in mind. Yet the reversion to Old Testament standards which was the bane of Puritanism, and which was implied in Cotton's motto for his code of laws—"Jehovah is our Judge, Jehovah is our Lawgiver, Jehovah is our King; He will save us"—was ever balanced in the sagacious minds of the ruling spirits of the little commonwealth by the steadying influence of their race traditions. "Our government," declared the Massachusetts General Court in 1646, "is framed according to our Charter and the fundamental and common laws of England, and carried on according to the same (*taking the words of eternal truth and righteousness along with them, as that rule by which all kingdoms and jurisdictions must render account of every act and administration at the last day*"). So on these two foundation stones, the fundamental laws of England and "eternal truth and righteousness" did these earnest fellow countrymen of Hampden and Eliot try to begin the building of a structure that might endure.

Such then in essential characteristics were the English colonists in America in the seventeenth century. The whole tendency of their life and growth was in the direction of greater freedom, greater independence, the more complete realization of the principles of Magna Charta

and the Petition of Right, and this was substantially as true of Virginia as of Massachusetts. So with great variety, but with this solid basis of individual liberty and self-respect underlying all, the colonies of New England and the South grew until they had absorbed and more or less Anglicized the Dutch of New York, the Swedes of Delaware, and the Germans of Pennsylvania, and had occupied the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. By the middle of the eighteenth century their population numbered over a million and a half, one fourth of whom were negro slaves, scattered along the coast and spreading inland in rapidly decreasing density to the edge of the Alleghenies. Most of the people were farmers. The only cities of any size were Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Charleston,—the largest being Philadelphia, with a population of about 25,000. Of the thirteen colonies, three were governed according to a charter (Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island), three were held by a proprietor, (Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware), and seven were controlled directly by the Crown (Virginia, the Carolinas, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Georgia), but the government of them all was practically identical, for in all there was a governor and a representative assembly, and in all the assembly held the reins of power almost as completely as does the

House of Commons in modern England. Apart from commercial regulation — vexatious, but more or less taken for granted — there was little interference of any kind from England. In nearly every practical respect the American colonies, first fruits of the expansion of England, were free and independent states.

And now what of the expansion of France? Less than thirty years after the death of Columbus, Jacques Cartier of St. Malo crossed the Atlantic to the beautiful country where he was to plant the banner of the lilies. Into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the glorious river the Breton sailor guided his little ship until he saw outlined before him that cape which can never be forgotten by him who once sees it,— outlines bold and defiant as Gibraltar, yet softened by touches of green to a beauty utterly unlike the hard, uncompromising grimness of the Mediterranean fortress. On still he sailed until he came to the island that lies at the mouth of the Ottawa, and here, six hundred miles from the sea, checked in his progress by the Lachine rapids, he decided to turn back. Where a great city now stands Cartier found the walled town of Hochelaga, and there the friendly Indians received the white men, implored their touch for the aged and sick, and guided them to the top of the mountain named by its discoverer Mount Royal. It is not impossible even now,

looking down from the green heights over the busy city with its chimneys and its steeples and its muffled rattle and hum, to think of it as the eager Frenchman saw it,—a vast expanse of foliage, broken by the fields of maize, by the long houses of the Indians, and by the silver flood of the St. Lawrence, then more green beyond, until the distant forest melted in a line of blue hills away off to the south. It was the first survey of New France, a hundred years before the valiant Maisonneuve founded Montreal. But the time was not ripe for permanent settlement, and Cartier, like Roberval and de la Roche who came after him, was only an opener of the way to others.

Evil times came then to France, and as Catholic and Huguenot tore at each other's throats, little thought was given to the lands over seas. But the close of the century brought Henry of Navarre and peace, and in the return of national life and vigor that came then, there arose once more an interest in the domains across the Atlantic,—domains that still awaited the hero brave enough and staunch enough to break the bonds of savagery and build a Christian state in the western continent. Courage and endurance beyond the common task surely demanded, but a man was found equal to the need. In the spring of 1608, Samuel de Champlain, Father of New France, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a commission from

King Henry. Sailing past the mouth of the Saguenay, past the Isle of Bacchus, past the beautiful falls of Montmorency, he came to the rugged cliff where Cartier had visited the Indian city of Stadacona. Five years before, he had sailed through the narrow passage between Quebec and the Heights of Levi on to Hochelaga, but now he landed, and here on the low slope between cliff and river were built the rude huts and walls of the capital of New France.

Champlain at first scarcely realized the acute questions of diplomacy and statesmanship hidden in the leafy wilderness of Canada, and as they began to arise he had to decide them with less knowledge of the savage politics of America than we have of innermost Africa. His fateful alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Iroquois might have been undertaken less promptly had he been aware of the power and ferocity of the great Confederacy. But in the main we associate the name of the founder of Quebec with simple manliness and courage, with justice and exhaustless patience in dealing both with his restless companions and his savage allies. Under his fostering care the little colony took root, sent out explorers and missionaries, and made its influence felt as far west as Lake Huron and the boundaries of the Iroquois country. Under him, too, purity and uniform-

ity of faith was secured by the exclusion of all heretics. So the contrast with the English colonies was made complete. The one was Catholic; the other Protestant. The one made alliances with the Indians and sought to create a league which might secure the friendship of all the Canadian tribes and the destruction of the Iroquois; the other held sternly aloof from savage entanglements, and later on only half-heartedly accepted the alliance even of the Six Nations. New France neglected agriculture, threw her energy into the fur trade, penetrated the interior, planted trading posts and forts at countless strategic points, and trusted to the mother country for provisions and for a market; New England sent out explorers rarely and with hesitation, paid but indifferent attention to the fur trade, cleared the land, cultivated the soil and depended on the home island for the conveniences of life, not its necessities. In her own way, then, reflecting old France in her faith, her boldness, her high-hearted enterprise, her chivalry, her contempt for the Philistine virtues of the Massachusetts farmer or the Virginia planter, Canada grew and ever took a firmer grip on the soil which she was winning by the heroism of her pioneers and watering with the blood of her martyrs.

One other element in the situation, and this a fundamental one, must be noted now, before we come to the

definite conflict between the two races. We have already seen the democratic spirit, the determined individualism of the English colonies. They reflected and continued, as was inevitable, the deepest tendencies of their race. In just such measure was New France the reflection of the society and the monarchy — then at the height of their glory — which yet bore in them the seeds of death, and were to perish in ghastly ruin only a century after the great deeds of Frontenac and La Salle. In the new world as in the old were found seigneurs and vassals. In the new world as in the old was popular initiative held sternly down. As Richelieu and Colbert labored to build France into a military despotism, effective and benevolent, but absolutely centralized, so did their representatives make Canada a military unit, reflecting the centralization, the social divisions of the mother land. The States-General, the ancient representative assembly of France, had met last in 1614. It was not to be summoned again until the eve of the Revolution. But Count Frontenac, greatest of all the governors of New France, thought it best to summon a miniature States-General at Quebec, and did so in the autumn of 1672. His admonition on the subject from Colbert sufficiently shows the attitude of the government at home:

“The assembling and division of all the inhabitants into three orders or estates which you have done for the purpose of having them take the oath of fidelity, may have been productive of good just then. But it is well for you to observe that you are always to follow, in the government and management of that country, the forms in force here; and as our kings have considered it for a long time advantageous to their service not to assemble the States-General of their kingdom, with a view perhaps to abolish insensibly that ancient form, you likewise ought rarely, or (to speak more correctly) never, give that form to the corporate body of the inhabitants of that country.”

That is to say, autocracy was to prevail in the new world as in the old. Even the relics of feudalism, while in form they were to be transplanted over the seas, were yet to be subordinated more completely to the central authority. Lords and vassals alike were to form part of a political and military machine such as Colbert was striving with all the force of his genius to create in France. At home the prejudices and privileges of ages, the suspicion and wealth of a great middle class, the jealousy and power of the Church and the nobility made absolute centralization impossible. In America there were no such obstacles. As De Tocqueville acutely remarked, the system of Louis XIV in its merits and its defects may be best studied not in France but in Canada.

Old France was divided for purposes of administration into thirty-five *généralités* or intendants, each cared for

by a governor — as the military head of the district — and an Intendant, whose duties covered every conceivable interest in which a paternal government can possibly interfere with its children. So it was in Canada. New France was simply made an ideal *généralité*. Her governor protected her from the Indians, and marshaled her resources for the great duel with the English. The Intendant nursed the fur trade, collected and disbursed the revenues, and watched over the material welfare of the colony. The genius and aims of Colbert were ideally reflected in the great Intendant Talon. The potential evils and corruption of the system were illustrated by the infamous Bigot. But in any case, for good or evil, Canada was the faithful copy of a military despotism — united, energetic, high-spirited, but utterly lacking in the abundant life, the reserve force, the individual initiative, the possibilities of indefinite and irresistible expansion that lay in the divided, quarrelsome, but independent and liberty-loving colonies to the south.

Long before King William formed the Grand Alliance against Louis XIV the coming war between New France and New England was foreseen by the keen-eyed rulers of Quebec. For a brief period about the middle of the seventeenth century the destruction of the Hurons (1648) and the increased danger from the Iroquois after

they began to purchase arms from the Dutch on the Hudson caused exploration to languish. But during Talon's tenure of the office of Intendant fur-traders and explorers crept farther and farther west until they could bring news of the copper mines of Lake Superior, and believed themselves to be not more than three hundred leagues from the Vermilion Sea, or fifteen hundred from China. Interested as the Intendant was in trade and its extension, his reports are more than commercial bulletins. Already the design was taking shape at Quebec to penetrate west and south until connection might be made with the Gulf of Mexico. Eleven years before the great voyage of La Salle, Daumont de Saint Lussion, with due formality of hymns, the planting of a cross, and the fixing of a plate engraved with the arms of France, took formal possession at Sault Ste. Marie of the Great West:

In the name of the Most High, Mighty, and Redoubted Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin, and all countries, lakes, rivers, and streams contiguous and adjacent thereto,—both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and of the West, and on the other by the South Sea, etc. etc.

And these were no mere high sounding words. The voyages of Joliet, Marquette and La Salle confirmed the foresight of Talon. The Great Lakes and the Mississippi valley were annexed by virtue not of chance discovery but of keen statesmanship and heroic enterprise. And with the administration of Frontenac began in earnest the building of the chain of fortresses which was to hem in the English and secure for France three-quarters of the American continent.

When the seventeenth century closed the war was well begun. In 1690 the English had made their second ¹ attempt to take Quebec, and had been foiled by the fiery courage of Frontenac. All along the frontier blazing villages and roving war parties told of the beginning of the bitter fight for supremacy between two races who had thrown away the thought of compromise. And not merely the main issue but the strategy of the war soon became clear. The interior of North America was accessible by a very few clearly marked paths. There were two great waterways, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Both were in the hands of France. There was a third river, the Hudson, which reached at least part of the way into the interior and which was controlled by the

¹ The first was the successful one of Kirke in 1629, resulting in a brief English occupation of the fortress. It was restored to France by treaty.

English. From its headwaters one could cross easily to Lake George and Lake Champlain, or penetrate the woods by a well-known Indian road to Lake Ontario. But the Lake Champlain route was blocked by Crown Point and Ticonderoga. If the English did succeed in reaching Lake Ontario and building Oswego there, they were still prevented from further progress by Fort Frontenac and Fort Niagara at the two ends of the lake. Still another highway remained. From Virginia and Pennsylvania one could take a straight road through the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies along the passes now marked by the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads, connect with the Ohio, and so reach the Mississippi and the West. Here indeed Dinwiddie and Washington with their Virginians almost thrust a wedge into the French line. But the energy of the leaders was ill supported by the cautious and jealous colonists. A sharp passage of arms left the French triumphant, and just where the full flood of the Ohio begins Duquesne planted in 1754 the fort which he hoped would prove the final bar to the western expansion of the English. So here lay the situation: Quebec, Ticonderoga, Frontenac, Niagara, Duquesne, represented so many locked gateways. Before English expansion would be possible these must be forced. Sixty or seventy thousand Frenchmen

were seeking to restrain within the limits of the Atlantic seaboard twenty times their number of Englishmen. Unit, skillful leadership, military spirit, and the alliance of countless Indian tribes gave France first possession of the field and an advantage throughout that almost counterbalanced her rival's weight of numbers. And so matters stood when the final death grapple began with Braddock's march in 1755.

In one sense we have just begun our story, and yet here we close it. To tell the details of the first blunders and failures, and then tell how William Pitt came to power with his dauntless courage, his gift of inspiring others to glorious achievements; how his commanders came out to replace men of the stamp of Braddock and Loudon; how after two terrible years of frontier war during which bushrangers burned and ravaged and the colonists lost even the vantage points they had gained the tide began to turn; how Forbes and Howe, Amherst and Wolfe broke barrier after barrier; how there came at last that glorious and terrible September morning in 1759 when the dying Wolfe heard the cries of victory ringing in his ears that sounded the knell of France's empire in the New World — to tell all this would be only to repeat what may be learned in any school book. We have tried rather to see what was the issue of the conflict, what were

the ideals of the combatants, what it meant to the world that the expansion of the French race in America should be checked and that of the English permitted to go on in full tide. Not that the duel with France was over with the fall of Quebec. The defeated power was able to strike a fierce blow at the victor twenty years later, and for a moment in the day of Napoleon there was a possibility once more of a French Louisiana. Yet the critical years of the conflict were those that lay between Washington's skirmish at Great Meadows and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. Then it was that the vast continent for which Spaniard and Frenchman and Englishman had dreamed and fought and suffered passed irrevocably to the restless, stubborn, free-born countrymen of Raleigh and the Pilgrim Fathers.

V

ROBERT CLIVE AND THE BEGINNING OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

Before we go any farther it may be as well to note one general characteristic of British expansion that might escape a critic who regards the empire only in its present aspect. This is the lack of conscious construction, the lack, so to speak, of any imperial architect. The German writers and orators who see Britain as a sinister, Machiavellian robber-state that has acquired domains the world over by craft and brute force have in mind the politic foresight by which the Great Elector, Frederick II, and Bismarck consolidated Brandenburg and East Prussia, acquired Silesia, divided Poland, annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace-Lorraine and Hanover, creating a great state that might be nucleus and leader of a German empire. To a Prussian, state action is the obvious means of state expansion, and to him it might seem absurd to speak of the British Empire as a sort of colossal accident,—as absurd as if we were to speak of Cologne Cathedral as a chance heap of stones. Yet if the word

"accident" would seem not quite accurate it is at least true to say that the empire is less like a structure than like an organism, less like a city than a forest, its seeds falling, dying, sprouting, as heedlessly as the acorns or the pine-cones. It grew, in the main, simply by inner force and vitality. It was planned as little as the present extent of the American republic was planned by the settlers of Plymouth and Jamestown or even by Washington and his comrades. Only in comparatively recent times has the British Empire become so far conscious of itself as to develop a policy which might be termed imperialism. And only within the last generation has there appeared a rational imperial patriotism as evidence that the empire is a living unit, created not by its rulers but by the "iron hands and patient hearts" of a free people and slowly welded by them into a world-wide nation.

It is true, of course, that in British as in American expansion intense rivalry, momentary or local ambitions, have developed at certain times a lust for conquest which might be called "imperialism," an outburst of warlike or acquisitive spirit such as occurs inevitably — for good or ill — in the lives of peoples as in the lives of individuals. But these have been immediate reactions to a definite situation, with little or no conscious relation to any comprehensive plan. Only now and then, in brief prophetic

flashes, did some statesman or thinker like William Pitt have a momentary vision of the possible outcome. In the main soldiers, statesmen, sailors, merchants, adventurers, farmers or missionaries were intent each on his own problem. The victories of Wolfe had no apparent relation to those of Clive; the farmers who cleared their land and sowed their seed in Ontario recked little of their brethren in New South Wales or Cape Colony; Livingstone followed the course of the Zambesi with no thought of the fur-trading pioneers of British Columbia; and James Cook sailed along the coast of Australia unaware of the Boston tea-party and the blunders of Lord North on the other side of the world. Never was there any one brain guiding them all. Indeed when the home government did interfere it was as a rule to check expansion or to make blunders in ignorant moments of caution or equally ignorant moments of excitement. So that the heroes of British expansion have not been statesmen of the Frederick or Bismarck type, but the men of action, the Wolfes, Clives, and Livingstones, coöperating with traders, missionaries and home-seekers.

Let us repeat then that even when statesmen did assert any significant control, take some definite action towards empire, conquering, annexing, or regulating, it was invariably to solve some specific problem, to avert some

specific danger. Even these cases are rare and are infinitely unimportant compared with the slow action of the millions of traders and settlers. But they have their part in the great drama and must not be ignored. So in the age of Elizabeth English sailors and English statesmen struck anywhere and in any way at the power of Spain, and founded Virginia partly to "put a byt in the anchent enemy's mouth." So again in the age of Chatham came the great conflict with France and the conquest of Canada. So once more in the second half of the nineteenth century the rapid advance of Russia in central Asia led to a "Forward Policy" and to conquests in Asia which might not otherwise have been dreamed of. And yet it remains true as a general principle that the empire was not created by policy or statecraft; that only when it was practically completed did England or the world become conscious of what it meant; and that if we wish to see just how it came to be and reason from actual facts we must put aside the large generalizations of recent years. Many of the fictions in regard to imperialism disappear if we study the work and motives and problems of such pioneers as Cook or Clive or Livingstone, and see how easily, how insensibly step led to step and problem to problem until all at once where a little trading post had stood, where a little

ship had cast anchor, where a solitary missionary had toiled and preached, there arose an empire.

Towards the close of the year 1744 Robert Clive landed at Madras as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. He was not quite twenty years of age, and he had so far shown little aptitude for anything but mischief. Essentially a lover of action, restless in times of quiet, only calm in the midst of excitement and turmoil, he was ill adapted for the office life designed for him by his father, and the boy was practically considered a failure at home when he took passage for India. He himself welcomed the change with the thoughtless joy of a restless mind. To stay in England meant intolerable monotony and drudgery. India was seen through the haze of distance, and its remoteness, its fabled glories, and the element of wildness, uncertainty and possible danger associated with the East, all formed an attraction not to be resisted. But sad indeed was the disappointment of the eager lad when he reached his destination and settled down to his duties there. His office work was as dreary in Madras as in London or Liverpool, with infinitely less opportunity for relief. He accepted it with the quiet of despair, attempted suicide once, it is said, and only found a measure of solace in the library of a kindly superior.

Two years passed before relief came,— a relief that was the only possible one to this mind that reveled in the shock and storm of war and rusted in the quiet of peace. The war of the Austrian Succession begun by Frederick's invasion of Silesia in 1740 had involved England and France in the first quarrel that the two rivals had known since the days of Marlborough. A French squadron appeared off Madras and compelled the town's surrender. Clive with a few others escaped capture and so avoided the necessity of giving their parole not to bear arms during the remainder of the war. The arrival of an English fleet made the conflict in the East a fairly equal one, and at last in the tempest of battle the young clerk found his vocation and won his spurs. When the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle closed the war in 1748 Clive went back to his desk with a new hope and a new interest in life. For to one of his penetration it was evident that in India the struggle was far from ended. Rather was it barely started. Affairs were brewing in that year of the Treaty that boded stormy times in the days to come, and it would be strange indeed if some vague dreams did not flit through Clive's mind of the glory that would be his when the cloud should break.

Now let us glance for a moment at the map. One may think of India as shaped like a great, irregular kite, with an area almost equal to European Russia and a population of about three hundred millions. Its greatest distance from north to south and from east to west is about nineteen hundred miles. So much for the figures that we need to get our first bearings. Guarding the great curve of the north runs the vast double range of snow-capped mountains, the highest in the world, whose diverse names we group for convenience under the inclusive one of Himalaya. From them run the famous rivers, the Ganges, the Indus, the Brahmaputra, which have made the plains of northern India one of the most fertile and populous regions in the world. Fertile, populous, wealthy,—therefore fair spoil for the robber and the soldier of fortune, and so the story of these river plains is one of terror and ruin,—a record that would, one might think, dye the soil red from Lahore to Delhi and from Delhi to Calcutta. South of the plains runs irregularly from east to west a line of hills which we may conveniently, if not quite accurately, group under the name properly attached to the western part of the range, the Vindhya Hills. Here begins a rugged and irregular tableland extending south to Cape Comorin and bounded

on the east and west by the Ghats,— a Hindu word signifying steps. This is the Deccan.¹ On the west (Malabar) side the great landing stairs leave only a narrow strip of coast, dotted with cities like Cochin, Calicut or greatest of all, Bombay,— cities whose merchants for hundreds of years have traded the products of India for the rich cargoes brought from Arabia, Persia, Africa and Europe. On the eastern side the edge of the hill country is more irregular, and one great curve inland of the Eastern Ghats has left the great plain — the Carnatic — which has been world-famous ever since Macaulay wrote his essay on Clive. Here, in 1748, were situated the English Company's Fort St. George, at Madras, and a rival French post a little farther south at Pondicherry. And the governor of Pondicherry was the astute and daring Dupleix.

India was in a state closely bordering on anarchy. More than two hundred years before (1526) a valiant descendant of Tamerlane, already conqueror of Samarcand and Cabul, invaded the Punjab and defeated the Afghan ruler of Delhi in the battle of Panipat. Under the able rule of Akbar, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzeb, the

¹ The Deccan does not, strictly, include Mysore, Travancore, Cochin or the strip of coast between the Western Ghats and the sea, nor does it now include the Carnatic as it practically did in the time of Clive.



SOUTHERN INDIA IN 1751

power of the Mogul emperors became practically supreme in India. But for the welding of the peninsula into one permanently united state the constructive genius of the Moguls was inadequate, and with the death of Aurungzeb in 1707 the colossal structure began to fall apart. When Clive landed at Madras the Emperor at Delhi was still nominally supreme lord of India. But the great Hindu confederacy of the Mahrattas was dominant and still rising in the west; the princes of Rajputana were practically independent; and the Mohammedan governors of provinces, great and small, were more and more each year ignoring their supposed master and busily strengthening their own power. Of these new sovereigns the most powerful was doubtless the Nizam of Hyderabad, Subahdar of the Deccan, and among the subordinate chiefs who owned the supremacy of the Nizam the greatest was the Nawab of the Carnatic, whose capital, Arcot, was about seventy miles from Madras. The original franchises of the Europeans had been obtained, of course, from the Emperor at Delhi. But it was to the local prince, the Nawab of Arcot, that both Madras and Pondicherry paid tribute and owed the respect due to the practical lord of the soil on which they were permitted to trade. So it was this potentate who felt called upon to interfere when his English and French tenants fell to

blows, and who when the French took Madras sent ten thousand troops to eject the French garrison. On the banks of the river Adyar near St. Thomé this army was met and wholly defeated by two hundred and thirty Frenchmen and seven hundred sepoy sent out by Dupleix, — and thus decisively did the French governor learn his first lesson in conquest.

Dupleix was both ambitious and resolute, but he had need of great caution, for his resources were lamentably small and he had no reason to expect aid from France. Yet a tactful application of the Roman motto, *Divide et Impera*, “divide and rule,” was by no means unknown in the annals of the Portuguese and French in India. To use diamond to cut diamond, to divide the native forces, to throw himself on the weaker side, and so conquer by means of the natives themselves while yet holding the balance of power was an experiment too obvious not to occur to the quick mind of Dupleix. And a golden opportunity came almost before he had begun to seek it. In May, 1748, Nizam-ul-Mulk, Subahdar of the Deccan, died, leaving his great dominion to his second son. But a rival appeared in the person of one of the late Subahdar’s grandsons, Muzaffar Jang, who further associated with himself a claimant to the subordinate throne of the Carnatic in the person of one Chanda Sahib. Now

Chanda Sahib knew something of the value that would accrue from an alliance with the formidable alien traders, and it was no difficult matter for Dupleix to come to an understanding with the two pretenders. With the help of French troops a blow was struck, ruthless and decisive. The ruling Nawab was defeated and killed, and Chanda Sahib stood Nawab of the Carnatic. In December, 1750, the plot was completed, and with the proclamation of Muzaffar Jang at Hyderabad the plan of action devised and guided throughout by Dupleix seemed to be consummated. He practically ruled both in Hyderabad and in Arcot through nominees of his own. And thus matters stood at the beginning of the year 1751.

In the meantime the English at Madras looked on at all these doings with some perturbation of spirit. They were not in the councils of the wily Frenchman and could not wholly see the drift of his connection with the intriguing princes. But they understood enough to see that it was not to their advantage that Chanda Sahib's accession to the sovereignty of the Carnatic should go unchallenged, that the prince on whom they were dependent should be the puppet of their declared enemy. So they did the one thing that seemed possible under the circumstances. Hesitatingly adopting the

methods of Dupleix, they gave their support to a rival candidate, Mohammed Ali, son of Chanda Sahib's dead predecessor. But no man guided affairs at Madras with the craft and energy of the watchful Dupleix. The aid sent to Mohammed Ali was rendered almost useless by the hesitation, the nervous uncertainty, the irresolution of the men who sent it,—men good and worthy, but inadequate to a crisis such as this. The officers placed in command of such troops as were dispatched were of less than ordinary capacity. And by the time that Chanda Sahib's ally Muzaffar Jang saw himself safely installed on the throne of Nizam-ul-Mulk, Mohammed Ali and his few adherents were being closely besieged by the victorious Nawab in the fortress of Trichinopoly. The English soldiers and sepoy who were with him were as discouraged and hopeless as their chief. It seemed a matter not of years or months, but of weeks when France should be as supreme in southern India as the Dutch in Java, and the English traders expelled from Madras as they had been a century and a quarter before from the Spice Islands.

Clive had been away from Madras on special service. He returned early in 1751, finding matters in the lamentable state just sketched. His record now justified Mr. Saunders, the newly arrived governor, in giving him a

commission as captain, and he bade farewell with enthusiasm to his old civilian life. In July he was commissioned with a brother officer to take a detachment of reënforcements to Trichinopoly and to return at once with a report on the situation. This he did, and his report was as bad as it well could be. The whole force of Chanda Sahib lay before the doomed fortress, and no one among the besiegers or besieged doubted the outcome. But the young officer who laid these dismal facts before the authorities at Madras was far from hopeless. As the Romans had compelled Carthage to recall the terrible Hannibal from Italy by carrying the war into Africa, so Clive proposed to relieve Trichinopoly by attacking Arcot, Chanda Sahib's capital.

Mr. Saunders embraced the plan with enthusiasm. He had only three hundred and fifty English soldiers at his disposal, but two hundred of them he entrusted to Clive, and on the 26th of August, 1751, the young captain set out on the enterprise that was to make his name a household word in every county in England before he was a year older. He had with him the two hundred raw English soldiers, three hundred sepoys and three small field pieces. As he approached Arcot he learned that the garrison was composed of one thousand two hundred native soldiers, and found out what he could of the nature

and plan of the fortifications. Then pushing on he reached his destination on the 31st in a fierce storm, captured the fort without the loss of a man, strengthened it for defense and within the next week made two successful flying attacks on bodies of the enemy that were lying within striking distance. Then he devoted himself to further securing his position, had some eighteen-pounder guns sent him from Madras and prepared for a siege.

Already much had been done. All those chiefs who had been lukewarm in their allegiance to Chanda Sahib or who had been wavering between the rival princes attached a significance to Clive's feat of arms which would have seemed to a casual observer altogether exaggerated. Their desire was, as a matter of fact, to range themselves with the winning side. Until the capture of Arcot this seemed to be beyond question the side of Dupleix and Chanda Sahib. But now this sign of a new boldness and enterprise in the hitherto inactive and irresolute English, this appearance of a leader whose achievement was appraised at its full value by the acute minds of the Oriental warriors made a change in the whole situation. Some decided that this was indeed the turn of the tide. The powerful Sultan of Mysore declared at once for

Mohammed Ali, and with him went prince after prince in the very neighborhood of Trichinopoly. Chanda Sahib saw the danger. A large force was sent north to join the troops that were gathering in the vicinity of Arcot under Raja Sahib, the Nawab's son, and on the 23rd of September an army of about ten thousand men laid siege to the fortress garrisoned by the little band of Englishmen and sepoy under Clive. Ill supplied with either ammunition or food, the defenders stood their ground and beat back attack after attack with a tenacity, a steady resourcefulness that soon turned the eyes of every statesman and fighting man in India to the mud walls of Arcot. At last after a siege of fifty days Raja Sahib realized that he must conquer at once or accept defeat. For every day of failure weakened the allegiance of Chanda Sahib's supporters and made new allies for his rival, and word came that the renowned Morari Rao, most dreaded of Mahratta chieftains, had decided to march south with ten thousand of the best cavalry in India to relieve Arcot.

The 14th of November was the day of the festival of Moharrum,¹ sacred to every Mohammedan in India as

¹ See Kipling's story "On the City Wall" for a picturesque description of this festival and of the fierce emotions which it awakens even in our own day.

the anniversary of the death of Hosein, son of Ali, companion and friend of the Prophet of God. It was the time above all others when the soldiers of Raja Sahib might be trusted to fight against the unbelievers with the mad fanaticism, the impetuous, self-forgetful valor that had made the followers of Mohammed masters of Arabia, Egypt, Syria, and Persia less than ten years after the death of their prophet. A breach had been made in the walls, and stimulating the zeal of his men to a transport of religious fury not to be understood by the colder minds of the West, the attacking chief hurled his men against the ramparts manned by the weary little band commanded and inspired to heroism by Clive. But the wild ferocity of the Mohammedan was met by the calm fatalism of the Hindu braced and strengthened by the stern resolution of the English and the genius of their leader. There was an hour of fighting too tremendous, too devastating to last. Then the furious wave of attack swept sullenly back, and in the darkness of night the whole force of the defeated prince began a retreat which meant not only the ruin of a petty sovereign, but the collapse of all the ambitious plans of Dupleix for a French empire in India. Within a year from the capture of Arcot, Chanda Sahib was dead, Mohammed Ali was Nawab of the Carnatic, and the English council at

Madras held the balance of power in India south of the Vindhya Hills.

In order to entirely catch the spirit of all these doings we should, perhaps, approach their study after a careful preliminary reading of the Arabian Nights. If we could see the world for a little through the eyes of one of those whimsical, despotic, alternately generous and fiendish caliphs and sultans who awed, attracted, repelled and wholly fascinated our minds in childhood, and who still exercise something of their old dominion over the imagination of some of us, we could better appreciate perhaps the problems of a restless, impetuous English youth dropped with little preparation into a cobweb of Asiatic intrigue. Little as our minds may take to that atmosphere of subtlety, treachery and cruelty out of a fairy tale, it is yet instructive. And as we shift our scene now to Bengal we must prepare for a little more of that murky air of terror and deceit which we associate — unfairly, in a sense, but not unnaturally, with Asia. Only perhaps we may move more quickly, endeavoring simply to put into clear light the swift succession of events by which the foundations of the British Empire in India were laid. All through we may see this or that Englishman,— Clive, Hastings, or later on, Cornwallis, Wellesley, Dalhousie, Lawrence and the rest — try for a time in bewildered

puzzlement to understand the intrigues and adjust himself to the point of view of this world so fundamentally different from England, and then more or less suddenly according to temperament break abruptly away from it all and in impatient wrath cut the tangled knot with his sword.

As a matter of fact two utterly different ethical and political systems were seeking adjustment. In the long run the speculative and devious-minded Indian bows down in amazed awe before the man who dares to act. In intrigue few sons of the West can cope with the Asiatic. When they try, even when they succeed, as both Clive and Hastings did, it is partly because even the subtlety of India is lulled to a certain carelessness by the comparative artlessness and straight-forwardness of the European, and the result, successful at the time, undermines the very thing which is the strength of England in the East. Nine times out of ten she has refused to touch the tortuous diplomacy of enemies or allies, and has pursued her even way, doing her best to understand the point of view of her associates but above all things adhering to her spoken and written word. Sometimes an English leader has added too much obstinacy to his native honesty, sometimes he has failed to cut his way out of the web surrounding him in time, sometimes he has erred in the

opposite direction and resorted to force when patience would have served as well to dissipate an intrigue, and sometimes his placid confidence and his inability to read the signs about him have brought ruinous disaster and suffering. But in the main England's policy in India has been successful not in so far as she has learned the subtlety of her allies or her enemies there but in so far as she has adhered to her own best traditions of honesty. And those whom she has conquered have fallen primarily because they would not understand that ill faith — that traditional weapon of Asiatic diplomacy — meant in their dealings with England a swift and deadly reward. The East India Company had been formed for trade and trade alone. Trade requires above all things security and good faith. When these vanished the traders became their own policemen. And to police India meant conquest.

Early in 1756 the English traders at Calcutta heard of the beginning of another war with France. Remembering the formidable activity of their enemies in the eastern seas a decade before, they proceeded to fortify the city, for the Nawab of Bengal was as unable to protect his European tenants at Calcutta as the Nawab of the Carnatic had been to protect Madras in 1745-6. But the Nawab of Bengal unfortunately did not realize his help-

lessness, or rather the unreliable character of his overlordship. He was a young man utterly spoiled by absolute power and degraded by dissipation beyond the capacity to reason or investigate. He issued an angry order for the destruction of the English fortifications. The order was not obeyed. In a fit of passionate energy the young Nawab, Suraj-u-Dowlah, seized the English trading post near his capital and marched on Calcutta. Utterly unprepared for defense, the city held out for four days, and then all the English residents who could get away fled in boats to such ships as could be reached in the river Hugli. But one hundred and forty-five Englishmen and one lady fell into the hands of the angry prince. These were questioned without avail in regard to the treasure which he believed to be hidden somewhere about the company's offices, and then were ordered to be safely guarded for the night. Not by his orders, though no one was punished later on, the one hundred and forty-six unhappy captives were thrust into a room about twenty feet long by fourteen wide, with two small grated windows. It was a hot summer night, the 20th of June, in a city abandoned in summer to-day by every European who can possibly leave, almost intolerable under the best of conditions. The horror of the Black

Hole of Calcutta is best undescribed. Twenty-two men and the one woman survived till morning.

On that very day, June 20, 1756, Clive landed at Madras from a brief stay in England. As soon as the news of the Calcutta disaster arrived he was commissioned to go to Bengal at once with a small but adequate force to take such action as might be necessary. He soon compelled the Nawab to withdraw and to make such amends as could be made, but this was obviously insufficient. Clive was a soldier by instinct. Statecraft puzzled him, and yet the same directness of thought, the same capacity to see the essential thing and to estimate possibilities that guided him on the field of battle helped him now to deal with Suraj-u-Dowlah. He took some months to consider the situation and to attend to an infinite number of details, but by the coming of spring he had reached his decision. Scarcely a week had passed without some new proof of the Nawab's treacherous, shifty, altogether unreliable character. At home, from a seat in Parliament or in his own study, Clive or any one else might have argued on many grounds for non-interference. He might have maintained that if the company's servants chose to trade in Bengal they must accept the risk. On the spot, however, it may be ques-

tioned whether such reasoning ever occurred to him. It must be remembered that the Nawab and his emperor at Delhi were themselves foreign invaders, no more Hindus than Clive himself. They ruled by right of force, as did every Mohammedan prince in India. When Suraj-u-Dowlah exerted that force to wantonly destroy a settlement whose rights were based on formal charter, he placed himself beyond the pale of every law but that of self-preservation. His excesses had made him many enemies among his own chiefs, and Clive simply followed the line partly indicated by Dupleix. He suggested to an injured lord, an uncle of the Nawab, that his claims to the throne would be supported by the company. Intrigue, conspiracy, and counter-conspiracy gave place at last to war. And on the field of Plassey, June 26, 1757, Clive with three thousand men utterly crushed the great army of Suraj-u-Dowlah. As six years before he had stood master of the Carnatic, so now — actually if not nominally — he was lord of Bengal.

Clive had solved his problem in his soldier's way,—the only way that seemed to him a satisfactory and permanent one. Yet clear and keen as was the mind of the great Englishman it may be questioned whether he at once saw that if Plassey had cut one knot it had presented for untanglement a puzzle beyond comparison more em-

barrassing. We must remember that he by no means intended to conquer Bengal, much less begin the conquest of India. Dupleix had dreamed of an Indian Empire. Clive was simply the servant of the Company. From his point of view the victory of Plassey represented partly a measure of self-defense, and partly the punishment of a faithless and cruel despot administered by way of warning to others, and as a safeguard for the future. With a new Nawab on the throne who thoroughly understood the reason for his predecessor's humiliation, there might be reasonable ground for supposing that all would be well. And all might have been well if Clive had remained, simply because every one, including the Nawab himself, knew that he was in the nature of the case supreme. But in February, 1760, the victor of Plassey left for England and a situation developed so true to human nature that with the accustomed arrogance of those who come after the event we marvel that Clive himself did not foresee it. Here was a prince burdened with the full responsibility of government, yet paying what was practically tribute to a company of foreign traders at whose very nod he trembled. Here, on the other hand, was a group of Englishmen who by their own might and steadfastness had struck down an army that outnumbered their own twenty times, had deposed a ruler and set up

another in his place. The name of power and its responsibilities on the one hand, without the fact; *actual* supreme power on the other hand without its burdens. Moreover, no law, no treaty, could have made the situation essentially more tolerable. Nothing could blot out the memory of Plassey. And as long as Plassey was remembered so long would every man in Bengal know that in the long run it was more dangerous to anger the English than to disobey the Nawab. To please a servant of the company was to win the favor of the lords of the soil,—lords by the unanswerable argument of fact, to remain lords until by fact, not by foolish and meaningless decrees, they were deposed. Few men of any race can stand the terrible gift of power without responsibility. In the five years between Clive's departure in 1760 and his return in 1765, the men at Calcutta who withstood temptation, are obscured, alas, by the lurid light that has held up that shameful period as the worst in the annals of the English in India.

Only when crime brought its reward of disaster, only when the maddened chiefs turned savagely on their oppressors and threatened for a time the destruction of all the English in Bengal, did the directors at home realize the situation and send out to Calcutta the one man who could cope with it. In fierce anger and with an iron hand

Clive came to cleanse the foulness and to remedy the evils of which he was in a measure the innocent cause. And the fundamental remedy that he found, carried to completion a little later by Warren Hastings, was — annexation. Not annexation in the sense of a wanton seizure of power, but simply the acceptance of responsibility where power already existed. And so the East India Company — like the Nawabs, in nominal subjection to the Mogul Emperor — became sovereign ruler of seventy million Asiatics.

How a little later Warren Hastings, who was a clerk in Bengal when Suraj-u-Dowlah made his tiger leap on Calcutta, became Governor General of the company's possessions in India, how he organized them and sought to protect them without further conquests, how he saw that war would mean victory, victory power, and power expansion, and so sought by every means to build up buffer states that would protect his own frontiers, how this fell to the ground and how Hastings found that in Benares and in Rohilcund and in the Carnatic he had — so to speak — to make war in order to avoid it, and how at last Cornwallis and Wellesley accepted the inevitable, disobeyed the company's orders and deliberately fought and conquered,— all this is a long and strange tale, a tale of conquest achieved in direct contravention of orders

from home. We have seen the beginning of it. Some will blame Clive for what he did and some will not. But at least we may know that it was not from lust of empire, not from unholy ambition, that he fought and won, but because of strange and puzzling tangles of circumstance, tangles which he did not create, so that he was compelled to do something and tried to do what was best. History has placed his name beside that of the great soldier who died at the gates of Quebec two years after Plassey. But Wolfe knew that he was conquering Canada. Clive could hardly have dreamed that he was laying the foundation of an Indian Empire.

VI

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Though it had encountered great obstacles and overcome great difficulties, though it had been largely unconscious and carried on chiefly by private initiative, nevertheless British colonial development had been thus far uniformly successful. In the second half of the eighteenth century, however, the bubble of expansion burst and Great Britain lost the most valuable of all her possessions. With the removal of the fear of French aggression on the north after 1763, French statesmen had freely predicted that the North American colonies would soon break the ties which bound them to the mother country. Within twenty years these predictions were fulfilled and there came into being a new Anglo-Saxon nation, destined to outstrip its parent in population and military resources, and to lead the world in the organization of free institutions, the realization of democratic ideals, and the development of the federal idea.

In the years from 1689 to 1760 the population of the

colonies had multiplied eightfold [being in the latter year one and one-half million], and the growth of material prosperity had been equally rapid. The conquest of a wilderness and the aid rendered in the French wars had developed a spirit of self-confidence and achievement that had soon found expression in a demand for greater rights and a larger measure of self-direction. In the constantly growing conflicts between the colonial assemblies and the royal governors, the former through the control of the purse had steadily gained the day until the latter were reduced to mere figure-heads and the colonies were to all intents and purposes self-governing. Freedom from control of King and Parliament, however, did not mean equality within the colonies themselves, for these, like England herself, were aristocracies, based on wealth and social position. Their privileged classes through travel, education abroad, and commerce were in close contact with England. They "spake the tongue that Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals held that Milton held." They prided themselves on their knowledge of English literature, on their familiarity with English social life, on the maintenance in America of English class distinctions. They were in fact miniature Englands.

Nevertheless America was a land of opportunity far more than was England and this was bound to be true so

long as large quantities of free land existed. Those who resented social inequality and chafed under economic oppression could always move into the back country, where there were no large estates, no class distinctions, no slavery. Here every man worked with his own hands and thought himself as good as every other man. The "back country" too was the asylum for a large foreign immigration of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Germans and Huguenots. So large was the movement that in 1775 one-fifth of the entire population was non-English. Cheap land, easy naturalization, and the absence of the religious jealousies prevalent in New England, drew them into the Shenandoah Valley and the lands west of the Alleghenies. In these regions schools were few and churches scarce, but the active life, the contact with nature, and the religious fervor which had carried them hither, produced a primitive society in which most of the elemental virtues and some of the elemental vices prevailed but which, on the whole, was sound, natural, and invigorating. Here American Democracy was born and radicalism flourished. Here were reared men like Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, who were to carry the Revolution to a successful issue, and men like Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, who were to explore and conquer the great hinterland that lay beyond. Conflicts between such rude primi-

tive communities and the aristocracies of the coast were inevitable, but were by no means incompatible, as events were to prove, with united action against an outsider should occasion demand.

In fact, the frontier settlements were a potent factor in developing a spirit of nationality. Lines of communication ran north and south, and the shifting population, the intermingling of races, creeds, and shades of thought, tended to break down prejudice and provincialism and to make men conscious of their fundamental likenesses rather than of their superficial differences. Political views, religious beliefs, colonial rivalries, class distinctions, all went into the crucible from which emerged a sense of common interests, common aims, common dangers.

To this developing spirit of nationality a number of other influences contributed, and among them the wave of religious emotionalism known as the "Great Awakening" must not be overlooked. It had its beginning in the Northampton sermons of Jonathan Edwards and in the years 1734-44 swept throughout the colonies. "Vital religion," as it was called, brought division within creeds, bridged barriers between sects, bound together men of the same views in different colonies and thus played its part in developing unity of feeling. At the same time the constantly improved means of communication by travel

and through correspondence, after the establishment of the General Post Office (1710), made the relationship between the colonies and the back country more regular and more intimate. This made possible the wider circulation of the newspapers of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Charleston, making men realize that they were confronting the same problems and had much the same interests all the way from Massachusetts to the Carolinas. Added to all this, was the experience of a general coöperative movement afforded by the French and Indian Wars. Through them the colonists became conscious of their power, proud of their achievements, and aware of the inferiority of the British in handling purely American problems. On the other hand the arrogance and condescension of the British officers deeply irritated and wounded many a proud provincial and made him forget his colonial jealousy in the deeper sense of a common separation from Englishmen. After 1763 American politics became distinctly more aggressive in character and much of the moral energy and emotional intensity which had caused the "Great Awakening" now passed into politics.

In this transformation the influence of Princeton College was most significant. Founded in 1746 by men interested in the "Great Awakening," it was fortunate enough to secure a great president in 1768, in the person of the

Scotchman, John Witherspoon, later a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Under him was afforded a liberal training in politics and thought and in the years preceding the Revolution, many a young man both from the North and the South caught the inspiration and went out to instill a deeper interest in history and politics and promote the cause of freedom and democracy. Even in conservative New England the old Puritan Theocracy was slowly democratized, the layman assumed a larger part in church affairs and true religion came to be associated with good citizenship. It was the new spirit that led John Adams to write that "a more equal liberty than has prevailed in other parts of the earth must be established in America."

This new Americanism was most completely represented in the many-sided Franklin. Shrewd, practical and worldly wise, "he was," says a recent writer, "as old as the century and touched it at every point. . . . He was the first American; the very personification of that native sense of destiny and high mission in the world, and that good-natured tolerance for the half-spent people of Europe, which is the American spirit."¹ He was the product of a country where "law and custom were most

¹ Becker, "Beginnings of the American People"—the most suggestive of all shorter accounts of the Revolution.

in accord with the philosopher's ideal society, where the world of Rousseau's imagination was most nearly idealized."

That the new spirit of nationalism was not incompatible with continued membership in the British Empire has been demonstrated by the later history of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, which by a process of evolution have gained what America had to gain by revolution. Such a relationship, however, could only be maintained by tactful, just and generous treatment on the part of the mother country. But never was England less likely to be true to her best traditions. The generous enthusiasms of the Renaissance and the moral force of Puritanism had spent themselves and had left the England of Magna Charta and the Glorious Revolution, cynical, corrupt, materialistic, and artificial. Almost a hundred years of uninterrupted power had demoralized the Whig party and broken it into self-seeking factions. On the throne sat the German, George III, stupid, narrow, and obstinate. Determined to rule as well as reign, he played off faction against faction and by means of patronage, pensions, and bribery came to control the House of Commons. Owing to the secrecy of its proceedings that body was completely cut off from public opinion, so much so that a reformer of the time could write, "This House is not representative of

the people of Great Britain. It is made up of nominal boroughs, of ruined and exterminated towns, of noble families, of wealthy individuals, of foreign potentates." George III greatly influenced events until 1770 and from that date until the close of the war was virtually prime minister. The English historian, J. R. Green, therefore, exaggerates but little when he declares that "the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door."

In the struggle that now arose between authority and freedom, George and his ministers based their cause on narrowly legalistic grounds, on statutes and precedents. To the Americans, on the other hand, the issue was primarily a moral one. Their point of view was expressed by Franklin, who wrote in 1755, "British subjects, by removing to America, cultivating a wilderness, extending the domain, and increasing the wealth, commerce, and power of the mother country, at the hazard of their lives and their fortunes, ought not, and in fact do not thereby lose their native rights."

The "ought" played a larger and larger part in the American case as it developed between the year of the Stamp Act (1765) and the Declaration of Independence (1776). The issue then cannot be stated merely in terms of taxes and duties; of the conflicting interests of

American smugglers and British merchants; of the ambitions of American demagogues or the tactical blunders of British statesmen. It was deeper and more fundamental, it was a resurgence of the eternal conflict between authority and freedom, and the same conflict was being waged within the mother country and within the colonies themselves. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this was not a struggle between two peoples but rather between two principles, each of which was held by a party in each country. The reactionary party, the party of royal prerogative and vested privilege, was represented in Great Britain by George III and the Tories, entrenched in the House of Commons. In America it was represented by the Loyalists, who constituted perhaps one-third of the total population. Twenty-five thousand of these were at one time in the British Army, and it is even charged that at times there were more Americans under the British flag than under the American. The Liberal forces, standing for the reform of existing institutions and the granting of a larger share in government to the people, were led in England by such outstanding figures as Pitt, Charles James Fox, and Barré, while in America they stood not only for resistance to Parliamentary taxation but also for the democratization of America itself. It is hardly likely that the dispute with Great Britain would

have ended in war had matters been left entirely to the commercial and landed aristocracies who had hitherto controlled colonial affairs. The issue was pressed with constantly growing determination by the radicals of the back country and the small farmers and artisans of the original settlements. Led by Jefferson and Patrick Henry of Virginia and the Adamses of Massachusetts, these elements, while pushing the country into war with Great Britain on the question of taxation, were at the same time struggling for the overthrow of the old colonial constitutions and the securing of a larger voice in colonial affairs. Then, as now, the West was the home of Radicalism and Progressivism.

The immediate causes of the Revolution grew out of the French and Indian Wars, when the eyes of English statesmen were opened to the inability of the colonies to combine in their own defense against the Indians, to the illicit trade carried on in violation of the Navigation Acts, and to the absence of any feeling of Imperial responsibility.

Trade with the Indian and settlement upon his lands had been carried on with the injustice that usually characterizes the treatment of primitive peoples. Resenting his wrongs and spurred on by the French, the Indian had repeatedly resorted to violence with all the horrors of savage warfare, and all signs seemed to point to an even

greater upheaval in the near future. The Colonial legislatures had invariably failed to rise above local prejudices and coöperate in an adequate system of defense and they now seemed unable to realize the impending danger.

The Navigation Laws had sought to secure monopoly of American trade for the mother country. But all through the eighteenth century a highly profitable trade had been carried on with the Spanish and French West Indies by a system of smuggling which had made many a New England merchant enormously rich. In fact, the colonies could only hope to balance their heavy indebtedness to England, due to excess of imports over exports, by selling to the French and Spanish their lumber, fish, and food products. In exchange they received sugar and molasses, manufactured the latter into rum, which in turn was used in the African slave trade. Even Loyalists like Bernard and Hutchinson believed that this trade was essential to the prosperity of the colonies and beneficial to the mother country as well, while English customs officials had winked at the trade to such an extent that the revenue service cost more to maintain than it yielded. Unfortunately the Government saw in the situation only the laxity of administration and resolved to put an end to the trade.

In the course of the seven years' war the public debt of England had accumulated to \$140,000,000 and the cost of

maintaining the army and navy had risen from \$70,000 to \$350,000. As part of these burdens had been incurred in the interest of the colonies it was felt to be only just that they should share them and contribute to the organization and defense of the Empire. That the view of the Government was here sound and just no one can now deny, but their irritation over other points made it difficult to deeply impress the colonists with either the fact or the necessity of acting upon it. The assemblies had repeatedly failed to overcome their jealousies and agree upon a plan for raising such a fund.

Grenville's (Prime Minister) policy then was to advance English commercial interests by enforcing trade regulations, to raise revenue in America for the defense of America and to protect the Indian and secure his friendship. To carry out this policy the following measures were enacted: (1) The Sugar Act (1764) to divert the trade with the French and Spanish West Indies to the British sugar islands; (2) A law forbidding the colonial legislatures to issue paper money as legal tender; (3) A Proclamation (1763) reserving all lands west of the Alleghenies to the Indians, forbidding governors to make grants there and withdrawing those already made; (4) The Mutiny Act requiring the colonists to provide utensils and provisions for the British garrisons; (5) The Stamp

Act requiring revenue stamps on legal documents, licenses, etc.

The legality of only one of these, the Stamp Act, is really questionable and much may be said in defense of the British view, but the acts were neither wise nor expedient and failed to take into account either the prejudices or opinions of the colonists. The most oppressive was doubtless the attempt to regulate West Indian trade. In doing so, England was but following the custom of all colonial powers in regarding colonies as existing for the economic welfare of the mother country, but a true grasp of economic conditions would have made clear the immense and essential value of the Spanish and French Indian trade both to the mother country and colonies. There had doubtless been an excessive use of the privilege of issuing paper money. Such is always the case where there is a large debtor class, and both English and American creditors had suffered in consequence thereby. But the act was entirely too sweeping and utterly failed to distinguish between the uses and abuses of paper money. Justice required that the Indian be protected and the Government even planned to open the western lands for white settlement after Indian claims had been justly disposed of, but, strange to say, failed to announce the fact and to the colonists it looked as if the great prize had been arbi-

trarily torn from their grasp. It was only just that the colonies should contribute to the defense of the Empire, and a statesman like Pitt could have appealed to them as Englishmen and made them feel some sense of imperial responsibility where a narrow legalist like Grenville only aroused irritation. Each of the acts alienated some portion of the population, and, taken as a whole, they seemed to constitute a comprehensive plan for the destruction of the material prosperity of the colonies and the overthrow of their liberties.

The Stamp Act was by no means the most injurious but, coming last, it became the focus of all the pent-up indignation aroused by the preceding legislation. Furthermore it violated what was considered the well-established principle of English liberty that there should be no taxation without representation. American leaders were prompt to take advantage of this fact and while admitting the right of Parliament to regulate trade made a distinction between external and internal taxation. The Massachusetts Assembly declared "Prohibitions of trade are neither equitable nor just; but the power of taxation is the grand barrier of British liberty. If that is once broken down all is lost." This point of view was accepted by all the colonies and "no taxation without representation" became the rallying cry of the storm of

opposition that now burst forth. Everywhere the law was ignored, courts suspended, and mobs prevented the sale of the stamps.

In this opposition the colonists were encouraged by the support of the ablest of the English statesmen, who felt that English liberties were indirectly threatened. The great jurist Lord Camden, the greatest of English political philosophers, Edmund Burke, and the generous, high-minded Fox, all espoused the American cause. But most gratifying of all was it, that the greatest of English statesmen, the great Commoner, Pitt, ranged himself on their side. He accepted the American distinction between internal and external taxation and declared "this kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the Colonies. . . . Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest."

The opposition aroused in England and America, reinforced by the petitions of English merchants whose trade had been seriously affected by the American policy of non-importation agreements, finally induced Parliament to repeal the act March 18, 1766. An accompanying Declaratory Act, however, asserted the right of Parliament to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. In

America the repeal was received with rejoicing; popular discontent subsided, and it is unlikely that further misunderstanding would have arisen had it not been for the fact that defeat rankled in the mind of George III. The opportunity he wanted came when Pitt's clouded mind made necessary his withdrawal from public affairs. Backed by the King, Charles Townshend (Chancellor of the Exchequer) accepted the colonial distinction between internal and external taxation and secured the passage of the Tea Act which placed a duty on the importation of tea, glass, lead, paper, etc. A Restraining Act suspended the New York Assembly until it provided for British troops according to the Mutiny Act and a Board of Commissioners was established in America for the better enforcement of the Trade Acts.

The Assembly of Massachusetts was dissolved because of a quarrel with its governor and British troops were stationed in Boston. These acts intensified old irritation and the opposition in America began to pass more and more into the hands of the radicals. The old distinction between internal and external taxation was abandoned and the cry of "no taxation without representation" soon gave way to "no legislation without representation." Non-importation agreements again seriously impaired British Trade and a vigorous educational campaign, car-

ried on by pamphleteers, kept alive the public resentment. Meanwhile the gulf between radicals and moderates became wider and wider and many of the latter were reluctantly compelled to become loyalists.

Though extremely injurious to the colonists themselves the non-importation agreements sufficiently impaired British trade to persuade Lord North in 1770 to withdraw all of the duties save that on tea which was retained for principle's sake. Again all was quiet for a period of years. But in 1773 the Government which had just saved the East India Company from bankruptcy, granted the Company the right to export all tea stored in English warehouses free from all duties save three pence in America. The measure seems to have been solely in the interest of the Company and its directors were assured by many American merchants that the move would arouse no opposition since the Company could undersell tea smuggled from Holland.

The colonists, however, indignantly rejected the temptation and everywhere refused to allow the unloading of the tea. In Boston Governor Hutchinson refused to grant return papers until the cargoes should be discharged and the refusal precipitated the famous Boston Tea Party. George III was in high glee and wrote his minister: "The die is cast; the colonies must either tri-

umph or submit. . . . If we take the resolute part they will undoubtedly be very meek."

His resolution found expression in an act closing the Boston port, remodeling the Massachusetts charter by giving the nomination of judges and choice of counsel to crown and governor, quartering troops on the people, and providing for trial in England of those who in suppression of riot, might commit capital offenses.

The "meekness" of Massachusetts expressed itself in the calling out of the state militia and in general defiance of the new laws. The other colonies espoused her cause and all sent delegates to a Congress which assembled in Philadelphia September 4, 1774. The action of this body was extremely moderate and conciliation was still possible. Pitt realized the situation and said: "Perhaps a fatal desire to take advantage of this guilty tumult of the Bostonians, in order to crush the spirit of liberty among the Americans in general, has taken possession of the heart of the government. If that mad and cruel measure should be pushed, one need not be a prophet to say, England has seen her best days. America disfranchised, and her charter mutilated, may, I forebode, resist; and the cause become general on that vast continent." After advising with Franklin, he proposed repealing the late acts, guaranteeing the security of Colonial Charters,

abandoning the right to tax, and recalling the troops, while leaving to a colonial assembly the determination of America's contribution to the public debt. His proposals were rejected by Lords and Commons and the civil war began which was to result in the Independence of America.

Chatham himself struggled to the last against it. As late as 1778, while England was rejoicing over Howe's victory, he declared: "You cannot conquer America. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms — never, never, never." The plan he suggested at this time was a kind of federal union of Great Britain and the colonies, leaving the colonies the management of their internal affairs and simply binding them to the Empire by loyalty and affection. This is the line along which the Empire has since developed and it is a remarkable evidence of Pitt's foresight and statesmanship that he should have suggested it at this time. His wisdom was not shared by the Government and his plan was rejected.

In the matter of the recognition of American Independence, however, the patriot blinded the statesman. By April, 1778, Burke, Rockingham, and Fox, the best brains of the Whig party, favored such recognition but

Pitt died protesting against it. In his seventieth year, racked with pain, on crutches, and led by his son, he made his last visit to the House and spoke these memorable words: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day to perform my duty. I am old and infirm — have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave — I have risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country — perhaps never again to speak in this House. . . . My Lords," he broke forth, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Shall this great kingdom now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? If we must fall, let us fall like men!"

In America as early as 1774 radicals like Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams desired Independence, but the feeling was by no means general and it took two years of agitation and the hard logic of events to bring the majority to it. The non-intercourse policy had injured the colonies more than England and there was a desire to make good the losses by trade with other nations. "But no state will trade or treat with us," said Richard Henry Lee, "so long as we consider ourselves subjects of Great Britain." On April 6, 1776, American ports were opened to the world and on June 7, 1776, Lee, acting on

instructions from the Virginia Assembly, moved "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. . . ." Debated at length, the resolution was finally accepted, though reluctantly, by many who saw no other course but submission. Many others equally conscientious could not go to such lengths and definitely passed into the camp of the Loyalists.

Published to the world July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, though perhaps rhetorical, nevertheless expresses the basic principles of democracy, principles which no one who has faith in humanity can seriously question, and principles for which the world is to-day (1918) sacrificing blood and treasure as it has never sacrificed them before.

Between the Declaration of Independence and its realization seven long years were to elapse, years in which there was to emerge much of the sordid and the ignoble but more of the noble and the genuine. Many who started the struggle grew faint-hearted, faltered and even deserted the cause, but all the more honor to the stout-hearted and the high-minded who carried it to a successful issue. America may, on the whole, be justly proud of this first chapter of her national history.

It is not the purpose of this chapter to go into the military events of the struggle but merely to point out a

number of factors that contributed to final victory. First among these should be placed the character, fortitude, poise and wisdom of Washington. He is indeed the "Father of his Country." Never cast down by defeat, free from personal ambition, steadfast in his devotion, sublime in his patience, his soul was "like a Star, and dwelt apart." Short term enlistments, wholesale desertions, the jealousies of generals, colonial rivalries, the bickerings of Congress, continual lack of supplies and equipment, and the treason of Arnold are but a few of the trials and disappointments that would have crushed a less indomitable spirit.

He never showed to better advantage than in adversity. After the defeat of Long Island and the retreat through New Jersey, when his army was reduced to a mere remnant and the cause seemed utterly lost, he unexpectedly turned, recrossed the Delaware amidst the snow and ice of a winter night, surprised the enemy at Trenton on Christmas morning and captured a thousand prisoners. This brilliant and masterly stroke was probably the most important single event of the war as it put new heart into the American army and made possible the continuation of the war. Again in the grim, dark days at Valley Forge in the winter of 1778, when hunger, cold and neglect brought despair to the stoutest hearts

it was the spirit and example of Washington that prevented the total collapse of the cause. He served his country well in war and in peace, and like Alfred the Great, his moral grandeur in both has been a priceless heritage to his people.

If the leadership of Washington was the biggest factor in America's final success, the incapacity of the British generals contributed almost as much. The immense distance and the consequent difficulties of transportation, the vast extent and character of the country to be conquered, the opposition of her own best minds, and the country's lack of heart in the struggle, making necessary the use of hired German troops, all made the task of England difficult at best. The incompetency of her generals made it impossible.

It is difficult to see, too, how success could have been attained without the aid of France. Through the efforts of Franklin, whose personality and fame as a scientist and philosopher made him a great favorite at the French court, the French Government had given America substantial aid in money and supplies even before the battle of Saratoga. After this event, French agents in London informed their Government that the colonies were about to combine with England in an attack on the French West Indies as the price of their own independence. It

was probably to frustrate such a move that the French Government agreed on February 6, 1778, to a defensive-offensive alliance.¹ Whatever may have been the motives of the Government, it must be said, however, that the French nation as a whole was moved by a generous enthusiasm for a people struggling for liberty.

French troops and the French navy were of but little immediate value, but French money financed the war until 1781 when the French army and the French fleet made possible Washington's final victory at Yorktown.

One other military event must not be overlooked on account of its bearing on the final peace negotiations. All through the struggle backwoods settlements had been among the stoutest supporters of the war. Their companies of sharpshooters, made up of trappers and hunters of the type of Daniel Boone, had rendered invaluable service to Gates, Washington, and Greene and no command in the American army was more feared than were Morgan's daring riflemen. Their own homes, however, were constantly subject to Indian attack and this seemed likely to continue so long as the British held Vincennes and Detroit. Moreover English possession of these points made it unlikely that, even if Independence were

¹ Prof. Van Tyne of Michigan University bases this on new material discovered in the Paris Archives.

acknowledged, the boundaries of the new nation would extend beyond the Alleghenies. Moved by these facts, George Rogers Clark, famous as trapper, hunter, and Indian fighter, secured the secret approval of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, for an attempt to destroy British power in the Northwest.

In the spring of 1778, with a force of only 150 men Clark floated down the Ohio, built a fort at Louisville, surprised and captured several minor points in Illinois and in the winter of 1779 began a perilous march against Vincennes, where the British Commander, General Hamilton, the "Hair Buyer," had recently arrived. The little band pushed its way 170 miles through bogs and flooded lowlands, suffering untold hardships for lack of fire and tents. At one time the food gave out, but fortune sent them a deer and a few days later an Indian canoe filled with food. To reach Vincennes it was necessary to wade up to their necks in water but, nothing daunted, they pushed on and surprised and captured the fort. Clark wished also to attack Detroit but was never given the necessary support. Nevertheless the expedition had momentous results for it not only relieved the western settlements from further attack, but influenced England to cede the western country at the close of the

war, and thus made possible further expansion into the Mississippi valley.

"It's all over," cried Lord North, when he heard the news of Yorktown. George III would have continued the conflict, but England was now at war with France, Spain, and Holland, and threatened by the powers of the north. The nation itself had been alienated by the attempt to establish the personal rule of the monarch and now put the Whig party into power against his will. The new Government immediately entered into negotiations with the colonies. The eagerness of the English ambassadors for an immediate peace, the skill of Franklin and the sturdy determination of Adams and Jay, made it possible for America to secure far better terms than could have been expected. During the negotiations it unfortunately seemed, though without justification, that France did not intend the United States to have the Western Country. Having secured the consent of England on this point, Adams and Jay, much against Franklin's will, insisted on violating instructions, and made peace without the knowledge and consent of their ally. Regrettable as are the circumstances, the result made possible the future greatness of the nation, giving it a strong motive for closer union and room for a normal and healthy expansion.

England made a determined effort to secure restoration of property and rights of citizenship to the Loyalists who had so faithfully served her cause but it was all in vain. Regarded by the colonists as traitors to their country, they have since come to be recognized as men who sacrificed all for principle's sake. Many of them, perhaps a majority, were men of character, culture, and ability and America suffered a distinct loss when they left the country. It is estimated that about 100,000 of them settled in various parts of Canada and the West Indies, and became known as United Empire Loyalists. It is to the credit of England that she sought to alleviate their hard lot by distributing among them and their heirs between three and four million pounds.

Thus the British Empire through the folly of its rulers and the devotion of the colonists to the principles of British freedom, was rent in twain. The old colonial policy of exploitation, the policy not only of England but of France, Spain, and Holland, had failed. The majority of Englishmen, disappointed and disillusioned, came to believe that retention of colonies could not be permanent and that the break-up of empires was inevitable. The devotion of thousands of Loyalists, in spite of mistreatment, failed to teach them the power of sentiment in the formation of empire. They failed to draw

the logical conclusion that generous and just treatment would have made such sentiment so powerful as to be indissoluble. For generations it was held that as ripe fruit falls from the tree so colonies would in course of time fall away from the mother country. The fallacy of this conclusion, time and experience were to demonstrate, for liberalism was yet to come into its own and Britain was yet to be the founder of a mighty empire.

Moreover, in spite of separation, Britain still speaks through America. As Sir Charles Dilke has said, "In America the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run into an English mold. Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain in her age will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own — that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain. Through America, England is speaking to the world."

VII

THE BEGINNINGS OF AUSTRALIA

From the triumphs of Wolfe, of Clive and of Washington, from the achievements of statesmen on whom rested the destinies of great nations, from the din of battle and the heat of passion, we turn to a page of history that is strangely free from the dramatic crises of war and politics. In the story of Australia the intrigues of diplomats and the roar of guns have no place. For here is a wealthy and powerful self-governing community that has never once had to defend its existence against invader or rival. The great island continent of the South Seas is the one part of the world in which Britain's claim was the first one entered and in which that claim was never disputed.

By the middle of the eighteenth century England's rule extended in Asia over only the cities of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta; in America over the Atlantic states, Acadia, and the Hudson's Bay Territory; and in Africa over an ill-defined strip on the Gold Coast. That is to say, there

was practically no empire except in America, and the British provinces there were divided, quarrelsome, and barely able to hold their own against a watchful and formidable foe. Thirteen years later Canada had changed hands, and Clive had laid the basis of the British Empire in India. Twenty years after the Peace of Paris the Atlantic states were independent. But before England had forgotten the triumphs of Wolfe and Clive, and before she had realized that her first and most prosperous colonies were irretrievably severed from her rule, a second new world was being found, a new field on which to atone for her failure. For between the critical years of the Stamp Act and the surrender of Yorktown James Cook had done his work and had fallen in the far-off Pacific.

In the spring of 1768, the year in which the British House of Commons entered the second stage of its humiliating struggle with Wilkes, the year after Townshend's Revenue Act, the year before the appearance of the Letters of Junius,—in this year of the brewing of great things, the Royal Society represented to George III the desirability of watching from the South Seas the transit of Venus across the sun's surface. Happy it is for human nature that at such a time some men could be found to think of such a thing, and — still more

strange — that the king could attend to the society's prayer and see that an expedition was equipped. The little ship *Endeavour* was fitted out, trained scientists were commissioned to accompany her, and James Cook, a lieutenant of the navy, was placed in command. James Cook was one of the last men in the world to be thought of as the conscious, fire-eating imperialist of the editorial or the political speech. He had risen from modest station by pure force of merit, until his reputation was assured as the best navigator in His Majesty's navy, and one of the wisest and clearest-headed men in the service. He had been with Wolfe at Quebec and had sailed in many seas, but he was not yet the Captain Cook whose name has been familiar to six generations of Englishmen as the pioneer of Britain in the South Pacific. Modest, practical, keen-eyed, a born sailor, and gifted with the imagination and the temperament of a scientist, he was to be one of the little band of famous men whose names are made immortal in the last ten years of life. When he sailed from Plymouth on a bright August day in 1768 he was entering all unknowing on the voyage that was to place his name with those of Drake and Anson, or even with the perhaps greater one of Vasco da Gama.

On the third of June, 1769, the astronomical observa-

tions that were the prime object of the expedition were satisfactorily accomplished at the island of Tahiti. These watchings of the heavens need no comment, and we may assume without investigation that they answered their purpose. So friendly were the relations of the islanders and the Europeans that the descriptions of the place handed down read like extracts from Sydney's "Arcadia." To Cook and his companions as to many others after them it became the spot in the Pacific to be welcomed above all others, though it was not destined to become part of the Empire. But another task awaited the voyagers which suited the daring spirit of Cook better than the observation of planets or the lazy pleasures of Tahiti. Not for long could he endure the dreamy life, the enervating ease of this lotus island, and as the summer neared its height sailors and scientists were awakened to action by their commander. The ship was soon in trim for a new voyage. She was headed south and west; Venus and Tahiti were forgotten; and all eyes were turned to the far horizon beyond which lay the mysterious *Terra Australis*. Away to the south and stretching to the Pole, men believed, lay this southern continent. Sailors had sighted capes or mountains or stretches of coast, and from their scattered observations the puzzled geographers at home made on their maps a vague stretch of



AUSTRALASIA, 1770-1840

land reaching down from the frozen circle up to an uncertain distance into the Pacific. Here and there a name was assigned on the vague authority of some Dutch voyager exploring eastward from the Spice Islands. But little or nothing was positively known, and it was to clear away this cloud of ignorance that Cook headed the *Endeavour* for the far south in the midsummer of 1769.

Week after week the little ship sailed on with a fair wind, a dot on the vast expanse of the South Pacific. Now and then they sighted and passed some green Paradise of waving palm, fringed with its surf-beaten reef of coral. But there was no sign of any continent until at last late in August the explorers saw on the horizon rugged mountain peaks. Rapidly there came into clearer view the beautiful shores of New Zealand, and anchor was cast in the harbor of Tauranga. A landing was attempted in vain. The natives were hostile and formidable, and it was not worth while to risk the loss of life that would have accompanied a conflict. So the eager and sea-weary Englishmen moved northward, following the coast until they reached another bay where no suspicious savages forbade their landing. It was named Mercury Bay from the fact that the astronomers of the expedition here watched the transit of Mercury across the sun's surface, and here with due formalities Cook hoisted

the English flag, taking possession of the country in the name of King George. But he soon assured himself that he had not found the continent of which he was in search. For he sailed completely around the two noble islands, and then without attempting to penetrate beyond the coast, he left behind him the strait that still bears his name, took leave of New Zealand at Cape Farewell, and headed west.

It was now the spring of 1770, or rather the autumn, for Christmas is midsummer in Australia, and the month of March is the time when relief begins to come after the long period of heat. So it was early in the rainy season when Cook sighted the coast to which he gave the name of New South Wales. No one knew as yet what this land might be, whether part of the Southern Continent or a great outlying island. But when anchor was cast the scientists of the ship eagerly landed to see what manner of vegetation and soil they might find, and from the wealth of spoil which they gathered they gave the place the name of Botany Bay. Notwithstanding his suspicion that his find might be the land discovered long before by Dutch sailors and named New Holland, Cook proclaimed here as in New Zealand the sovereignty of King George. Technically, perhaps, Holland might have asserted a prior claim. But it might be argued, on the other hand,

that an ownership of over a century unsupported by any assertion of power or any attempt at either settlement or trade might well be considered void, and possibly Captain Cook so reasoned. In any case the decline of Holland as a world power made her control of the South Pacific in the eighteenth century an impossibility, and the countrymen of Dirk Hartog and Abel Tasman made no effort to dispute the claim of their old commercial rivals to this vast prize which they had allowed to slip from their grasp. So the flag of England was hoisted at Botany Bay as at Mercury, and Cook began to coast cautiously on to the north, observing and making notes as he sailed. The reefs made the voyage a somewhat dangerous one, and at Cape Tribulation a spike of coral pierced the side of the vessel. But by some miracle it broke there and remained in the puncture it had made, so the crew were able to keep the ship afloat until she reached shore close by the mouth of a little river which Cook named after his rescued vessel. For two thousand miles the explorer sailed north, following the coast, until at last he came to Cape York, where a sharp turn to the west led him into the strait navigated by the Spaniard Torres one hundred and sixty years before. He followed it just far enough to make sure of the separation between New Holland, or Australia, and New Guinea,

and then sailed for home. In his own mind he was not satisfied that he had found the continent that he sought. To us his success seems complete, and we have given to the great land that he found for England the name that two hundred years ago was half mythical — *Terra Australis*, Australia.

Of Cook's next two voyages we must be satisfied with a mere notice. In July, 1772, he sailed once more from Plymouth to seek for a great Southern Continent other than New Holland. But the only one that could be found was one of ice. On the 30th of June, 1774, in Cook's own words, "we perceived the clouds over the horizon to be of an unusual snow-white brightness, which we knew announced our approach to field ice. Soon after it was seen from the topmast head, and at 8 o'clock we were close to its edge. It extended east and west far beyond the reach of our sight. . . . Ninety-seven ice hills were distinctly seen within the field, besides those on the outside, many of them very large, and looking like a ridge of mountains rising one above the other until they were lost in the clouds." So the explorer had to turn back and content himself with a careful investigation of the sea and islands farther north. He returned home finally with the conviction that with the exception of the land which he had found on his first voyage there was no

southern continent to be found. His last voyage was undertaken for the purpose of finding the long sought Northwest passage by way of the Pacific, but it ended sadly enough. On the 14th of February, 1779, the great sailor met his death at the hands of savages on the island of Oahu in the Sandwich group.

There is something peculiarly dramatic in the time of Cook's life and voyages. The year of the discovery of New South Wales saw the beginning of the fatal administration of Lord North. The year in which he set sail on this third Pacific voyage was the year of the Declaration of Independence, and before his work on earth was ended Burgoyne had surrendered his army at Saratoga. As the oldest and greatest of the colonies were turning in fierce revolt to cut asunder the ties that bound them to the home island, this single gallant English sailor, surrounded not by men of war but by men of science, was pointing his country to a new empire that might take the place of the one which was falling away. Far from the passions and prejudices of Westminster or Philadelphia the foundations were being marked out of a commonwealth that was to be as free as Massachusetts and as loyal as Yorkshire. Gloomy days were those for England, but the blunders of a foolish king and his worse than foolish abettors could not wholly thwart the destiny

of the race that they disgraced. From the intrigues of the court, from the quibbles of debate, from the pettiness, the blunders, the ceaseless tragedy of civil war that fill the pages of history between 1770 and 1780, we may turn surely with a glad relief to those distant seas where James Cook sailed and thought and died.

Four years after the great navigator's death the American colonies had won the acknowledgment of their independence. Turgot's gloomy dictum that colonies, like fruit, would drop from the parent stem as they matured seemed to be justified by the facts. The theory that colonies were only to be encouraged in so far as they were of service to the mother country had received its death blow at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and no notion of a large imperial patriotism had arisen to take its place. It was not a time, therefore, when generous idealism in colonial affairs was to be expected. The collapse of the old policy had left in most minds a more or less well defined conviction that colonies were a dangerous and unprofitable investment. The new economic teaching of the Physiocrats in France, and of Adam Smith in England, the theory of *laissez faire*, absolute freedom in industry and trade, led inevitably to the colonial theory implied in the saying of Turgot just quoted. One might

indeed hope for courtesy, generosity even, rather than coercion in the future relations between England and the colonies which were left to her, but enthusiasm or such hopeful and patriotic launching of colonial enterprises as we might find in the days of Raleigh and Gilbert were assuredly not to be looked for. England had blundered, had been humiliated, had been puzzled, bewildered, and — disillusioned.

Under such unpromising conditions, then, were taken the first steps toward the settlement of the vast island found for England by Captain Cook. No halo of romance, no chivalrous dreams of winning a new world to Christianity and civilization, no adventurous yearning for new things or even the thirst for gold, threw a glittering veil over the beginnings of Australia. The suffering, the ferocity, the crimes, the weary struggles that might fill the annals of Quebec, of Mexico, of Virginia, or of Massachusetts are redeemed and half obscured for us by an ill-defined but very real something that idealizes and brightens the story for all time. But the foundations of Australia were laid not by men of the stamp of Champlain, of Cortez, of Walter Raleigh or of John Winthrop, but by a weary, travel-worn, crime-stained band of convicts sent thousands of miles over seas by the stern laws of

their country to labor or starve. From so unpromising a seed has grown the great commonwealth of the South Seas.

In August, 1786, Lord Sydney, at that time Home Secretary in the government of William Pitt, proposed to his colleagues the formation of a convict settlement in New South Wales. Until a short time before, the criminal population of Britain had been very conveniently shipped off to the Plantations in America. They had been little or no expense to the government, for contractors had been ready and eager to pay five to twenty pounds a head for what was to them a cheap lot of valuable slave labor. But all this had been ended by the American Revolution, and it was no easy matter after 1783 to devise a new criminal policy that would be satisfactory. A penal settlement had been tried on the coast of Africa, but with disastrous results, and under the harsh laws of the time the jails of Britain were becoming alarmingly crowded. But now Lord Sydney believed that he had in New South Wales "a remedy for the evils likely to result from the late alarming and numerous increase of felons in this country, and more particularly in the metropolis." He drew up an elaborate report, recommending a penal colony and basing his facts on the observations of Captain Cook and the most eminent of Cook's scientific

associates, Sir Joseph Banks. Arrangements were made as to provisions, guards for the convict ships, surgeons and medical supplies, and the method by which in time, it was hoped, the colony might be made self-supporting. Even the reformatory side of the problem was thought of, and it was suggested that a new continent so far from the scenes and companions of their evil life would give the convicts a far better chance of reformation than either the old plantation system or confinement at home.

The report was acted upon. Captain Arthur Phillip, a naval officer of experience and ability, was chosen as governor and commander-in-chief over the territory of New South Wales, and with shrewdness and energy he bent himself to the task of correcting and supplementing the arrangement of the Government. His point of view may be best indicated by one or two of his suggestions. He desired that a supply ship suitably provided with carpenters and other skilled laborers should go ahead of the fleet in order that huts and general accommodation might be ready for the troops and convicts on their arrival. "During the passage," he wrote, "when light airs or calms permit, I shall visit the transports to see that they are kept clean and receive the allowance ordered by Government, and at these times shall endeavor to make them sensible of their situation, and that their happiness

or misery is in their own hands." And again in a letter he spoke with sufficient positiveness on a point less obvious then than it would be now. "The laws of this country will, of course, be introduced into New South Wales, and there is one which I would wish to take place from the moment His Majesty's forces take possession of the country — that there can be no slavery in a free land, and, consequently, no slaves." Finally, in urging encouragement on the part of the Government to free emigration he expressed a conviction which was natural enough, and which is worth quoting in order that we may see the problem, but which was inevitably annulled later on by the progress of events. "As I would not wish convicts to lay the foundations of an empire, I think they should *ever* remain separate from the garrison and other settlers that may come from Europe, and not be allowed to mix with them even after the seven or fourteen years for which they are transported may be expired." But the years to come were kinder to the outcasts than Governor Phillip. Many of the noblest gentlemen of England bear names inherited from brutal lords of the age of force. And many of the worthiest names in Australia were once borne by men sent out as convicts to Botany Bay.

In May, 1787, the fleet of eleven ships left Spithead, and in January of the following year they sailed into the

harbor entered and named by the companions of Cook eighteen years before. There seemed, however, to be no suitable position for the settlement there, and the anchorage was bad, so while preparations were made at once for disembarkation Captain Phillip and several of his officers went off in three boats to coast along to the north in search of a better site. This they found at Port Jackson. "We got into Port Jackson early in the afternoon," wrote the leader himself, "and had the satisfaction of finding the finest harbor in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in perfect security." So Port Jackson was at once substituted for Botany Bay. Just before the transfer was arranged the two ships of the famous and ill-fated French explorer, La Perouse, came to anchor at the side of the English fleet, and the officers had friendly conference. Perhaps the few days' difference in the time of arrival of the English and French ships determined the political future of Australia. But be that as it may, when La Perouse sighted the coast of New South Wales he sighted English ground, and by the waters of Port Jackson was rapidly built the cluster of huts and barracks to which Phillip gave the name of Sydney. In the pompous, artificial verse of the eighteenth century one of the colonists three years later expressed the hope of the little settlement. Through the

stiff, mechanical lines beats a largeness of aspiration that shadowed forth quite unmistakably the greatness of the structure whose foundations were being thus humbly laid by convicts and their guards:

Where Sydney Cove her lucid bosom swells,
Courts her young navies, and the storm repels;
High on a rock, amid the troubled air,
Hope stood sublime, and waved her golden hair.
“Hear me!” she cried, “ye rising realms record
Time’s opening scenes and Truth’s unerring word;
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen and the crescent bend;
There ray’d from cities o’er the cultured land,
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand.
Embellish’d villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold, and orchards blush between,
While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And northern treasures dance on every tide!”
Then ceased the nymph; tumultuous echoes roar,
And Joy’s loud voice was heard from shore to shore;
Her graceful steps descending press’d the plain,
And Peace, and Arts, and Labor joined the train.

The prophecy was abundantly fulfilled. But a convict settlement does not become a great Commonwealth without friction and manifold troubles, and the records of the first half-century of the new colony leave one marveling that so noble a fruit could issue from such unpromising beginnings and such blind guidance. The men sent out

by the home government to fill important administrative posts in New South Wales would seem to have been selected for the most part with utter disregard to fitness. Moreover the situation was difficult at its best. Responsibility to a government on the other side of the world before the days of the steamship and the telegraph meant something very like despotism, a method of government for which Englishmen are ill adapted in the capacity of either rulers or ruled. Few of the governors as a matter of fact had any capacity for their task, and good and bad alike found themselves members of a jealous and quarrelsome official body. Undignified bickerings and arrogant use of power on the part of the governors and their colleagues alternate on the pages of history with bitter quarrels between the free settlers and the discharged convicts.

Yet faction and blunderings were alike unable to check the steady development of the colony. An able and clear-sighted officer of the military force, John Macarthur, saw the possibilities of the country for sheep-raising. From a soldier he became a breeder and a stockman, and his success resulted in the gradual establishment of a great industry. Immigrants came, attained an independence and wealth that they could never have achieved in Europe, and in spite of all handicaps built up a flourish-

ing and growing community. Under the severe criminal laws that prevailed in England down to Peel's reforms of the twenties it by no means followed that because men and women were convicts they must needs be depraved, and under the comparatively favorable conditions of their new country they frequently proved themselves worthy citizens. The real criminals and degenerates were soon vastly outnumbered, and transportation ceased after 1840. A compulsory school system was established on a scale far surpassing that of the mother country, and the University of Sydney received its charter in 1848. Responsible government came slowly, only after long agitation, for the lesson of Canada had not been quite digested and it was difficult for many in England to believe that the convict settlement of "Botany Bay" was a thing of the past. But in 1850 an Act was passed by the British Parliament giving the Australian colonies the right to choose their own form of government, and in 1856 the first Australian Parliament with a ministry responsible not to the Crown but to the people met in Sydney. New South Wales thus became a free state, a member of the Empire on the same terms as had been already recognized in Canada.

At the same time self-government was given to the

more recent settlements in Van Diemen's Land and on the south coast. The former, a convict colony from New South Wales, had had the same troubled childhood as its youthful parent, but in 1855 representative government came, following the abolition of transportation the year before, and the beautiful island entered upon a more peaceful and prosperous era under its present name of Tasmania — both its old and its new name being derived from seventeenth century Dutch discoverers. From Van Diemen's Land adventurous settlers in the thirties crossed the straits to found a community on the shores of Port Phillip. In 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, the pioneer village of some seventy families received the recognition of the government of New South Wales and was named Melbourne. In 1850 the Port Phillip settlement was separated from New South Wales under the name of Victoria, and five years later the colony was given responsible government in accordance with what was now a recognized policy.

But while politicians at Melbourne and Sydney were debating over charters and Acts of Parliament and while friendly messages were passing to and fro between the colony and the mother land, the long era of slow growth was suddenly ended. Up to 1851 Australia was a land

of thriving towns and of vast ranges. In lonely stations scattered over the rolling uplands of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland the sheep herders watched the flocks whose wool provided the one article of export that could be profitably shipped to Europe and America. Those who craved excitement had to find it in the wordy conflicts of Parliament, in the exploration of the interior, or in "bushranging." But then there came the discovery of gold, and the quiet isolation of the southern continent was broken by the rush of an invading army.

Three years before, just nine days after the treaty had been signed that made California United States territory, gold had been discovered in the race of a saw-mill in the Sierras. Across prairie and desert and from far overseas men had flocked, summoned by the potent enchantment of the yellow wizard, and the tale of it had reached Australia. Of those who left the uneventful monotony of the sheep station to try their luck in California one was destined to bring back something worth much more than the sack of gold of which he had dreamed. For as he worked on his claim in California he realized that the gold-bearing sand of the Sacramento was reminding him constantly of the home he had left overseas. Full of a new idea, he hastened back to New South Wales. His first search verified his suspicion, and the announce-

ment of the discovery of gold at the junction of the Summerhill Creek with the Macquarie, a few miles west of Bathurst, turned the eyes of the world's gold-seekers to Australia.¹

The stampede to New South Wales was both a blow and a stimulus to Victoria. A reward was offered by the government at Melbourne for the first discovery of gold in the younger colony, but even before a bounty was promised swarms of prospectors were scattered through the hills in eager search. Gold was soon struck, and then were found the immensely rich veins of the Ballarat fields. New South Wales was eclipsed; Melbourne became almost over night the largest city in the British colonies, full of a seething, enthusiastic horde of miners, would-be miners, and adventurers of all descriptions. Not easily or peacefully did the province assimilate its new population or reduce it to order. The wild lawlessness of the California gold-camps was repeated in Victoria. But gradually order was created and maintained, and the mining and export of gold became only an important industry, rivaling but not surpassing the old staple of wool.

¹ In 1846 Sir Roderick Murchison, an eminent English geologist, had noted the similarity of the quartz rock in the great north and south chain which ranges along the eastern shores of Australia to the auriferous sections of the Ural Mountains, and on this basis had prophesied the discovery of gold in Australia.

Such in brief is the story of the beginnings of Australia. As Canada and South Africa had had their handicap in a severe problem of dual nationality, so Australia had had hers in her distance from Europe and in the convict settlements. The fact that New South Wales was for years regarded by the home government as a species of overseas penitentiary meant a long period of friction, of bitter class feeling and of injustice. It meant, moreover, an element of lawlessness that was not only a terrible internal problem but a stain on Australia's reputation. For generations the name of the colony that was fighting its way to free state-hood in the South Pacific brought to the minds of the rest of the English-speaking world two unsavory terms: Botany Bay, as the convict settlement of New South Wales was universally called, and the word "bushranger," for in no other part of the newer countries has the fringe of civilization been so scourged by outlaws of all degrees of ferocity as in Australia. But Canada still has the problem of Quebec, while Australia can now regard her Botany Bay and bushranger days as ancient history. Virile, free, masters of an island almost equal in area to the United States, with no frontier but the sea-shore, the Australians of the fifties could face the problems of democracy less trammled by internal disunion, by conflicting ideals or by foreign rivalries than any

people in the world, present or past. And their war-cry, the motto of the present Commonwealth, was an apt one — *Advance, Australia!*

VIII

THE BEGINNINGS OF SOUTH AFRICA

The southern point of Africa was not made the seat of a European settlement because it looked inviting. There are few more forbidding coasts. Harbors are rare and the gigantic terrace formation of the country topped by the great plateaus — often fiercely hot deserts — known as the Karroos, seemed to be a discouragement to exploration and settlement that scarcely needed the additional terror of wild beasts and wild men. But it had one advantage, and it was that one point that brought about the Dutch settlement in the middle of the seventeenth century,— its position on the route to the Indies. It will be remembered that it was by Portuguese navigators that the Cape route was opened, and that the East Indies trade was consequently in the hands of the Portuguese during the sixteenth century. But we have seen how towards the end of that century there came two revolutions in Europe which directly affected the East: the temporary absorption of Portugal by Spain in 1580 and the revolt of the Netherlands. Holland shot up into

a great maritime and commercial power with entire contempt for the Spanish and Portuguese monopoly of the Indies, and during the seventeenth century much of the eastern trade passed into the hands of the Dutch. Just as Sofala and St. Paul de Loanda, therefore, had been used as a refreshment station by the Portuguese, Cape Town was founded for the same purpose by the Dutch in 1652. But under the rules of the Dutch East India Company the colony remained little more than a stopping place. The people at home, as a matter of fact, never looked upon the Cape as a real colony, and never seriously thought of there being anything to be gained by going there. Farms and little settlements did spread inland a short distance in spite of the frequent attacks of Bushmen and Kaffirs and the constant trouble from wild beasts. But there was no prospect of its ever becoming a really important settlement, and the decay of the trading company during the eighteenth century brought further trouble in the way of misgovernment and hard times.

In 1793 England and Holland joined the other nations of Europe in war against the new French Republic. Like all others who measured strength on land with the youthful giant, Holland, divided sorely within herself, found that she was no match for her opponent. In 1795 she yielded to fate, submitted to French arms, expelled

the Prince of Orange, and became the Batavian Republic under French supervision. England's ally thus became an enemy, and the island kingdom prepared to widen her circle of attack and strike at the trade and sea-power of her adversaries. Since the days of Dupleix and Clive she too had become a power in the East. As the Portuguese and Dutch had needed a half-way station so now did the English. The most obvious blow therefore would be one that would not only cripple Holland but result in a valuable acquisition. Accordingly, in June, 1795, an English fleet and army appeared in Simon's Bay on the south of the little peninsula that terminates in the Cape of Good Hope. The colonists, in doubt whether their loyalty to Holland and the exiled Stadtholder should extend to the new Batavian Republic, abandoned Simons-town, and after several half-hearted attempts at resistance, Cape Town Castle was surrendered on the 16th of September. In 1814 this was made final by treaty and purchase, and the Cape Colony became the nucleus for British expansion in South Africa.

At this time the European population numbered about 30,000, practically all Dutch, with another 30,000 slaves and about 20,000 native servants. But an inflow of English settlers began at once. There were hard times in England after the war, and many a hard-pressed mechanic

and farmer was glad to turn to the new lands overseas. A very natural racial grouping caused the English immigrants to draw together to the east of the old Dutch settlement, centering about Algoa Bay, and Port Elizabeth became their seaport. But there was a good deal of inevitable mingling, and on the whole, relations were reasonably friendly. The friction which appeared in later years began, not in disagreement between English and Dutch settlers, but between the Dutch settlers and the home authorities, and the crucial point of the differences was the "black" question.

In order to clear the way to an understanding of British expansion in South Africa we ought to follow three phases of its development, all of which had vital significance for the colony: the friction between the Boers and the British Government, the relations with the natives, and the work of the London Missionary Society. The first two of these are closely interwoven and in an introductory survey like the present there need be no formal attempt to separate them, the more recent phases of the troubles with the Boers being postponed to a later chapter. For the work of the missionaries we shall center our attention on the heroic figure of David Livingstone. And throughout we shall confine ourselves to an effort to clear the ground, to understand only the main drift of events.

Two of the most troublesome questions that can beset a colony have made it difficult to find a decade of peace in the annals of South Africa from the annexation of the Cape to the outbreak of the Great War a century later: an acute dual nationality problem, and a long frontier behind which lived in restless savagery powerful and war-like tribes of blacks. That the former difficulty might have been met and solved by wise and sympathetic management is a perfectly tenable proposition — and a most fruitless one. History's "might-have-beens" are a singularly futile subject for speculation. As a matter of regrettable fact the government of Britain in its chequered career has seldom handled a difficult matter with less tact. Its motives were quite frequently humanitarian and admirable; but now that the quarrels of Briton and Boer are a thing of the past one may marvel not at the frequency with which the two came into collision but at the long intervals of peace. The problem of the natives was simpler and more familiar. It was bound to be settled ultimately as it has been settled in America, by the steady advance of the white race. The outcome was delayed and complicated by the friction among the whites and by the academic ignorance of the home government, but the end was quite inevitable.

When the Dutch first came to South Africa the native

inhabitants of the Cape and of the country inland for several hundred miles were Bushmen and Hottentots. Just to the north there was a group of much more highly developed tribes to be included under the general name of Bantus, but the Bantu tribes with whom the Dutch had to deal they called the Kosas or Kaffirs. These warlike savages had apparently been moving slowly down towards the southern point of the continent, and between the European and Kaffir invaders there was naturally a collision. Several severe wars were fought before and after the English conquest, resulting in a gradual movement of the frontier inland. Now it was just here that the missionaries — rightly or wrongly — made their protest. The Kaffirs, they declared, were quiet enough when they were honorably treated, and it was only when robbed, outraged and treated like brutes that they resorted to force as the last appeal. The powerful influence of the London Missionary Society was successfully brought to bear on the government, therefore, with the result that an increasing friction began to be noticeable between the views of the colonists and the colonial office. This culminated in the thirties, when a series of unfortunate acts brought it to a head.

In 1827 and 1828 the old Dutch method of administering justice was done away with, and officials and forms

of procedure were substituted according to English ideas and with English names. The old burgher senate was abolished at the same time, and a notice issued that all documents addressed to the government must be written in English. Several judges insisted on members of a jury being able to speak English, and excluded Dutchmen from a jury even when prisoner and witnesses were Dutch themselves, and though this was remedied in the course of a few years the memory of the insult remained hot. In 1828 was also passed an ordinance repealing a restrictive law which had been aimed at the vagrant habits of the Hottentots, and placing them in political rights on a level with Europeans. In 1833 came the abolition of slavery. Now, slavery was not rooted in South Africa as it was, say, in Jamaica; the conditions were quite different, and the arguments for the continuance of the institution in the West Indies have never been valid for the Cape. Still slaves were there — nearly four thousand of them — as they had been since the first founding of the colony, and they were owned largely by the Dutch farmers. The compensation allotted by the British government was less than half the estimated value of the slaves, so that the whole proceeding was to the colonists as if the crown had deliberately and arrogantly deprived them of valuable and hard-earned property.

Finally in December, 1834, came a formidable Kaffir war. Twelve thousand warriors crossed the frontier without any warning and ravaged the European territory for miles, robbing, burning, and murdering. As soon as the news reached Cape Town action was vigorously taken. Colonel Smith — afterwards better known as Sir Harry Smith — took command of the British troops, and by the middle of February the invaders were driven back into their own country. Up to 1819 the boundary line between Kaffirland and Cape Colony had been the Great Fish River. In that year it had been moved on after a war to the Keiskamma. Eighty miles past the Keiskamma is the Kei. At the end of March, then, the colonial troops crossed the Keiskamma and inside of two weeks they had driven their opponents over the Kei and followed them across. In the peace that followed, the governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, believing that a heavy blow was necessary and that half measures were useless, placed the new frontier at the Kei River, eighty miles beyond the old one, and transplanted into the conquered region some seventeen thousand people who were in search of a home, making it a kind of subordinate buffer state under the name of the province of Queen Adelaide. He went on the assumption, that is to say, that an extension of British rule was the only safe solution of the native

question, an assumption unpleasing to the anti-imperialist and the pacifist, but at least intelligible.

But while nearly the whole colony — including most of the missionaries themselves — agreed with the governor's action and lauded his firmness and wisdom, some of the ablest and most influential representatives of the London Missionary Society took the opposite stand, and they found a willing listener in the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg. Lord Glenelg was a strongly anti-imperialist Whig. Moreover he was a man of benevolent feelings, easily moved by philanthropic motives, and when able and good men represented the Kaffirs to him as a helpless and outraged race whose ancestral home was being invaded and taken from them by unscrupulous men, he grew to believe sincerely that the governor had done the natives a grievous wrong. Accordingly he resolved to return the new province of Queen Adelaide to the injured Kaffirs. So this was done, and Sir Benjamin D'Urban was recalled.

The most notable results can be summed up in two statements. First: The Boers looked upon it as the last straw. Those who lived near the shaken frontier, knowing how insecure their lives and property must now be, decided to move away from the influence of so changeable and irritating a government and make new homes for

themselves farther north and east. Secondly: The Kaffirs believed that for some inscrutable reason their enemies had become afraid of them, and that for future raids no severe punishment was to be feared. The canceling of D'Urban's act of settlement accordingly brought another forty years of trouble before the final and complete adoption of his policy in 1878. The whole of the land of the Kaffirs in that year became finally and entirely subject to the British crown and was annexed to the Cape Colony. But it was forty years too late for the preservation of good feeling between the Boers and England, for in 1836 the Great Trek had taken place which ended in the founding of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic.

Long before these events, while the Dutch East India Company was still ruling Cape Colony, was born to the chief of an insignificant Bantu tribe a son whom he named Chaka. As the child grew to boyhood he quarreled with his father and finally he and his mother fled by night and took refuge with a more powerful chief named Dingiswayo. Now Dingiswayo was a man cunning in war, and having heard of the European method of organizing an army, he adopted the idea as far as his limited opportunities permitted and formed his soldiers into well-drilled regiments. Into this army Chaka entered and by virtue

of immense physical strength, great skill in the use of weapons, and general aptitude for war, he rapidly rose to be one of Dingiswayo's best and most trusted officers. When the old chief died, therefore, the army at once raised Chaka to his place, and all those who now obeyed the new leader called themselves by the name of his tribe,—the now terrible name of Zulu.

The organization and arms of Dingiswayo's army were improved by his successor; the Zulu regiments became the most formidable engines of war in South Africa; and their chief was only too anxious not to let them rust for lack of use. On tribe after tribe he hurled his army and blotted them out,—slaying all but the girls and boys who were thought fit for incorporation into the conquering nation,—all somewhat after the manner of the Iroquois but with a more bloodthirsty desire to kill. In 1827 General Bourke, acting governor of the Cape, put this suggestive remark in a note to the secretary of state, "The interior of Africa at no great distance from this settlement appears to be in a state of great commotion and for some years past various powerful tribes have been pressing to the southward, driving the weaker ones before them, from whom many fugitives, under different appellations, have obtained refuge in the colony." It was the work of the Zulus. Their invincible and merciless power drove tribe

after tribe to choose between annihilation and flight. Those who fled seemed to have caught the fierce spirit of their pursuers, for they also slaughtered as they went, until the very demon of murder and dismay seemed to possess the whole region south of the Zambesi.

One of the districts cleared of its inhabitants by Chaka was that covered by the modern colony of Natal. The name had been given to the coast as far back as Vasco da Gama, but it was not settled by Europeans until 1827. In that year several Englishmen cultivated the friendship of the Zulu king and obtained from him a grant of Port Natal with the surrounding territory one hundred miles inland. Fugitives from various tribes gathered around the white men and it became a fairly prosperous settlement under the protection of Chaka, while after his assassination in 1828 the new king, Dingaan, was even more careful to cultivate the friendship and confidence of the English. Missionaries came, a church was built, and a town laid out which was christened Durban after the energetic governor of the Cape.

In 1836 came the great Boer emigration, and Natal received its share of the moving farmers. And now occurred the first collision between Europeans and Zulus. Suspicious of the migrating host, Dingaan treacherously fell upon a body of three hundred men, women and chil-

dren and massacred them all. A body of troops sent to aid the distressed people was defeated and its leaders killed. Things looked black for the colony until in 1838 an army of resolute Dutch farmers under an able leader — Andries Pretorius, after whom the Transvaal capital is named — invaded the country of Dingaan and on the banks of the Blood River overthrew the Zulu army and killed some three thousand of its warriors. For the time then, the land had rest.

Forty uneasy years went by, and it came to pass that Cetewayo, son of Panda, was king of the Zulus. Much had happened since the defeat of Dingaan at the Blood River. The Boers, freed by their own efforts from the Zulus and Matabele, had formed scattered settlements far inland past the Orange and the Vaal rivers. Natal had become British territory, while by the Sand River Convention in 1852 and the Bloemfontein Convention in 1854 the Transvaal and Orange republics had been recognized as independent states. But the Transvaal in those days scarcely deserved the name of a state, and between 1852 and 1877 trouble was brewing up there. The farmers with the narrowness of intense ignorance and the irresponsibility of a land in which every man lived to a considerable extent unto himself, trod on the rights of every tribe in their neighborhood, excited a hostility to

the whites which blocked trade and menaced the British colonies, and became a distinct nuisance to all South Africa. The British governors tried both to restrain the Boers and to keep the irritated Zulus from attacking them, only with the result of exasperating the latter and doing no good. Finally, under circumstances which we need not relate, the knot was cut by the annexation of the Transvaal to British territory in 1877, and England now took over the problem of restoring confidence and atoning for the lack of law and responsibility which had prevailed under the Dutch régime.

But it was too late as far as the Zulus were concerned. Cetewayo had always been the friend of the English as long as the Dutch republic was still there, but now the balance of power was overthrown, and the Zulu king found himself hemmed in by a power that was apparently bent on a policy of annexation. The savage method of expressing fear and distrust is by depredation and insolence; the Zulu proceedings on the Natal frontier soon demanded remonstrance, and a courteous message of December, 1878, containing liberal concessions but demanding cessation of outrages and immediate compensation, was left unanswered. War was the inevitable consequence.

In January, 1879, Zululand was invaded by three col-

umns under the command of Lord Chelmsford, the general leading in person the central division across the Buffalo River at Rorke's Drift. About ten miles east of the ford the army camped by the steep, lonely hill of Isandlana, and on January 22, Lord Chelmsford moved off a few miles with half his force to support a reconnoitering party. Orders were left to those who remained behind that they should hold themselves within the camp, and then the two divisions were parted for the day. In the evening when the general came back to his camp he found no sign of life. Eight hundred Englishmen and five hundred native allies lay there dead at the hands of Cetewayo's Zulus. The savage chief had played the ancient stratagem of attacking with a small force and retreating. The English had lost their heads, had followed the enemy, and had been surrounded and cut off by thousands of warriors. After the desperate struggle was over the triumphant Zulus proceeded to Rorke's Drift, where a little garrison of ninety-six men had been left to defend the ford. From half-past four in the afternoon till four next morning the little band of Englishmen held their post — a mere makeshift hospital containing forty sick men besides its defenders — against three thousand Zulus. At dawn the appearance of Lord Chelmsford, who had marched from the desolate camp at Isandlana, made the

enemy retire. So melancholy a disaster and so brilliant a defense in the same day turned the attention of the world to South Africa. Reënforcements came to Zululand from the Cape, from Ceylon, and from England. A victory at Kambula brought Cetewayo to his knees, and the battle of Ulundi on the fourth of July ended the war. Since then England has had many fierce fights with the natives, but none to compare with her struggle with the Zulus. Only one — the Matabele War — can be mentioned in the same breath, and the Matabele were really a section of the Zulus, with the same traditions and the same military organization and discipline.

On November 4, 1794, was held the first meeting of the London Missionary Society. In March, 1799, four of its missionaries landed at the Cape and began the work which was to be marked by the great names of Moffat and Livingstone. Their first labors were with the Hottentots and the Bantu tribes known as the Kosas or Kaffirs, but not satisfied with this they pushed their stations farther and farther inland until they were preaching the Gospel and teaching the arts of civilized life far beyond the bounds of Cape Colony. Gradually they acquired great influence. Their intellectual superiority, their apparently supernatural knowledge of the laws of nature, their indifference to danger, their fervent enthusiasm, all

powerfully affected the fierce but simple-minded natives, until in many cases the missionary became the all-powerful prime minister of a great chief.

Perhaps even their uplifting effect on the savage tribes was not more important to them than was their service to civilization as its pioneers. Few merchants, except the fierce slave-traders, marching at the head of armed bands, would venture into the wilderness with the simple courage of the self-devoted missionary. And perhaps when the high precepts of the religion of Christ penetrated but slightly into the crude minds and fierce hearts of the blacks, there remained fixed with some persistence the lessons of civilized living, the beginnings of a more rational life, the first faint stirring of the divine restlessness and longing for something better than their degradation which might do for the Hottentot and Zulu what the lessons of Boniface did for the savages of Germany. Feeble as the result must have seemed, the work of the missionaries was tremendously worth doing. The Hottentots and Kaffirs of South Africa are not like the Australian blacks or the American Indians as regards the effects of European civilization. They thrive instead of withering in its presence, and in Cape Colony with a total population of 2,600,000 the colored inhabitants number 1,980,000, or over 75 per cent. Any efforts directed to-

ward civilizing the natives are of untold value to the colony, and in such efforts the missionaries have been easily foremost. But in order to really appreciate the point of all this we must take a concrete example, and that example may as well be the greatest. Even the simplest narrative of the work of David Livingstone is an epic, condensed, it is true, but holding in its bare facts and uncouth names all the majesty, the mystery, the terror, and the poetry of the Dark Continent.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, on the Clyde, near Glasgow, March 19, 1813. His parents were poor people of lowly station in life, for which he was always in later life unfeignedly thankful. Not that he was particularly democratic. "The mass of the working people of Scotland," he wrote himself, "have read history, and are no levelers. They rejoice in the memories of Wallace and Bruce, 'and a' the lave.' While foreigners imagine we want the spirit to overturn aristocracy, we in truth hate those stupid revolutions which sweep away time-honored institutions, dear alike to rich and poor." But there was a training in poverty, and a discipline in his hard environment whose value was beyond question — little as he could in boyhood foresee the peculiar need for endurance and patience which life was to bring him. His father was a stern, keen, religious Scot of the old

school, and many a thrashing was earned for the boy by his preference for sciences to "The Cloud of Witnesses" and Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." Yet he responded heartily to the best things in his father's and mother's teaching. His boyhood was of the kind that is good to contemplate,—healthy and sound physically, mentally, and spiritually. That is to say, he was an ordinary boy of the best type, a good walker, a good swimmer, a lover of healthy pleasure, and yet one who would willingly help his mother and even scrub the floor for her — albeit with the door barred against the observation of his companions. At the age of ten he started to work in a cotton mill; but he was true to his Scotch instinct, and his first week's wages bought a book wherewith to continue his studies. For he was already showing that persistence which in later life became almost terrible. He was convinced that only by hard work and study could he make anything of himself and life that would be worth while. And once this conviction was reached only overwhelming disaster could have thrust him from the path he had set himself to tread. This amazing strength of will combined with his utter self-devotion made him one of the world's great men,—the David Livingstone before whom good men and bad men alike bow as to a king.

So much for his training. At the age of twenty-five he

decided to be a medical missionary (he had already been studying medicine for some years, earning money in the summer and attending lectures in the winter at Glasgow) and on December 8, 1840, having received his degree the preceding month, he sailed for South Africa under the direction of the London Missionary Society. After a voyage of five months he landed at the Cape, and met there his first great disappointment. For to his dismay he found that there were already too many missionaries there, and that they were most lamentably divided into cliques, spending their best energy in quarrels and disputation. He himself aroused fierce accusations against his orthodoxy by a sermon that he preached there, and he was filled with indignation and disgust. Judging by the Cape, there were already too many laborers in the vineyard.

But Livingstone realized that no such difficulties existed in the interior. At Algoa Bay he started in an ox-wagon for Dr. Moffat's station at Kuruman, seven hundred miles from the coast. There under a congenial and great-hearted preceptor, he set himself to learn the language, to estimate the character and needs of the people, and to use his medical skill. This last was of immense value to him, and though the simple-minded natives often made impossible demands yet the relief he could give to many of them was very great. With his natural tact, good-

nature, common sense and dignity he soon acquired no small influence throughout a considerable part of Bechuanaland, for he made frequent tours that carried him hundreds of miles from Kuruman, and his mastery of the language rivaled that of Moffat himself. "I have an immense practice," he wrote to Sir Risdén Bennett; "patients walk one hundred and thirty miles for my advice. This is the country for a medical man, but he must leave fees out of the question. They have much more disease than I expected. They are nearly naked, and endure the scorching heat of the day and the chills at night in that condition. Add to this that they are absolutely omnivorous. Indigestion, rheumatism, ophthalmia are the prevailing diseases."

After two years' work at Kuruman he moved two hundred miles farther up country to the valley of Mabotsa — where he had the adventure with a lion of which we have all read. Years afterward when his body was brought by his faithful followers to England it was the false joint in his arm caused by the lion's bite that enabled his friends to identify with certainty the great explorer's mortal remains. But that was all far distant then, and it is almost with a chuckle of reminiscent excitement that he tells the story in the "Missionary Travels and Researches." In 1844: "I screwed up my courage (at Kuruman) to put



a question beneath one of the fruit-trees, the result of which was that I became united in marriage to Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter Mary. Having been born in the country, and being expert in household matters, she was always the best spoke in the wheel at home: and when I took her on two occasions to Lake Ngami and far beyond, she endured more than some who have written large books of travels." There was a year of happy married life at Mabotsa, another, forty miles north at Chounam, still another forty miles north again at Kolobeng, and then the events began to take shape which finally turned the devoted missionary into an explorer.

The daily life of these two is epitomized in a letter that shows no sign of the coming change:

Building, gardening, cobbling, doctoring, tinkering, carpentering, gunmending, farriering, wagon-mending, preaching, schooling, lecturing on physics according to my means, besides a chair in divinity to a class of three, fill up my time. . . . My wife made candles, soap, and clothes, and thus we have attained to the indispensable accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—the husband a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within.

But two great shadows stood over the little mission at Kolobeng and threatened its destruction. To the east lay the Transvaal, whence armed parties of Boers came ever and anon to raid the native villages for slaves. And

there came a long, severe drought which must surely, thought the savages, be the punishment sent by their angry gods for the crime of turning to the new God of Livingstone. No personal hostility was involved in this, for they loved the kindly teacher who had brought them wisdom and had healed them in sickness. But no rain came, and the stream was drying up, so the gods must assuredly be angry, and wise as the white man was, neither he nor his God could bring an end to the drought. He could and did help for a time by personal entreaty to hold off attacks from the Boers. But it could only be for a time, for his point of view irritated them. To them the natives were good only for slaves,—otherwise to be killed on sight as one might a mosquito. “You must teach the blacks that they are not our equals,” they said to Livingstone. “You might as well try to teach the baboons.” To which the missionary quietly replied by offering to test whether the Boers could read better than his native attendants,—an answer conclusive to him, but only irritating to the stubborn minds of the Dutch.

The only remedy for the situation was to be found in migration. But on the east lay the Transvaal, on the south were the villages of the Bechuanas, on the west and north stretched the waste of the Kalahari desert. There was rumor, indeed, of a lake far north, beyond the desert,

and of a great chief who welcomed strangers to the broad lands of the Makololo. No white man had ever crossed the Kalahari, but if it could be done a refuge might be found for the friends of Livingstone. Just as the missionary was anxiously debating the matter with himself there came from the south two English hunters, Oswell and Murray, both of them brave, high-minded and enterprising men, and to them Livingstone unfolded his problem. They at once seized with eagerness on the plan of crossing the desert, volunteered to join him, and on the first of June, 1849, started off on what proved to be a toilsome and even perilous journey,—the first of Livingstone's explorations. It was wholly successful. Lake Ngami was discovered on the first of August and with it a beautiful country of lakes and rivers and great trees, so, though they could not then penetrate to the country of the Makololo, they returned to Kolobeng with the good news. They were only just in time, for the tribe was on the brink of destruction, but now the drought began to come to an end, and Kolobeng was not wholly deserted just yet.

After another journey to Lake Ngami, a conference with the chief of the Makololo, and a further excursion to the north with Oswell ending in the discovery of the Zambesi, Livingstone came to a definite decision as to his duty. His children were suffering from fever, and ought

to go home with their mother to England while he returned to the interior. For a vast field north of Lake Ngami called him with a stern insistence from which he could not escape. He knew well that for one man who would penetrate into the unknown wilderness and defy its privations there were scores who would follow. He doubtless saw as clearly as we do the evils that would creep into Central Africa in the track of the white men. But no reader of Livingstone's own narrative will question for a moment his decision that the unspeakable evils and darkness that he saw there far exceeded any that might come from unworthy whites who would follow him in the years to come. European civilization, or let us say British civilization, was not ideal. Livingstone would not have claimed that it was or that he could expect all Englishmen in Africa to have his own single-minded devotion to the good of his fellow-men and the extension of the religion and principles of Christ. But taken all in all England stood for light, for righteousness, and for progress; Central Africa was dark, degraded and stagnant. One man could not uplift a continent. But one man *could* break a path into the wilderness and let in the light, and this Livingstone increasingly felt that he was called of God to do. To the directors of the London Missionary

Society he stated his resolve in a letter full of pathos and deadly earnestness :

Nothing but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of Christ would make me orphanize my children. Even now my bowels yearn over them. They will forget me; but I hope when the day of trial comes I shall not be found a more sorry soldier than those who serve an earthly sovereign. Should you not feel yourself justified in incurring the expense of their support in England I shall feel called upon to renounce the hope of carrying the Gospel into that country. But stay. I am not sure. So powerfully am I convinced that it is the will of our Lord I should, I will go, no matter who opposes; but from you I expect nothing but encouragement. I know you wish as ardently as I can that all the world may be filled with the glory of the Lord.

So on April 23, 1852, he saw his wife and four children off for England, and turned once more from Cape Town to the interior with aching heart and unswerving determination. All the home he had was at Kolobeng, but before he reached it bad news came in a letter from the chief, Sechele. Its purport is sufficiently told in a letter written by Livingstone to his wife a few days after, in which he tells the story — an old one in South Africa — of a Boer raid.

The Boers [he wrote.] gutted our house. They brought four wagons down, and took away sofa, table, bed, all the crockery, your desk (I hope it had nothing in it. Have you the letters?), smashed the wooden chairs, took away the iron ones, tore out the

leaves of all the books and scattered them in front of the house; smashed the medicine bottles, windows, oven door, took away the Smith-bellows, anvil, all the tools, three corn mills, a bag of coffee for which I paid £6, and lots of coffee, tea, sugar, which the gentlemen who went north left. . . . They set fire to the town, and the heat forced the women to fly, and the men to huddle together on the small hill in the middle of the town. The smoke prevented them seeing the Boers, and the cannon killed sixty Bakwains. The Boers then came near to kill and destroy them all; but the Bakwains killed thirty-five of them and many horses. They fought the whole day; but the Boers could not dislodge them. . . . [And in a letter to a friend he adds]—The Boers are mad with rage against me because my people fought bravely. It was I, they think, that taught them to shoot Boers. Fancy your Reverend Friend teaching the young idea to shoot Boers, and praying for a blessing on the work of his hands.

So much for the coöperation he could expect from the only white neighbors he had, in his lonely struggle for the uplifting of the black race that he loved and believed in.

But now, leaving Boers and Bakwains far behind him, he turned resolutely to the north, was received with royal welcome by his friends the Makololo, gathered among them a little group of followers—childlike of mind, dauntless of heart, and true as steel—and launched his canoes on the Zambesi. This was the river he and Os-
well had discovered. Now he intended to explore it to its source and penetrate to the Portuguese settlements on the west coast. In February, 1854, after three weary months, he reached the watershed marked by Lake Dilolo,

whence he pushed on by rivers and overland to the town of St. Paul de Loanda. How to paint the heart-breaking weariness, the pangs and weakness of fever, the constant need of cheering and aiding his black followers, the danger from savage beasts and cunning foes who would block his path, the infinite need of patience, hope, tact, and courage which burdened the spirit of the great explorer in the long march, would daunt the pen of the most reckless chronicler. One would not marvel so much if he had kept his strength. But he was no man of iron, impervious to the attacks of heat or chill or fever. Day after day he would push doggedly on with head giddy and bursting, with his hand shaking too much to permit of correct use of his instruments for observation, and with his whole frame weakened by illness, fatigue, and privation. Not all of his men were as faithful as the Makololo, and once mutiny showed itself. He had given the grumblers an ox to kill and lain down in his tent, half in a stupor with headache and fever. But the din they made over their fire was intolerable, and his third request for quiet was answered by "an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny was not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barreled pistol and darted out with such a savage aspect as to put them to precipitate

fig' . They gave no further trouble." Every chief through whose land they marched demanded tolls and presents. And when at last the Portuguese settlements were reached the explorer was dangerously near to the end of his strength. Happily both the Portuguese and the one Englishman in St. Paul de Loanda outdid themselves in courtesy and kindness. Livingstone was cared for by generous friends and by the surgeon of an English man-of-war opportunely in the harbor, though only after seven months of rest was he finally himself again, ready for his return journey eastward.

Here in Angola, along the borders of which province he was exploring during the later part of 1854 and the first months of 1855, he met again the old enemy that had so angered him at the border of the Transvaal,—slavery and the slave trade. During the remainder of his life there was nothing that he set himself so earnestly to combat. But here there was little that he could do. He simply saw — and his published opinion later on angered the Portuguese not a little — that as long as slavery prevailed with its degradation, its inter-tribal wars, its raids of the strong on the weak, no healthy traffic could be opened between this coast and the interior. He reached a similar conclusion regarding the east coast a year later, where his path from Quilimane to the Victoria Falls was

at once used by the slave traders. And thereafter he declared war more than ever against the desperate evil of this "open sore of the world," as he called it.¹ But in the meantime his prime business was to blaze a trail and to make plain to himself and the world the whole course of the Zambesi. So back to his starting point he went, and thence past the Victoria Falls — seen and named by him first of all white men, so far as is known — clear through to the east coast. It was three years (April, '53–May, '56) since he had seen the ship at Cape Town bear his wife and children home to England, and during those three years his perseverance and devotion had made necessary an entire reconstruction of the map of South Africa.

But is not this enough to make clear our conception of this missionary pioneer of empire? We cannot tell the full story of his life, and this little fragment will sufficiently show that which we wish to emphasize. We have seen that the road to the country of the Chartered Company and Cecil Rhodes was opened not by an ambitious conqueror or cold imperialist but by the noblest and least selfish of modern apostles. Here was a man who rebuked

¹ In a letter to the *New York Herald*, whose closing words are inscribed on Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey. "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

the Boers for cruelty and selfishness before Johannesburg was dreamed of, who strove to turn the paths of commerce away from Sofala and Angola and to open up a British road from the interior to the coast long before the wildest visionary could have looked for the vast creation of a British South Africa from Tanganyika and Nyassa to the Cape. And he did it with his eyes open — not to the coming of empire, indeed, but to the certain coming of his countrymen. “I beg to direct your attention to Africa,” he said earnestly at Cambridge during his year home in 1857. “I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open. *Do not let it be shut again.* I go back to Africa to try to open a path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun.” He did go back, under the direction of the British Government this time, to explore the river Shire and Lake Nyassa, and then later on the country about Lakes Tanganyika and Bangweolo. We cannot even outline his bitter struggles with the Arab slave traders, his failures and disappointments, his loss of his true-hearted wife — buried in the forest by the great baobab tree on “Shupanga brae” — his well-known relief by Stanley after one period of two years, utter submergence in the wilderness, and his lonely death in the marshy jungles south of Lake Bangweolo. All through there

was the same indomitable energy, the same refusal to regard anything but his duty, the same single-hearted earnestness in opening the way for the light to enter.

So now we have studied the beginnings of England's empire in three continents, through the instrumentality of three very different men,— Clive, Cook, and Livingstone. All saw what they were doing, and did it with their might. Not one saw the empire even in vision. Each one, soldier, sailor, and missionary, did his duty as he saw it far away from the little home island that all three loved; and from their graves sprang the Imperial England of which they and many others of whom they are the types were — all unknowing — the founders.

IX

THE DOMINION OF CANADA

It is nearly four hundred years now since Cartier surveyed from the summit of Mount Royal the glorious expanse of forest and the mighty sweep of river that were then part of an utter wilderness. The Pilgrim Fathers were yet unborn. Drake and Raleigh, Shakespeare and Spenser, John Smith and William Penn were names yet hidden in unturned pages of the book of Fate. Modern Europe was barely emerging from the Middle Ages, and the gallant sailor of St. Malo was himself one of those who were opening the world's dim eyes to broader visions and brighter light. It was not simply a wilderness to him, this grand valley of the St. Lawrence. It was the gateway of infinite possibilities, a new world to be won from Satan to Christ, from the dominion of painted savages to the proud lordship of France. But generations passed, and the patient, heroic Champlain, the fiery Frontenac, the indomitable La Salle, the gallant Montcalm with their comrades built up a colony only to have it pass into the hands of the detested English. They

were indeed attempting to create an anachronism. Feudalism even in Europe was in the last stages of decay when Champlain landed at Quebec. To transplant it to the New World was as futile as to plant an aged, rotting oak in new soil with the hope of seeing it grow young again. The genius of Richelieu, the pride of Louis XIV, the all-seeing brain of Colbert, the courage of generations of gallant Frenchmen exhausted themselves in the effort to achieve the impossible. So with the defeat of Montcalm the task of taking their work and making it fruitful fell to the conquerors. The vast country over which Cartier saw floating in vision the lilies of France is dotted with the red ensign of England. The birth-right of the countrymen of La Salle has passed to the countrymen of Pitt and Wolfe.

The discussions of a few years ago as to the government of the conquered South African Republic would scarcely have troubled the world of 1760. But in any case the conditions of Canada had no resemblance to those in the Transvaal. New France was populated solely by Frenchmen and their families, conquered after a bitter and equal struggle. To grant such a province self-government would have been mere madness. And yet for England to adopt entirely and with a view to permanence the autocratic government and feudal forms

of France would have been self-contradictory. So the question was settled, as was to be expected with a race not given to the prolonged contemplation of a puzzling problem, in a rough-and-ready provisional fashion. The country was divided into three districts with headquarters at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. These were administered by three generals after the well-known example set by Oliver Cromwell, with military officers scattered over the country to look after the details of government. But practically, beyond a certain benevolent supervision, the duties of these officers were restricted to the preserving of order and the administration of criminal law. As a matter of fact things were done much as they had been done before the conquest. The church received its tithes. The landlords — the *seigneurs* — received their rents in kind and in service. And priests, *seigneurs*, and notables constituted as before the actual heads of the people.

For a provisional arrangement this worked admirably. If the people had no rights beyond the moral right of fair treatment they had had no more than that under the old régime. The misgovernment of their last Intendant, the infamous Bigot, might well make them contrast the justice and business-like orderliness of the new rule with the confusion and the oppression of the war days, and

for a time there was contentment. But the inevitable happened. Immigrants from the British Islands drifted across the Atlantic — “men of mean education, traders, mechanics, publicans, followers of the army,” as Governor Murray contemptuously called them — who clamored at once for a share in the government. And the French themselves began to catch something of the spirit of their new flag and murmur for privileges of which they and their fathers had known nothing for generations. The more active minded among them realized that military government under the British flag and in America was an anomaly. The educated men of New France were not unaware of the ideas of Montesquieu, nor were they wholly out of touch with the currents of thought that were carrying the countrymen of Voltaire and Rousseau to the whirlpool of the Revolution. Vague theories and aspirations regarding individual liberty were quickened into practical life by the fortune of war that made them the political heirs of Simon de Montfort and Oliver Cromwell. And the citizens of Montreal and Quebec began to agitate for relief from the pressure of a better government than any the French race had enjoyed since the time of Colbert.

Moreover the demand for a measure of self-government was based on a sound principle. The answer to the

agitators that would point to the oppression and autocracy of the old régime was no answer. The French flag had given place to the English. A line of argument that befitted the government of Louis XV could not be used without shame even by the administration of Lord North. For the conquerors to adopt the political ideals of the conquered would have been an absurdity — treason to the best traditions of the race. Sooner or later, if England remained England, the soldiers of Montcalm and their sons would have to be allowed a share in the government of their country such as Montcalm himself would never have given them. Not that such a principle appeared in any tangible shape before the minds of English statesmen. Englishmen consent to theorize about politics only after their practical sense of what is worth while and what is possible has enabled them to hammer and blunder and hew through a problem to a triumphant serenity. Our conception of the place of Magna Charta in English history would have greatly bewildered any of the stalwart barons who saw King John sign it at Runnymede. And our interpretation of English liberty would have been shocking enough to George III. But the fact remains that without any clearly formed principle to justify them, the advisers of the very king who drove the American colonies into revolt took steps in Canada which

meant concessions at once and meant, in time, representative self-government.

So in the fall of 1763, while the war with Pontiac was still shaking the newly conquered province, a royal proclamation established four new governments in America, one of which was Quebec. The governors were empowered to summon general assemblies and to make laws *with the consent of the representatives of the people*. The existing laws of England requiring the oath of supremacy and a declaration against transubstantiation made the proclamation really a dead letter, indeed, but the intention is obvious nevertheless. And the interest of it is not lessened by the fact that it was issued only a year and a half before the Stamp Act, while George Grenville was First Minister of the Crown. No assembly, as a matter of fact, ever met, and government in Canada from 1763 to 1774 was actually conducted by a governor-general (Murray, a man of high principles and ability) and an executive council chosen by him from the leading men of the colony. So that while during this time there was good government, yet no one could view the matter as being settled. The English-speaking residents, still few in number but steadily increasing, wanted English law and English judges and officials. Petitions were sent over to Westminster in both languages and

with varying requests. And it was for the king and his advisers to determine whether this discontent was only the natural and temporary result of a difficult situation, or whether it was the sign of evils that could be remedied. In the latter event there lay some embarrassment in the fact that the demands of English and French Canadians were diametrically opposed. Neither the English in Canada nor the authorities at home cared yet to erect a representative assembly which could place authority in the hands of people only recently in arms against the country that now ruled them. Yet there was a certain absurdity and injustice in giving power to four hundred English immigrants and withholding it from the seventy thousand old inhabitants. Wise decision was not easy, and the men in authority at Westminster in 1774 were assuredly none too wise. But impelled to some action by the necessity of preserving peace in Canada during the rising tempest in the English colonies further south, the government of Lord North at last passed the Quebec Act.

The territorial clauses of the Quebec Act were speedily to be modified, if not nullified, by the American War of Independence and may be ignored. More important, because more permanent, were the provisions that definitely assured to the French Canadians their own lan-

guage and laws. As a result of these Quebec is to this day essentially French,—not in national feeling but in speech and customs. That this has been and is still a serious embarrassment to Canadian life and progress few will deny, and yet the careless magnanimity of such an act must appeal to a democratic and idealistic age. It may have been poor statesmanship: but there was something refreshingly human and sportsmanlike in the refusal to impose an alien law on the conquered population of New France. It was indeed the result of no consistent policy. The government that passed the Quebec Act was sending armies overseas to coerce the rebellious citizens of Massachusetts and Virginia, and two generations later the legal recognition of the Dutch language was refused to the Boers of Cape Colony. Not for many years and not until the mother country herself had broken through the restraint of old constitutional traditions, did Britain begin to feel her way towards some definite and permanent principle in colonial government.¹ But in this measure of a corrupt and unhonored ministry one may see at least a gleam of generosity, of desire to deal not too hardly with a population still hurt by their defeat, still troubled and suspicious.

¹ The Reform Bill of 1832 is, of course, the great landmark in the change. It ended the rule of the eighteenth century "oligarchy."

We must admit, however, that cynical minds, in Lord North's day and in our own, have questioned this matter of generosity. And it is even more difficult to make any confident statement in regard to the wisdom or unwisdom of the Act, aside from the undeniable short-sightedness of its territorial provisions. There are moments, indeed, when it strikes one chiefly as a device for shelving a problem too intricate to be easily solved. Lord North and Wedderburn were hardly the men and the year after the Boston Tea Party was hardly the time for a really statesmanlike colonial measure. The ministry, as all the world knows, was a ministry of political opportunists, and one cannot blame those who have asserted that the Quebec Act was framed purely to meet an immediate situation. Thousands of the earnest, justice-loving people of England who were then as now the real backbone of the nation were watching with sorrow and misgiving the shameful conflicts of the House of Commons with Wilkes, and were trying in troubled perplexity to find out the reasons for the lamentable state of affairs in America. These might surely be placated by the generous spectacle of a conquered people being freely left with their language, their religion and their institutions, while the power of the Crown was amply safeguarded by the retention of all rights of government. But unfortunately

the tribunes of the people and the greatest men in the British Parliament — Chatham, Barré, Burke, and their like — were all against the Act, and if it was scarcely the “cruel and odious measure” that Chatham called it, yet little inclination was displayed to pay reverence to that most contemptible of cabinets as a group of philanthropists.

Certainly in establishing French civil law and making no provision whatever for self-government the Quebec Act betrayed entire blindness to the possibility of future English immigration into the valley of the St. Lawrence and the vast country beyond. It not only handed over the English who were already settled in New France to French law, but extended the boundaries of Quebec to the Ohio and the Mississippi on the one hand and the Hudson’s Bay Territory on the other. And it made permanent the very things that stood in the way of the healthy development of Canada as a British colony,— the French language, French law, and institutions which had proved a failure in New France and were soon to be swept away in the mother land. That is to say, it was an Act passed for immediate results. It assumed that conditions in Canada were static. It ignored the fact that the future of America was to be in English hands, not French.

Nevertheless it did conciliate the French Canadians, and when the forces of Arnold and Montgomery invaded Canada the sons of those who had defended Quebec against the troops of England now fought as valiantly against the army of the Continental Congress. So Canada remained outside the Union, and the flag of England still flew on the heights of Quebec when the treaty was made by which the humiliated mother country acknowledged her revolted colonies to be free and independent states. But that war materially affected the fortunes of Canada and incidentally the operation of the Quebec Act. Tens of thousands of loyalists crossed the line to keep their British citizenship. New Brunswick and Ontario came into existence. And one of the first and most obvious obligations of England to the sons who had sacrificed their all for her, was to give them the full rights of the citizenship which they had so greatly valued. Only Ontario, of the country newly settled by the refugees, was included in the Canada of that time, and as soon as possible the unnatural situation by which thousands of staunch settlers of British race were governed by French law and an autocratic government was remedied. In 1791 the Constitutional Act, as it is called, replaced the Quebec Act. Canada was divided by the line of the Ottawa River. The lower province was left its French

law and French customs. But Upper Canada was made wholly English, and since in this English province a representative assembly could not in reason or justice be withheld, the government of Pitt thought it best to grant the same favor to Quebec. So part of the evil of the Act of 1774 was undone. West of the Ottawa Canada was to be English, and government by a power that left out of consideration the voice of the people was a thing of the past.

It is an often-quoted remark that Britain's success with her colonies in the last hundred years has been in great measure due to the "lesson" taught her by the American Revolution. This is of course by no means wholly untrue. It was of immense importance that the destructive policy of George III should receive a death blow. But to suppose that the American Revolution taught the English people the lesson of colonial self-government is a mistake that could only spring from our cheerful readiness to manufacture large and impressive generalizations without facts. The American Revolution did, no doubt, end the reign of the theory that colonies existed for the benefit of the mother country. But thoughtful Englishmen who might have admitted this in 1790 might have suggested and did suggest as a corollary that it was therefore scarcely worth while for their country to trouble

about colonies at all. Much actual money and energy had been spent by Englishmen in the founding — not of all the colonies, doubtless, but of many of them. Infinitely more had been spent in their defense against France. The contribution of the mother island towards the conquest of New France had greatly exceeded the grudging appropriations of the colonies. And now, an Englishman might say, even granting that North and George III were wrong, was it not a lamentable thing that twenty years after the fall of Quebec the colonies should rise in armed revolt over a grievance no whit worse than was suffered by some of the greatest of English cities? At any rate was it not a thing that should cool the enthusiasm of any Englishman who might wish to tax himself and his fellow countrymen to defend a colony overseas,— a colony that might to-morrow become an enemy. Was it not better to do things in the Greek way,— let colonies form spontaneously, and let them be independent from the beginning? Questions most natural, surely, still asked sometimes by those who are called “ Little Englanders,” eloquently asked too by men like the late Goldwin Smith, survivals of the great Liberal school of English thinkers and statesmen, who by their very indifference to empire did so much to make Greater Britain possible.

One other lesson was taught by the American Revolu-

tion to observers of a less liberal temperament, viz., the danger of giving a colony too much control over its own affairs. And it is this lesson, not the other, which is most evident in British colonial policy for two generations after 1783. The French Revolution, with its hysteria and the whirlwind of war that followed it, came hard upon the Revolution in America, and the result was the reverse of an increase of warmth in the British attitude to democracy. England had developed during many centuries her own type of liberty, and it was as a matter of fact nearing the culmination to which Grey and Russell, Disraeli and Gladstone brought it during the nineteenth century. But it was a type that relied for its strength and permanence not on high-sounding phrases or declarations of the rights of man, but on the cautious, conservative, progressive working out of specific points, the removal of one after another obstacle that stood in the way of free national development, the practical struggle towards a practical and fruitful freedom. "The Rights of Englishmen" meant a very real thing to many men who would have failed to make head or tail of Rousseau and would have spurned with contempt the "Rights of Man." Now this practical liberty of England, shocked by the wild utterances and the terrible excesses of the French Revolution, underwent a distinct reaction after

1793. The progress of the island towards complete government by the people was delayed thirty years. And this must partly explain the slowness of England in recognizing the inevitable and completing the Constitutional Act of 1791 by the gift of responsible government.

To sum up then, after the American Revolution there were two characteristic views of colonial policy in England,—one, that colonies were not worth while, that they should be treated simply with courtesy, and that their way should be pointed towards independence as far as might be consistent with the maintenance of good feeling; the other, that colonies might or might not be worth while, but that since they at any rate existed and since they could not be dropped without loss of prestige, it was at least advisable to guide them with a tight rein and see that they did not follow the example of Massachusetts and Virginia. These two divergent views alternately and in varying strength dominated the British attitude towards the colonies until 1840, if not for some time longer. Then gradually, hesitatingly and vaguely grew the idea which at last took shape in the inspiring phrases — the “expansion of England” and “Greater Britain.”

At the risk of being tedious we must make clear the progress from the *representative* government granted in 1791 to the *responsible* government which became fact

soon after 1840. An assembly which has a right to make laws and control taxation is doubtless bound *ultimately* to control the administration unless it is restrained by a written constitution or by a higher power. In both Upper and Lower Canada after 1791 the English Crown appointed the governor, and the governor selected his advisers. The whole matter of the administration was thus removed from the competence of the Assembly. Given freedom of debate, power to make laws and levy taxes, an individualism as sturdy as that of seventeenth century England, and *no control of the executive whatever*, and we have abundant material for friction. It came in full measure, intensified in Quebec by racial antagonism, but bitter increasingly even in the English province, where an able, hot-headed, uncompromising champion of popular government, William Lyon Mackenzie, led the forces of reform. At Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, a group of prominent men of aristocratic tendencies became so invariably the advisers and informants of each new governor that they were not undeservedly considered a practical oligarchy, and were stigmatized by the Reformers as the "Family Compact." But invectives, resolutions of censure, fierce editorials, even threats to stop the granting of supplies, were helpless against the stubbornness of governors, the skill and watchfulness of

the "Family Compact," and the indifference of the home government. Then at last the fierce temper of Mackenzie cast aside all restraint. With a handful of associates as reckless as himself he rose in armed rebellion. A French leader, Papineau, with even more reason, led a similar rising in Quebec. Only prompt action on the part of a group of able and clear-headed loyalists prevented Toronto from falling into the hands of the rebels, and bubble as it seems to one looking back, it was for a time a serious enough affair.

Now, eighty years later, this rebellion of 1837 has importance simply because of its effect on the government at home and because it ended an impossible situation. Seldom has so complete a fiasco accomplished so much. But that it bore fruit at all was due less to Mackenzie than to the change in the temper and point of view of the English people. England was no longer the England of 1776 or even of 1791. The great reforming decade of the thirties was nearing its close. The reactionary effect of the French Revolutionary era had spent its force. Catholics and Protestant Dissenters alike had been relieved of their disabilities; Parliament had been reformed; slavery had been abolished; industrial evils were being investigated and remedied; and in a few years Bright and Cobden were to begin their triumphant cru-

sade against the Corn Laws. In the very year of the rebellion the great Queen ascended the throne whose name is associated both with the completion of British democracy and with the tightening of the bonds of empire. So it was at a propitious moment after all that the hot-headed reformer rushed to arms, proved his impotence, and turned away angry and disappointed to exile. For the rebellion, if it did nothing else, called attention imperatively to the fact *that there was trouble*.

It was a crisis whose settlement determined the future of the Empire. Instead of sending to Canada more troops and indignant mandates regarding punishment and repression, the British government sent out one of its wisest members — the Earl of Durham — clothed with complete power to examine, conciliate, and report. He did so, and the resultant report is the modern classic of colonial government. We need not here discuss it in detail. The essential points of importance are the recommendations for the union of the two provinces, and for the practical end of the separation between legislative and executive. Quebec, associated with her sister province on equal terms, could no longer protest against alien rule. And though it might take some years to fully adjust the machinery of responsible government, yet the Act of Union (1840) was barely formed and understood be-

fore governors and representatives of the people had learned harmony, and Cabinet government in Canada went on thereafter as smoothly as in England. The fundamental problem of colonial policy had at last been settled. A colony had been given complete autonomy.

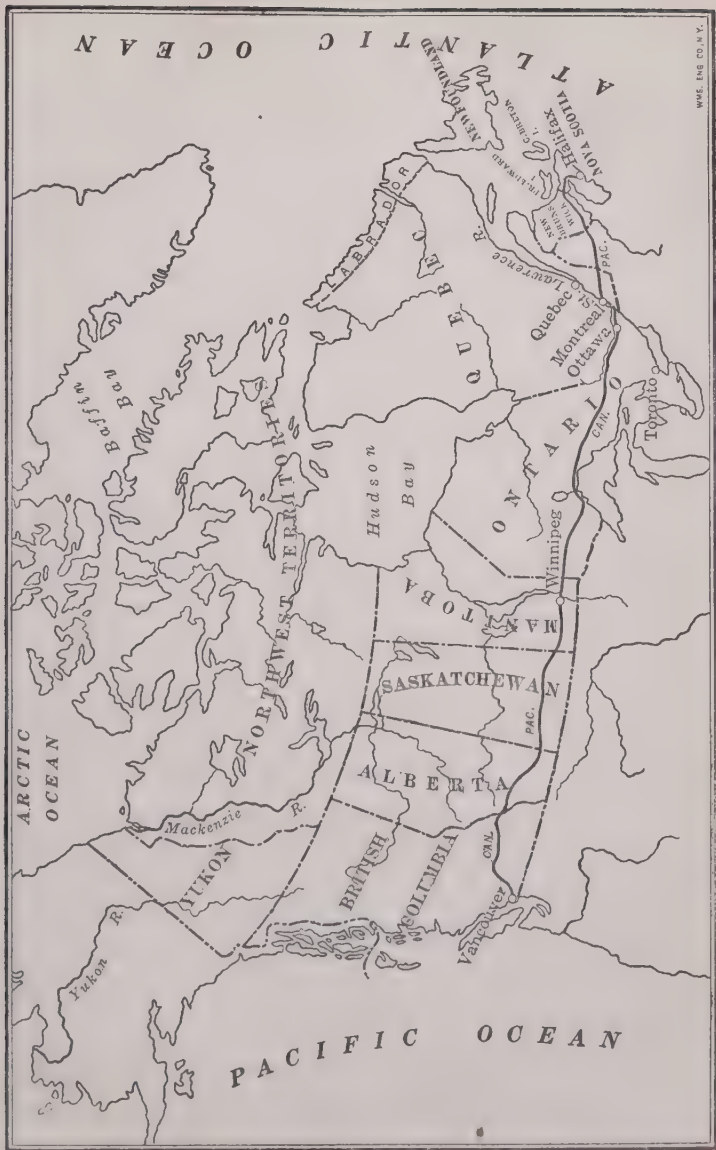
Simple as the matter seems to us now the Act of 1840 ranks as one of the decisive landmarks of political history. Those who accuse the mother country of slowness and blindness might just as reasonably pour contempt on Europe for not discovering America a century before Columbus, or rail at Franklin for failing to adapt electricity to our modern uses in the telegraph and trolley-car. We self-satisfied moderns forget how easy it is to be wise after the event, how the problem was one of which no people had ever attained a satisfactory solution, and how little strange it is that it should be only after the groping and experimenting, the doubtful striving of many years that the making of a world-wide empire, loyal, free and healthy, should be achieved by the English race. We may blame this or that statesman for this or that mistake. In no other way can we reap fruit from the experiments of the past. But at bottom the marvel is not that mistakes were made, but that while England was still weary after her gigantic war with France, while she was

still adjusting herself to the changes of the Industrial Revolution, while she was anxiously mending the flaws in the delicate machinery of her own constitution, she should at last solve ideally the problem of colonial government.

For as far as we can see now the solution is ideal. Those who prophesied that the gift of responsible government to Canada — unavoidable and on the whole praiseworthy as it might be — would mean independence, have seen the tie of sentiment prove stronger than any device of law framed by Roman, Frank or Englishman. Canada, notwithstanding the overshadowing presence of the great Republic to the south, has steadily grown and expanded until she reaches in one line of dominion from Halifax and Quebec to Vancouver. As Ontario outstripped Quebec, so that the French province became a hindrance to the restless growth of English Canada, a way was found of leaving Lower Canada her autonomy while still removing any possibility of deadlock. The British North America Act of 1867 united old Canada, i.e., Ontario and Quebec, with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in a federal Dominion. Prince Edward Island entered Confederation in 1871, and in the same year the distant colony of British Columbia became a province of Canada. For the great west had been opened to coloni-

zation, and the Canada of Frontenac and Montcalm was now only a part of a self-governing Dominion that stretched from ocean to ocean.

In our narrative thus far we have concerned ourselves solely with the French and English colonies in the valley of the St. Lawrence and along the shores of the Great Lakes. But the Canada of to-day includes not only the provinces known by that name a century ago but the territories once known as Acadia and the Hudson's Bay Territory, all of British North America, indeed, except the island of Newfoundland. Instead of Acadia, Canadians speak now of the maritime provinces,—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. And in the immense region once traversed by the fur-traders of the Great Company have arisen four thriving states, Manitoba, British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The maritime provinces, settled first by the French and ceded to England in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht, have had an industrial and constitutional history very like that of Ontario. But western Canada had a different beginning and a different history up to almost our own day, just as the history of Iowa or of California is unlike that of Connecticut or Pennsylvania. Indeed the contrast between east and west is greater in Canada than in the United States, for the pioneers of the prairie and moun-



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CANADA IN 1918: PROVINCIAL AND TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS

tain states were adventurers from the east, while the pioneers of the Canadian west were not Canadians, but the English and Scottish traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, once proprietors and rulers of the whole immense territory west of Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay.

During the first half of the seventeenth century, while Champlain and his successors were penetrating the wilderness about the St. Lawrence valley and the Great Lakes, the extreme northern portion of the continent was being explored by English sailors in the search for a north-west passage. Hendrik Hudson, sent out by a group of London merchants, entered the great sea that bears his name in 1610, and during the next forty years other navigators sailed along its shores from time to time in the vain search for an outlet to the west. Then English exploration languished and the French from Canada entered the field, until gradually both peoples came to realize, as their knowledge of the facts became clearer, that while the mystery of the Northwest passage still remained hidden, yet in the meantime there was a vast and almost untouched mine of wealth in the western fur-trade.

In 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company received its charter from King Charles II. It was given a monopoly of the fur trade in all the region drained by the waters flow-

ing into Hudson's Bay ¹ with the right to make laws, administer justice, carry on war, and exercise proprietorship and lordship in a land almost wholly unexplored, whose boundaries no white man had ever traced. That this should be contested by the French was inevitable, and the trading posts of Hudson's Bay changed hands frequently during the next forty years according to the varying strength and cunning of the combatants. But by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the French yielded the territory to their rivals, and during the eighteenth century the stockholders of the Company drew rich dividends from the trade with the Indians, maintaining their posts at the mouth of the Churchill and along the shores of James Bay. Little effort was made during these years to penetrate very far inland, but there was at least one notable voyage made in 1770 that resulted in the descent and survey of the Coppermine River.

There came a time, however, when the easy conservatism of the monopolists received a rude shock. Traders from Canada were finding it possible to secure rich morsels of the great western feast, in spite of the charter, and some of these in 1783 formed the North West Company to engage in exploration and trade west and southwest

¹ Called in the charter Rupert's Land, after Prince Rupert, promoter and first Governor of the Company.

of Rupert's Land. A period of rivalry followed, sometimes of bitter war, and in the battle for supremacy the servants of the two companies pushed their explorations farther and farther west. Peace was made and the North West Company was merged into the older corporation in 1821, but the new spirit of enterprise awakened by forty years of competition continued to extend the Company's field of activity until the trading posts flying the H.B.C. flag dotted the wilderness up to the Arctic and across the Rockies, finally even the Pacific coast from Behring Sea to San Francisco. For Alexander Mackenzie's great voyage of 1789 from Lake Athabasco to Great Bear Lake and thence down the Mackenzie River to its mouth was followed by the crossing of the mountains to the Pacific by Mackenzie himself (1793), the further voyages of Frazer and Thompson, the establishing of factories on the coast, a victorious trade war with the Pacific Fur Company of John Jacob Astor, and the expansion and strengthening of a commercial empire that covered three-fourths of the present area of Canada.

The Company existed for trade, not for settlement. The world-wide myth regarding the barrenness and inhospitable climate of the northwest was an invention of the traders, carefully nursed and diligently spread for the

purpose of keeping colonists away. Settlers meant farms and cities, and farms and cities meant not only the end of monopoly but the disappearance of the fur-bearing animals and the dwindling of dividends. Colonists and "free-traders" alike were consistently discouraged. But in spite of the Company's policy in this regard a colony was at length established. A wealthy and philanthropic nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, after a visit to Canada, bought up a third of the stock of the Company and used his power as one of the proprietors to procure a grant of 116,000 square miles on and near the shores of Lake Winnipeg, with the understanding that he should found a colony thereon. A prospectus was issued by the enterprising Earl; a number of Scotch and Irish home-seekers were induced by liberal terms to emigrate; and the ship bearing these western pilgrim fathers reached York Factory on Hudson's Bay in September, 1811, after a voyage of two months. The bitter hostility of the North West Company added to the inevitable difficulties in the founding of a settlement so far from civilization meant an unhappy and stormy infancy for the new colony — the Red River Settlement, as it was called. But finally a little community took root around Fort Garry, at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers,— the nucleus of the present city of Winnipeg.

The west was still a wilderness. Fort Garry was two thousand miles from Montreal, and transportation was a long and arduous business. The little colony was wholly dependent on the Company, and the movement towards emancipation and self-government was bound to be slow. But as the mid-year of the century was reached and passed and as the Red River Settlement increased its population to about five thousand, restlessness became more and more evident, and the imperious traders began dimly to see that their rule was nearing its end. Moreover their rights began to be questioned by the government of Canada. Much of the trade of the west passed through Fort William on Lake Superior by way of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and the name and power of the Company were familiar to every Canadian merchant. Already there were men who dreamed of the westward expansion of Canada, and who felt that the time was coming when settlers should supplant the fur-traders in at least part of the territory between Lake Superior and the Pacific. By 1850 the Company held not only the domain granted by their original charter, Rupert's Land, but the wide prairie lands of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the forests and plains of the northwest explored by Mackenzie and his successors (Alberta), the mountainous region of British Columbia, and Vancouver

Island, all of these being held on limited lease from the Crown. Much of this territory Canada might claim as a legitimate field of expansion on the basis of the treaty of 1763, and the lapsing of the Company's control was only a matter of time.

The landmarks of the change may be quickly noted,—a change in which half-breeds and factors, politicians and lawyers, settlers in the west and men of affairs in Montreal and London all played their part. In 1859 British Columbia was removed from the jurisdiction of the Company and made a Crown colony. In 1867 the maritime provinces were united with Ontario and Quebec in the Dominion of Canada by the British North America Act, a clause in the Act providing for the admission of Rupert's Land and the North West Territory into the Confederation. In 1870 the whole of the Hudson's Bay Territory, about three million square miles in area, was transferred by purchase to the Dominion of Canada, and the Red River Settlement entered Confederation as the province of Manitoba. British Columbia was admitted in 1871 on the understanding that east and west were to be united by railroad, and the Canadian Pacific Railway — finished in 1887 — was the result. Saskatchewan and Alberta followed in 1905.

Each of the nine provinces is a self-governing state in

regard to provincial affairs. Each sends representatives to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. Dominion and provinces alike are governed on the cabinet system adopted from the mother country. That is to say, while there is a Governor-General at Ottawa and a Lieutenant-Governor in each provincial capital representing the Crown, the actual administration is in the hands of a Premier and the cabinet chosen from the dominant party and responsible to the representative assembly, itself responsible to the people. The government differs from that of the United States in that the executive is composed of ministers who are themselves members of Parliament, who must answer constant inquiries, meet constant attacks, and defend their measures in debate, who may be removed from office at any moment by a vote expressing want of confidence, who constitute, in other words, an executive committee of Parliament. According to the will of the electors the Prime Minister may hold his office for twenty days or twenty years; as in the Athens of Pericles, there is no fear of a dictatorship in a democracy in which the ruler may be deposed within the space of one election day or by a single vote in the House of Commons. And the country thus governed by its own people is to all intents and purposes independent, maintaining as links with the mother land only her Governor-General

—appointed in London as the royal representative — and the right of appeal to the Imperial Privy Council as a court of last resort.

Twentieth century Canada must face and solve three main problems. She must arrive at a safe working adjustment between her French and English populations; she must decide whether her present informal relation to the Empire is adequate or whether some more definite and tangible system is preferable; and she must continue, in common with all other nations, to work steadily toward a more perfect democracy, toward the social ideal represented by the western allies in the Great War,—the harmony of coöperation and freedom, social order on the one hand and “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” on the other.

The solving of the first of these is a matter of time. The most evident obstacle lies in the language question. One can hardly over-rate the seriousness of the fact that a large proportion of the voting population of Quebec, nearly one quarter of the voting population of Canada, cannot read or speak English. The problems of the Empire, of Canada and of the world are presented to them solely through a tongue other than that of their fellow-citizens. This fact alone tends to isolate the French Canadians, to create a homogeneous mass exercis-

ing not only provincial autonomy but great power in the national councils of a country that must remain largely alien so long as the language barrier exists. This isolation would be less harmful, no doubt, if the spiritual kinship with France herself had not been broken. But New France is not France. She never experienced the fiery baptism of the Revolution. Her adjustment to the modern world was not through the shattering and purging work of Rousseau, Mirabeau and Napoleon. She never rose to the ecstasy of the Feast of Pikes and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, nor did her priesthood ever face the ordeal of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. She has looked at the resurrection of modern France with cold and unsympathetic eyes, absorbed in the difficulty of clinging to her old institutions as far as might be and at the same time adjusting herself to membership in an alien empire. But the people of Quebec passionately assert their love for Canada; most of their leaders are loyal to the empire; and the *Bonne Entente* movement of recent years has done much to remove friction and to promote amity. The difficulties are obvious, but time and tact are slowly bringing about a better understanding. It was no insignificant fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French Canadian Catholic, should have been Premier of Canada from 1896 to 1910, the idolized

leader of a Liberal party that knew no bounds of race or creed.

The second and third problems are less acute, enormously important as they are. One is a problem that touches all of the colonies as well as the mother country and will be progressively solved in conferences and in cautious experiment. The other is the problem not of Canada alone but of the civilized world. It will be solved by "education and agitation" as the slow-moving progress of free peoples brings more light and more courage. But in the meantime of two things Canada is sure. One is the conviction of her destiny; united, free, self-determining and alive, she looks forward to a future whose limits in achievement she does not presume to define but of whose glory she has no sort of doubt. The other is that this future is linked with that of the British Empire. She desires secession from the Empire no more than Massachusetts desires secession from the United States. The form of union, imperial federation or any other, is a detail, not insignificant but still not fundamental. She would leap to arms if her liberties were threatened. But her sons who have died at Paardeburg, at Ypres and at Vimy Ridge, died fighting for the Empire as untroubled and single-hearted in their patriotism as if they had fallen before an invader at Halifax or Vancouver.

X

THE SELF-GOVERNING COLONIES OF THE SOUTH

The third quarter of the nineteenth century found nine self-governing British colonies south of the equator; in the island of Australia were New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Queensland; across a narrow strait to the southeast was Tasmania; twelve hundred miles away were the islands composing New Zealand; and on the southern extremity of Africa there were Cape Colony and Natal. To discuss the growth and prospects of each of these would be quite impossible with the space at our disposal. We shall limit our effort to a study of the development of a peculiarly vigorous socialistic democracy in Australasia, more particularly in New Zealand, and to the territorial expansion of South Africa with its resultant problems. For both of these have had a direct reaction on the Empire and on the world.

It must be remembered that time and again, the world over, the growth of really democratic self-government has been limited and conditioned by the menace of ex-

ternal dangers, the anxieties and burdens of severe internal problems, the pressure of heavy national responsibilities. Every state in Europe has for ages looked across its frontiers at frowning fortresses and malignant bayonets, and has had to subordinate every other consideration to the primary one of defense. Even in the new world of America it has been difficult at any time to approach with an entirely serene mind questions directly bearing on the ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence. And while it is true that in spite of these handicaps liberty and self-government have steadily spread over the world it is also true that the advance has been slow, halting, and incomplete. Few would assert that the problems of democracy have been solved even in Britain, France and the United States, completely as these countries are committed to the democratic ideal. And the reason is an excellent one,— they have not yet attained either internal harmony or external security, and they are preoccupied with a multitude of questions that *must be answered*. For after all public safety is more insistent than public liberty.

Other things being equal, then, we might expect that where the preoccupation has been least anxious, the pressure least burdensome, the progress towards an ordered freedom, towards courageous experiments in government

by the people, should be most rapid and most marked. England, protected by her seas, Venice, by her lagoons, Switzerland, by her mountains, are all cases in point, but the most notable example in the modern world is that of the South Pacific colonies of Britain. Encircled by the inviolate sea, far from the rivalries and armaments of Europe, with no menacing neighbor and with no temptation to aggression, with a homogeneous population of rugged and freedom-loving stock, Australia and New Zealand might well be expected to lead the world in popular government. They could try experiments from which America and Europe might reasonably shrink, knowing that temporary failure would mean no danger of anarchy, disintegration or foreign attack.

Up to the year 1890 the progress of the Australasian colonies had been steady and full of promise, but not extraordinary or distinctive in character. By 1860 all were self-governing except Western Australia. Remote from her sister provinces, poor in land fit for agriculture or pasture, her advance in population had been slow, and only in 1890 was she given complete autonomy. The discovery of gold in 1851 had given New South Wales and Victoria a phenomenally rapid increase of population¹ and their mines and magnificent pasture lands had pro-

¹ The population of Victoria in 1850 was 76,162; in 1861, 541,800.

vided the basis of a great export trade in minerals, wool and mutton. Agriculture was slower in development; indeed it has never been so relatively important as in Canada or South Africa. But mines, ranches and the urban industries gave employment to a vigorous people of almost purely English-speaking stock.

Until the last decade of the nineteenth century the Australian provinces remained content with their separate existence. Early in the nineties their rivalries and jealousies began to give place to the realization that a larger national life was desirable, and the movement grew until in the last year of the century the Commonwealth of Australia came into being. A federal state of the same general pattern as Canada and the United States, the new nation has jealously preserved the tradition expressed in the slogan "White Australia" by a rigid restriction of immigration and by refusal to permit the entrance of Asiatic or colored labor; she has deliberately adopted a democratic ideal; and yet she has consciously and warmly retained her place in the confederacy of British states, and her geographical isolation has been tempered by a keen and eager imperial patriotism. Few more significant events marked the latter half of the nineteenth century than the voluntary sending of a contingent from New South Wales to fight in Egypt after the death of Gordon.

And its significance was confirmed when Australians and Canadians took part in the South African war of 1899-1902. No one indeed could yet have foreseen that Australia and Canada between them would in a few years send forces overseas outnumbering the entire British regular army. But the contingents of 1885 and 1900 were in truth the vanguard of the hosts of 1914-18.

Americans and Europeans, looking casually at the map of the world, are apt to group Australia and New Zealand together as if they lay side by side, neighbors as well as kindred, with practically the same problems and the same outlook. But even by a fast liner the ports of New Zealand are four days' sail from Sydney and Melbourne. Moreover the rugged mountains, the coasts indented with deep bays, the innumerable brooks and lakes of the smaller islands are utterly unlike the massive, rolling, comparatively waterless *Terra Australis*, and it is more than mere remoteness that has caused New Zealand to refuse entrance into the Australian Commonwealth. Similar in population, in distance from the mother country, in insular security, and in warmth of attachment to the Empire, the smaller colony has preferred to solve her problems and carve out her destiny without any closer partnership than that symbolized by a common flag.

New Zealand consists of a group of islands with an

area of 104,470 square miles and a population of about 1,099,295 whites and 50,000 Maories. We have told in a former chapter of the landing of Captain Cook and the hoisting of the British flag at Mercury Bay. But the act remained a dead letter for three generations. Only when little settlements had actually gathered on the coast of North Island, and when traders and settlers alike had found frequent danger and embarrassment in the presence of warlike cannibals, did it seem desirable for England to take steps for the establishment of a government. The Treaty of Waitangi in 1840 made a definite arrangement with the chiefs of North Island by which the natives retained their proprietary rights over the land while the sovereignty passed to Queen Victoria. A capital was founded at Auckland. The remaining islands were soon annexed,—chiefly to prevent a French annexation of South Island which was forestalled by about three hours — and there remained only the problems of adjustment, assimilation, the slow working out of peaceful relations with the Maories, and the development of a national life and policy.

Self-government, the union of the various settlements (1876), railroads, and all the equipment of English-speaking civilization came quickly. But it was not until after 1890 that New Zealand set forth on the national

policy that made her one of the most interesting spots on the globe to students of society and government. Yet she had already paved the way. Early in her career she had faced the problem presented by the acquisition of immense areas of territory by fair or unfair purchase from the natives.¹ In 1860 the Province of Canterbury had inaugurated the policy of state built and state controlled railroads — a policy continued by the Union government after 1876 and applied also in Australia; in 1865 the government applied the same system to the telegraph lines and in 1884 to the telephone; in 1869 a State Life Insurance Office was created and in 1872 a Public Trust Office, providing a Public Trust for the administration of estates; in 1877 an Education Act was passed providing for universal, free, and compulsory education. These undoubtedly foreshadowed a widening of the idea of government function, an extension of public ownership, public interest in industries affecting the common weal which was ultimately to approach State Socialism. But it was in the nineties that the government began to aim consciously and systematically at a goal that startled the whole conservative world.

In 1890 the prosperity of Australia was shaken to its

¹ "It is estimated that in 1840 the 'land-sharks' had appropriated or pretended to have legally acquired twenty million acres, i.e., about a third of New Zealand." Siegfried, "Democracy in New Zealand," c. XIV.

foundations by a strike of the sheep shearers. It was quite largely confined to Queensland, but it led in the following year to an industrial war that spread through the whole of the island and extended to New Zealand. The strikers were defeated; the paralysis of industry that they had created brought disaster and want far beyond the expectation of the Unions; and the economic shock of the strike was followed by a financial crisis of the first magnitude extending through 1892-93. The suffering and anxiety of these years led to two things,—the resolve of the laborers, since the weapon of the strike had failed them, to find redress in the more powerful weapon of the ballot, and the widespread feeling throughout both Australia and New Zealand that State regulation might prevent the recurrence of disaster and provide a sound basis for public health.

The result has been frequently described by the use of that loosely understood word—"socialism." If we mean by socialism the Utopian communism of Owen and Fourier, or if we mean by it the conscious, consistent adoption of the theories of Karl Marx, then the word is inapplicable to either Australia or New Zealand. But current usage hardly justifies us in restricting the word to any one system. The central aim of modern socialism is, no doubt, the bridging of the gulf between labor on

the one hand and the instruments of production — land and capital — on the other, the relief of the pressure on the vast mass of the population from the concentration of vast economic power in a comparatively few hands, the hands of the great land-owners and capitalists. From the point of view of the thorough-going socialist this aim can be realized only by the nationalization of land and capital, so that the workers may themselves be the owners, through the state, of the things without which their labor is helpless. But the thorough-going socialists are a small minority. In the English-speaking world the radicals who have supported what are termed socialistic measures are simply feeling their way not to a golden age but to the removal of disabilities and evils that freedom, ordinary political democracy of the *laissez-faire*¹ type will not cure. Freedom in the jungle means the rule of the tiger. Freedom in a democratic society, say the radicals, means the rule of the land-speculator and the millionaire, the predatory citizens who possess cunning,

¹ *Laissez-faire* is an expression adopted from the French Physiocrats of the later eighteenth century. "*Laissez-faire, laissez-aller*," i.e., freedom of action and free trade, was the motto of those who protested against the artificial regulation of industry and commerce by the state and asserted the need of absolute economic liberty. This was expanded into the widely accepted theory — natural in the eager democratic development of the nineteenth century — that the state's function was solely a police function, the maintenance of order. All else should be left to free individual enterprise. *Laissez-faire*, then, simply means individual freedom as against government control.

patience, cold hearts and acquisitive brains, and who use their peculiar qualities to become lords of the means of production. Not by sword and fire, not by castles and men-at-arms, not by tooth and claws, but by sheer character and intellectual ability directed to the attainment of economic power, the capitalists and land-owners have reduced the multitude of wage-earners to a position of dependence. To many then the old principle of complete economic liberty, added to inviolable private ownership of capital and land, has brought disaster. And to remedy this, to give independence and prosperity to the workers, there has been a steady and world-wide movement towards the increased economic power of the state, the regulation of capitalism.

This, rather than a doctrinaire socialism, has been the aim of the Liberal and Labor parties of Australasia. And the acts that have given it expression — limiting our survey to New Zealand — may be briefly summarized. It is recognized that the important sheep-herding industry needs large areas of land, but no one may legally possess more than 640 acres of first-class land, 2,000 acres of second class, or 5,000 of third class. The huge estates of thirty years ago have been broken up by the high taxation of undeveloped land or by forced sale, the government taking it over and then selling or leasing it at a fair

valuation. Capitalism has been dealt with in a less high-handed way but with no less disregard for the old *laissez-faire* principles. The Factories Act is concerned with the health and safety of employees, with the evil of sweating, with child labor, and with hours of work. It provides for careful inspection; its regulations are minute and searching; and it is rigidly enforced. In 1894 an act was passed for compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes, the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act. In 1899 a threatened combination of the coal and shipping interests led the government to undertake the state operation of coal mines. The state owns the patent for the cyanide process in the reduction of gold ore. There are state oyster beds and fish hatcheries. The state does business in Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. And there are Advance to Settlers and Advance to Workers Acts which have enabled the state to lend millions of pounds to those who needed it, in addition to a Workers Dwellings Act by which the state builds houses to be rented at five per cent. of the cost plus insurance.

These cases are fairly typical examples of the policy that has been followed with varying consistency for nearly thirty years. Yet it is too early to pronounce with any certainty as to the result. Some of the experiments made have been considered sufficiently successful to justify the

mother country herself in the series of so-called socialistic acts that we associate with the name of Lloyd George. Compulsory arbitration has been hardly the unqualified success that many of its supporters hoped for. New Zealand is no longer the "country without strikes" of which Mr. Henry D. Lloyd wrote a few years ago, and the series of strikes that began in Auckland in 1906, in Wellington in 1907, in the coal mines of the west coast in 1908, have reopened the whole question. Yet no one doubts the value of the experiment, and it seems unquestionable that if compulsory arbitration did not altogether abolish strikes it at least diminished their recurrence.

The obvious danger of the policy is expressed in the word "paternalism." The state is relied on in all emergencies. State action is the remedy for all evils. Enthusiasts of all kinds have unceasingly urged the government to take over all manner of industries,—shipping, liquor, tobacco, baking, and what not. But if New Zealanders and Australians have been radical, willing to make experiments, light-heartedly neglectful of the horrified warnings of conservatives at home and abroad, yet they are not revolutionary and they are not academic. One may, perhaps, call their policy socialistic, for they have honestly tried to make the means of production accessible to the workers and to prevent tyranny on the

part of landowners and capitalists. But in spite of the hopes and labors of the followers of Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and Karl Marx, single tax and orthodox socialism have never been applied in the South Pacific, nor is there any likelihood of the immediate triumph of any single panacea for social ills. The Australasians have the English merit or fault of being interested in a practical, concrete reform but blind to the magic of a vision. New Zealand operates coal mines,—but the state-owned mines produce only one eighth of the total output of coal. New Zealand runs an insurance business,—but only in competition with a dozen or more private companies. Large estates are forbidden, but small landholders are encouraged. Nationalization of land or capital is nowhere visible.

Undoubtedly the general effect of a study of the progress of New Zealand and Australia is inspiring. Free states, unhampered by foreign jealousy or by internal malady, manfully doing their utmost to find their way to a social justice and happiness lacking in the older lands, making blunders and paying for them, keeping even amid periods of depression and puzzlement a clear and optimistic outlook, they have developed into powerful and prosperous nations, intelligent and intensely alive, whom their brethren of other climes regard with a pride not

untinged with a certain excitement and expectancy. Serenely following their faith in the voice of the people, leading the way in giving votes to women and so making their democracy flawless and consistent, they look unafraid on the future. And from their secure eyrie in the south seas they send armies to fight for the empire in Europe as if to show that their isolation is only geographical, not spiritual,—that they are militant members of the British brotherhood.

We must now turn to a different stage and a different drama. We have already seen something of the problems of South Africa, of the difficulties that beset the white settlers of the Cape Colony in the latter half of the nineteenth century. In 1872, when responsible government was granted, the colony ruled about 200,000 square miles of territory, inhabited by over 200,000 whites and about one million blacks. Beyond the frontier (the Orange River) to the north lay an almost illimitable country, terrible and yet tempting, peopled by savages and wild beasts, a country of which little was known beyond the reports of a few daring traders, sportsmen and missionaries. And the whites themselves were divided. The lonely, silent, passionately conservative burghers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State had

little love for their restless, aggressive neighbors of the Cape, and they looked on sullenly and anxiously as the tide of British settlement and trade crept farther and farther inland. Boers, savages, and the magnetism of the wilderness gave abundant material for tragedy.

The seventies saw the discovery of diamonds in Griqualand (Kimberley), the annexation of the Transvaal, and the Zulu war. The eighties saw a Boer war of independence, the discovery of gold on the Witwatersrand, and the founding of the Chartered Company of South Africa. The last decade of the nineteenth century saw the South African Republic standing firmly amid a swirling tide of diamond and gold seekers, traders and settlers, with the Chartered Company organized for vast expansion to the north and little inclined to stand on ceremony in their relations with the Dutch farmers. Johannesburg sprang into existence with a mining population none too easy to control under the best conditions, certainly unlikely to endure without complaint the rigid and hostile control of an alien government. The Boers had left the Cape in 1836, Natal in 1843, in order to escape from a British rule that ignored their customs and their prejudices. They had found a refuge in the distant wilderness, and there they hoped to dwell in peace, perhaps even to build up an Arcadian Boer empire of a sort.

But the world had caught up to them and was engulfing them.

It is one of the few cases in which the question of right and wrong is almost academic. The farmer who yearns for peace, who shuns the noise and passions of the world, and who finds that a railroad demands the site of his barns for its roadbed, may awaken our sympathy; but no glacier or tidal wave is more pitiless in its progress than the human force that we call civilization. The little republic might have made good its claim to independence if it had not been for the gold of the Rand and perhaps the ambitions of Paul Kruger. But the traditional Dutch attitude of contempt and hostility to the natives,¹ the stubborn refusal to submit to a working adjustment with both Company and miners, the effort to extend the Boer rule over an area that would have blocked British expansion to the north, made the Transvaal a center of friction and unrest, a source of trouble that no power could heal simply because miner, trader and Boer were equally unwilling to consider compromise or conciliation. As in the duel between English and French in America, two irreconcilable forces were in conflict, and when war came there could be no uncertainty as to the result. Both

¹ See above, pp. 182-6, for Livingstone's experience with Boers and blacks.

sides had a case. But the Boers, quite apart from Kruger's dream of empire, were contending for a principle which the world will never suffer: the right to isolation, the refusal of adjustment. The independence of the Transvaal under the old régime was as impossible as a Mohawk village in Harlem, a feudal barony on Staten Island, a Calvinistic theocracy in Pittsburgh.

War came in October, 1899. It was more serious than any one had anticipated, and the Boers, well equipped and prepared by their veteran President, fought with traditional Dutch obstinacy and skill. Their deadly marksmanship, their wonderful mobility, their knowledge of the country, their aptitude for an open warfare in which the fighting ability of men to whom battle and the hunt were familiar parts of the day's work was joined to the fanaticism and discipline of Cromwell's Ironsides, enabled them to foil attack after attack while they laid siege to Ladysmith and Kimberley. Britain had to send to South Africa an army greater than that which had driven Napoleon's veterans from Spain a century before, and place at its head her ablest military chiefs, Kitchener, the victor of Omdurman, and Roberts of Candahar. But at least the vacillation and surrender of twenty years before was not repeated. In spite of the Boer victories in the early

months of the war Pretoria was occupied in the summer of 1900, and after two years more of guerilla fighting the last commando laid down its arms in May, 1902.

The treaty of peace contained a promise of autonomy, and in 1906 the Transvaal was proclaimed a self-governing colony. In 1910 the colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal and the Orange River were united in the Union of South Africa. In the Parliament of the new Commonwealth Britons and Boers sat side by side, and Louis Botha, a Boer general, was Prime Minister. The seat of government was placed at Pretoria, of the legislature at Cape Town. Both Dutch and English were recognized in the Act of Union as official languages, and the common law adopted was the Roman-Dutch Law, the uncodified law of Holland as it was when the Cape was occupied by British forces in 1806. It was the principle of the Quebec Act and the Constitutional Act of 1791¹ repeated with a clear vision, with truer appreciation of the issues involved. Nothing could have more nobly illustrated the progress in political thought, in English conceptions of liberty, and in English magnanimity since the days of George III and Lord North.

Long before the Boer war the authorities in England and at the Cape had begun, slowly and reluctantly, to

¹ See above, pp. 198-202.

follow the lead given by Livingstone and to turn their faces northward. The new "forward policy" and its successful realization were due to two things,—the annexation by Germany of a great territory lying between the Orange River and the Portuguese colony of Angola, and the genius of Cecil Rhodes.

Cecil Rhodes landed in Cape Town in 1870, an invalid in search of health. He soon threw off his physical weakness, became interested in the diamond mines just opened at Kimberley, and from 1873 to 1881 spent part of each year at Oxford and part at Kimberley. In May, 1881, he took his Master's degree at a time when he was already a member of the Cape Assembly and was well started on the road to leadership both in the diamond world and in politics. Wealth was a necessary means to the end he had in view, and in the eighties he became a millionaire, his resources being put on a firm footing by the amalgamation of the various diamond interests of Kimberley in the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. He was now ready to turn his brains and energy to a tremendous project that only awaited a leader, the creation of a British Central Africa. For successful as he had been in amassing wealth he was preëminently a statesman rather than a financier.

All that we have said in former chapters regarding the

unconsciousness of the empire-builders of Britain may be put aside when we consider Cecil Rhodes. He was the exception to the rule, one of the few Englishmen who have seen visions. Perhaps in the seventies, certainly early in the eighties, when the statesmanship of Britain, after woeful blunders in the treatment of the Boers, was anxious only to acquire no further responsibilities in South Africa, when both the mother country and the Cape seemed resolved to annex no more territory, Rhodes was surveying the situation from quite another angle. Paul Kruger, scorning the English ever since the Boer victory at Majuba Hill (1881), scorning them still more since Gladstone — with the best motives in the world — had refused to retrieve British prestige and had conceded independence to the South African Republic, was dreaming of a vast extension of the Boer power. Wise as he was, he forgot that empire and isolation are incompatible, that in seeking the one he was risking the other in a perilous venture; or perhaps he did not forget this, but believed that the British expansion north could be permanently checked at the Orange River, and that an Afrikaner dominion over the interior could be achieved without contact with rivals who could dispute or share it. At any rate Boer settlements spread east and north, followed by proclamations of annexation, and a gateway to the

sea was planned through the acquisition of Delagoa Bay. As the French in America sought to hem in the English by their barrier fortresses from Quebec to Fort Duquesne, so the old President hoped to limit his rivals to the Cape Colony and Natal.

Rhodes was one of the few who saw the danger. And his efforts to meet it were unexpectedly aided by the colonial ambitions of Germany. In 1883 the German flag was hoisted at Angra Pequena, and in 1884 the strip of coast between the Orange River and the Portuguese territory of Angola was declared a German colony under the name of German South West Africa. It was the signal for a general scramble, in which the German Empire secured Togoland and the Cameroons on the west coast and the great block of land between Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika known as German East Africa. At once enthusiastic Pan-Germans began to plan for the construction of a great German African Empire by arrangement with the Boers, by annexation of the still unclaimed hinterland, by all available means that might connect the possessions on the west coast with Zanzibar. The British government awoke to the fact that the leisurely method of considering to-day, not to-morrow, of meeting problems only when they became too pressing to be ignored, had its defects. Rhodes' earnest warnings that Bechuana-

land, the territory between German South West Africa and the South African Republic was the "neck of the bottle" and that at any moment it might be stopped by an agreement between Boers and Germans, were at last heeded.

Action was taken before the end of 1884. Bechuana-land was declared a Crown Colony. Treaties were made with the Matabele chieftain, Lobengula, and with other tribes of the north providing that no territory should be ceded to other powers without British consent. On the eastern side Tongaland was made safe by a similar treaty. And finally in 1889 was organized the Chartered Company of which Cecil Rhodes was the founder and the driving force. It was simply a new application of an old principle. As the East India Company had conquered India and the Hudson's Bay Company had been the pioneer of empire in western Canada, both moved by commercial, not political aims, so the South African Company proposed to develop the country of the Zambesi and beyond.

The Company was not, of course, ostensibly a sovereign power. Before seeking a charter Rhodes had secured from Lobengula an exclusive concession of mining and trading rights, and it was simply to obtain official British sanction and a formal status that the Company

was organized and chartered. But by the charter, permission was given "to acquire by concession, agreement, grant or treaty all or any rights, interests, authorities, jurisdictions, and powers of any kind or nature whatever, including powers necessary for the purposes of government, and the preservation of public order, or the protection of territories, lands or property." So wide and inclusive an authority inevitably recalled the great Companies that had extended British rule to Delhi and Vancouver, and every thinking man who read the document of incorporation must have realized its vast potentialities. Trade no doubt follows the flag, but it is often equally true that the flag follows trade.

But few could know then that in one respect this was unlike all the trading companies of the past. The British South Africa Company was practically Cecil Rhodes, and Rhodes was already wealthy far beyond his own needs, interested in trade only in so far as it meant the expansion of the empire, anxious not to make more money but to spend all his millions, if need be, in the realization of a dream. The East India Company had sought trade and resultant dividends; it had conquered reluctantly, under protest. The South Africa Company was willing enough to undertake the commercial and mineral development of "the region of South Africa lying immediately to the

north of British Bechuanaland, and to the west of the Portuguese dominions." But this was not its sole or main object. The aim of Rhodes was to extend British rule from the Cape Colony to Lake Tanganyika, and to see South Africa organized in one great British confederacy. It was only incidentally that he was a financier. Primarily he was an empire-builder.

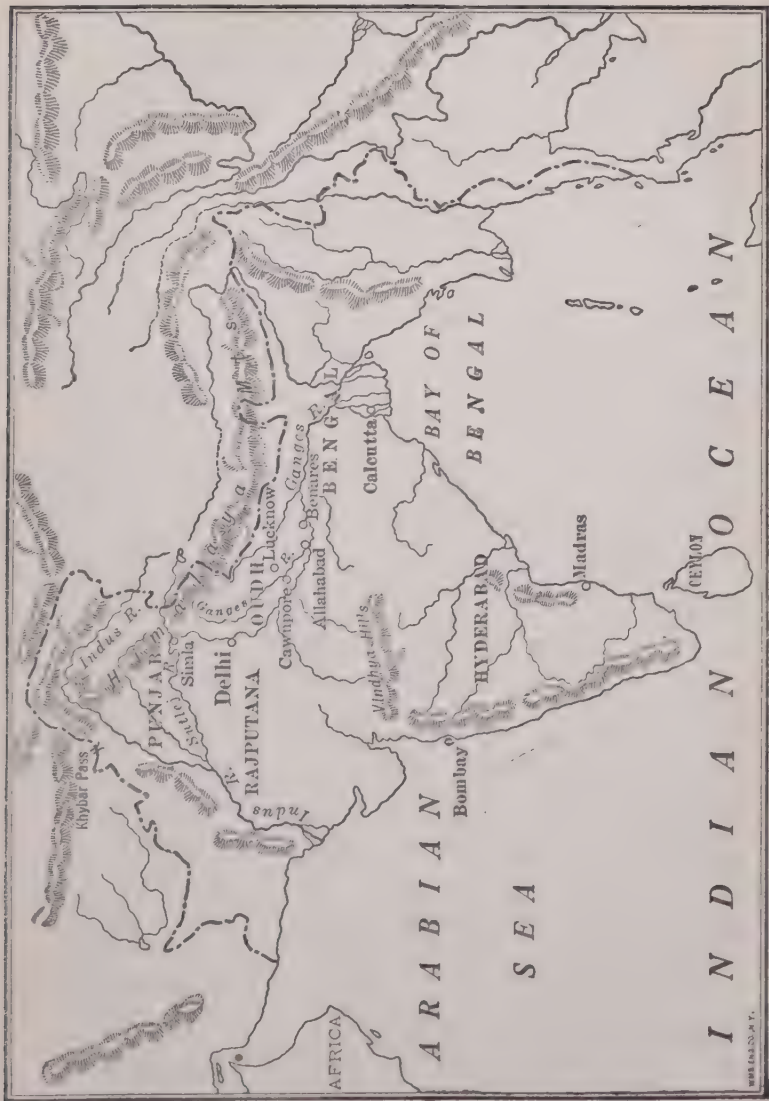
The province of Rhodesia is his monument. He did not live to see the Cape to Cairo Railroad completed, nor did he know that in the years to come his Boer antagonists would themselves aid in the realization of his life ambition, that Botha would conquer German South West Africa and Smuts German East Africa as British generals. He did not live even to see the Cape, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Natal join in the Union of South Africa. But he did see most of the obstacles removed. And he had made a reality that which David Livingstone had hoped and prayed for two generations before; for before he died a British railroad bridged the thousand miles from Cape Town to Pretoria and was creeping on far beyond the Zambesi towards Lake Nyassa; the telegraph wire threaded the wilderness in which the great missionary had labored and died; the road which had been made in loneliness and suffering was opened forever, for good or evil; and the slave trade was blotted out.

As to whether Rhodes was right in thus deliberately planning and carrying through the acquisition of Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and the rest of the region called by his name, each man must judge according to his knowledge and temperament. It differs from the myriads of similar cases chiefly in its definiteness of purpose, its thoroughness of accomplishment, and — it is fair to add — in its effort to deal honestly by the natives. The convinced pacifist will sweep all excuses aside and condemn the annexation of Rhodesia as the deliberate appropriation by whites of that which belonged to the blacks. Rhodes would have denied that Matabeleland belonged in any such absolute way to the Matabele or to any other people. He was a believer in the survival of the fittest, and he was a fervent worshiper of British rule and all that it implied. And whether he was right or wrong, it is due primarily to him that the little colony which he found when he landed at the Cape in 1870 is now only the tip of a British South Africa that covers an area equal to one-third of the United States.

XI

THE INDIAN EMPIRE

We have seen how Clive's defense of Arcot and his victory at Plassey marked an era in the history of the British in India. Before 1751 the East India Company and its servants were concerned solely with trade. After that year, certainly after 1757, the annals of Calcutta and Madras are full of politics and war. There was, indeed, a period of transition. Not at once did the Directors in England or the Council at Calcutta see that the acts of Clive, right or wrong, had committed his successors to an irrevocable policy. Warren Hastings, Governor-General of the Company's possessions in India from 1772 to 1786, tried with all the resources of genius to avoid further conquest by diplomacy and by endeavoring to maintain Oudh as a buffer state. But the policy forced on him by the Directors at home only meant wearisome and sometimes humiliating bargaining with the Nawab of Oudh and with rapacious natives who were themselves the heirs of a thousand years of political force and fraud. As organizer and ruler Hastings car-



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ried on Clive's work and laid a firm foundation for the British possessions in India: as diplomatist he succeeded only in postponing the inevitable and in exciting enmities that bore bitter fruit later on in his impeachment by Parliament. The charges thundered against him by Burke and repeated in more temperate language by Macaulay have long been disproved. But his record shows clearly that there were really only two solutions to the dilemma, — acceptance of the policy of conquest and annexation, or withdrawal from India.

Hastings' two successors, Cornwallis and Wellesley, with the lessons of his administration before them, definitely appealed to the sword, and their policy was continued perforce until India was conquered. One modified form of the buffer state idea was adopted, indeed, and has survived to the present day. In certain cases a conquered or dependent province was allowed to continue its administrative functions, subject to the advice on all external affairs of a British Resident.¹ It was a species of modern feudalism, the vassal prince being subject to the suzerain only in military and foreign matters. But such suzerainty was very real and uncompromising, and the conquest of Mysore (1799) and of the Mahrattas

¹ There are now 700 of these native states, with a total population of 69,000,000.

(1800-1818) left the Company supreme in India south of the Sutlej. By 1850 Bengal, Orissa and Bihar had been definitely annexed; Oudh, like Hyderabad, was governed by a subject prince; the chieftains of Rajputana and Central India were vassals; the Emperor at Delhi was a puppet whose strings were pulled by a British Resident. North of the Sutlej the valiant Sikhs of the Punjab remained independent until almost the middle of the century. Their conquest in 1848-9 carried British rule to the foot of the Himalayas.

Up to 1828 there was little sign of any effort on the part of the conquerors to consider the good of the conquered. When the British authorities sought to avoid war or to evade conquest, as they frequently did, it was apparently not for ethical reasons but because they saw ahead of them a thorny and troublesome road, full of the possibilities of disaster and promising but an uncertain and precarious reward. A province once conquered was governed as justly as possible, no doubt, but with little effort to understand or meet the needs of the unregarded masses of the population. The people at home might alternately weep over Burke's recitals of the sins of Hastings or glory in the capture of Seringapatam or the occupation of Delhi. But tears and cheers alike were as meaningless as the emotions of the theater. Comfortable

dwellers in their orderly island, they had little conception of the whirlpools and tempests, the rocks and the quicksands, the temptations and the deceptions of Indian politics, of the baleful shadows and phantoms that obscured the line between true and false, right and wrong, of the intrigues that drove good men into doubtful courses and patient men to fits of passion. Even in England herself the political ideals of the early nineteenth century were none too statesmanlike, the ethical standards none too high. Government was a very practical, hand-to-mouth affair. And the governors of India were too busy in the meeting of difficult problems, the untying of impossible tangles, either to speculate overmuch on gorgeous visions of empire or to concern themselves with the patient toilers who had for ages beyond the memory of man paid the expenses of the armies that swept past or over their hovels.

But in the twenties of the nineteenth century there began to appear in England the signs of a slow but wonderful revolution. Age-long abuses were one by one faced and at least partly removed,—the harsh criminal laws, the evils of the factory system, the persecuting acts against Catholics and Dissenters, and slavery. As the new mechanical inventions were changing the face of England, so some subtle spirit seemed to be working a

change in the minds and hearts of Englishmen. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Shelley were the prophets of the change, Wesley, Wilberforce, Howard and Livingstone its pioneers. It was not a matter of a moment, a year, or a decade. But as the century went on the hard materialism, the narrow and intolerant outlook of its earlier years gradually gave place to a more open mind, a warmer altruism, a higher and broader standard of ethics. One effect on British dominions overseas we have already seen in the concession of autonomy to Canada. And another was shown when Lord William Bentinck was appointed Governor-General of India in 1828.

The work of Bentinck was not only of value in itself. It established a standard and inaugurated a policy. He issued the decree which made suttee, the burning of widows, punishable as murder throughout British India. He suppressed the Thugs, a semi-religious brotherhood of murderers, one of the deadly plagues of the older India. He abolished flogging in the native army. He reformed the administration of justice, appointed native judges to civil courts and native officials to the higher as well as the lower ranks of the government service. He restored the native languages in the courts of law. He founded a medical college for natives at Calcutta and aided in the establishment of state-aided schools. The survey and re-

assessment of great areas of land was carried through with a new regard to the native farmers, and a new standard of justice as distinct from policy was observed in dealing with the princes. In all this one may see only a beginning, indeed; much remained to be done; but the new era of progress and humanity which was opening in England was surely reflected in her great dependency. Before Bentinck one follows the history of India as one follows an absorbing game of chess. Then gradually, before our eyes, the pawns become men and women, and even king and queen become human, their moves having a meaning beyond the removal of opponents and the mating of a rival.

The tradition established by Bentinck was maintained and extended most brilliantly, perhaps, by three men,—Dalhousie, Henry Lawrence and John Lawrence. It is one of the curious ironies of history that the Marquis of Dalhousie, able, honest, iron-willed, perhaps the most gifted proconsul that had governed India since Clive, should be blamed by many for the terrible disaster of the Mutiny of 1857. It is possible, no doubt, that the driving energy which made possible irrigation works that vastly increased the fertility of Bengal and the Punjab irritated the conservatism and indolence of the natives. It is possible too that his uncompromising enforcement of

law, his efforts to check crime and lawlessness in the subject kingdom of Oudh, and his final annexation of Oudh in 1856, reasonable and right as these and similar measures seemed to a British mind, provoked and angered those whose activities were thus checked. The virtues of energy, righteousness and clear-sightedness were perhaps not sufficiently tempered by tact and sympathy. And one may admit this the more readily when the work of the Lawrences in the Punjab is considered. For there ability equal to that of Dalhousie was joined to a tact and understanding that made the Sikhs, conquered in 1849, loyal adherents of their conquerors in 1857.

Altogether one may prefer, however, to remember all three simply as able and just rulers, types of the best that Britain can do in the difficult task of governing an alien race. If Dalhousie's measures helped to provoke the Mutiny they did so only as part of a whole situation, — the administration of millions of Asiatics by a small group of Englishmen. Granting all possible ability and good-will, it was impossible to avoid the unconscious breaking of customs and mutilation of traditions, the making of enemies in the enforcement of law, the awakening of dread and jealousy in the minds of native rulers and priests. It is possible that the avoidance of a few mistakes now discernible might have prevented the Mutiny.

It is more likely that it was inevitable, circumstances being what they were. The rumor among the sepoys that the English were cunningly seeking to make the Hindus outcasts by using beef fat in their cartridges, to defile the Mohammedans by using the fat of hogs, could not in itself have provoked a rising so tremendous and wide-spread. But when it is added to the conspiracies of deposed princes, aggrieved landowners and fanatic priests, and added to an unrest made dangerous by the very diffusion of intelligence and free speech that the British government had helped to encourage, then perhaps we may see adequate cause for the explosion of 1857.

The Indian Mutiny was not an Indian Revolution. The south took no part in it, nor did the Punjab, nor the majority of the Rajputs. It was confined wholly to the native army of Bengal and Oudh, joined by a small group of the Rajput and Mahratta princes. But even so it was sufficiently formidable. Scattered through India there were 40,000 British soldiers to 240,000 native soldiers or sepoys, and in the Ganges provinces and Central India the native army mutinied practically *en masse*. They were well disciplined, well equipped, and well led. Not only did they vastly outnumber the Europeans but they were concentrated and prepared, their enemies scattered and taken by surprise. The Mutiny began when the

native regiments stationed at Meerut suddenly rose, killed their officers, and marched to Delhi on May 10, 1857. It spread with astonishing speed. English men, women and children were murdered wherever found, native officers took command of their regiments, Delhi was occupied, and British rule was wiped out from the borders of the Punjab to Benares. At two points only did a handful of the English have time to gather for resistance,—Cawnpore and Lucknow. The garrison of Cawnpore held out until the middle of July, when it surrendered under a promise of safe-conduct. The men were shot down, the women and children kept for a time under guard and then hacked to pieces. Lucknow was more fortunate. There Sir Henry Lawrence was in command until his death early in the siege, and his brave spirit animated the little band even after his irreparable loss. Not until September 25 did relief come, and not until two months later were the weary survivors able to escape from the walls of their prison and reach safety.

The British authorities had been singularly blind to the danger, no doubt; but when the blow fell they aroused themselves with swift energy. The name and fame of John Lawrence kept the Punjab safe, and the princes, people and soldiers of the whole northwest stood solidly for the government from which they had received —

thanks to men like John and Henry Lawrence, Herbert Edwards and John Nicholson — friendship, understanding and justice. A little army of British and Sikhs began the siege of Delhi. On the other side of the stricken area Earl Canning, Dalhousie's successor at Calcutta, gathered troops from all directions for an expeditionary force, and before the end of June the district of the lower Ganges from Calcutta to Allahabad was cleared of mutineers and restored to order.

On July 7 Henry Havelock, a Puritan warrior of dauntless soul, the great soldier-saint among England's men of action, set out from Allahabad for the relief of Cawnpore. On the 17th his soldiers stood by the well of Cawnpore only to look with horror and bitter mourning on the broken bodies of the women and children murdered two days before. Thereafter mercy to the mutineers was unthought of; nor was it sought, for the rebels knew that they had sinned beyond pardon. Those taken in arms were shot with small ceremony, and as news of massacre and outrage in outlying centers still came in some of the criminals were shot by cannon instead of by firing squad in order to strike terror into the rest. Such measures were only too natural; murder and pitiless cruelty had broken the English self-restraint; but they had little effect, and every foot of the British advance was

disputed with desperate courage. Two months of hard fighting brought Havelock to Lucknow, but so great a force of sepoys was concentrated there that the relieving army could only enter the Residency and aid the exhausted remnant of the original garrison in holding off the hosts of mutineers. By the middle of November Colin Campbell with a larger force reached the outskirts of the city, and ten days more of fierce fighting brought him to the Residency. Havelock, worn out, died the day after the relief. But his work was done, and those whom he had guarded were safe.

In the meantime the army of the northwest, inspired by the courage and constancy of Lawrence and John Nicholson, had been triumphant. The desperate resistance to Havelock and Campbell had been inspired partly by the knowledge of the mutineers that Delhi had fallen, and that unless they could crush these grim avengers they would be caught between the upper and the nether millstone. They fought with the ferocity of men drunk with blood and without hope. But numbers, ferocity and able leadership availed them nothing. The capture of Delhi in September and the hard-won victories of Havelock and Campbell had broken the back of the Mutiny. The chieftains who had joined the revolt, the leaders and sepoys who had escaped capture or death in Oudh, were crushed

in a series of desperate battles during the following year by Campbell, Outram and Sir Hugh Rose. And with the end of the great revolt came the end of the East India Company as a sovereign power. Responsible men in England had long looked with misgivings on a situation that might mean serious disaster and even dishonor to the British name, and from time to time acts had been passed to bring the Company's doings to at least some extent under government control. The Mutiny came as a clinching argument. In August, 1858, the sovereignty over British India passed to the Crown.

From 1858 to the present time India has been ruled nominally by the sovereign of Great Britain, actually, of course, by the British people through the India Office. That a vigorous and jealous democracy should occupy the position of a despot, that forty-five millions of Englishmen, Scots, Irish and Welsh should rule three hundred and fifteen millions of Asiatics on the other side of the globe, is anomalous on both counts. But history and politics are full of anomalies, and this one grew as we have seen from two perfectly normal and human things, — the desire to trade and the desire for safety in trading. There was nothing wrong or unnatural in the founding by Englishmen of trading posts in India. Nor need we wonder at their resentment against rivals who tried to

oust them, rivals who had no more right there than they had, and against chieftains who employed force, fraud and cruelty in seeking their destruction. Yet it was certainly this desire to trade and to trade in safety that led to Arcot and Plassey, to Delhi and the Khyber Pass. That wrongs were committed by the English in the course of conquest we need not doubt. Wrongs are committed, alas, in the "irrepressible conflicts" of history as well as in those that are arbitrary or ignoble, and if we seek we may find them in the conquest of New France, in the quarrels with Mexico, in the Russian advance through Central Asia, in the American advance to the Pacific. But the distinctive wonder of the conquest and rule of India lies not in such crime or greed as one may discover in the record, but in the astonishing naturalness and certainty by which a result of such magnitude has come from the simplest and most commonplace initial motives. No man planned it, nor could any man have prevented it.

The problems that have had to be faced by the English rulers of India are more easily seen than solved. Even the question of ordinary administration is complex beyond anything in the western hemisphere. It is to be remembered that India is not a nation. It is more like a continent than a country as regards race, religion and nationality. At least thirty-three languages are spoken between

the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. To say that the majority of the people are Hindus is true but deceptive.¹ The Sikhs of the Punjab and the Buddhists are separated from other Hindus by a religious chasm much wider than all of the differences combined that separate the Englishman from the Spaniard. The rest of the Hindus are divided by barriers of caste, language and tradition that make the Rajputs, the Bengalees, and the Madrassesees wholly different peoples. The race that preceded the English in the domination of the greater part of India was related to the Afghan, and there are still 66,000,000 Mohammedans in the peninsula. The small, dark hill-peoples of the Deccan,— the Gonds, the Bhils and their kindred — are of a still different race and religion. To cause peace, law and order to prevail among all of these, still more to create some sort of unity and take the first steps toward self-government, is obviously no small task.

But peace, law and order represent only the primary aims of the Anglo-Indian administration. The fact that the British are a western people with a highly developed material civilization and an economic sense so powerful as to be almost instinctive, means that industry, trade and transportation have been stimulated far beyond anything

¹ As deceptive, for instance, as when we apply the word Slav to the Serb, the Ruthenian, the Pole and the Muscovite.

that India had ever known. The natives themselves might care little about this and might question that it has brought them any increase of happiness. But the English would cease to be themselves if they did not seek to increase production in every field, to build railroads, to unify and simplify matters of tolls, rents and revenues. So 35,000 miles of railway have been built, over 25,000,000 acres have been redeemed from barrenness by irrigation, an efficient Forest Department watches over the jungle, and the sea-borne trade in 1916 amounted to over a billion dollars.

Furthermore, since the English at home have gradually learned to revere justice, individual liberty and self-government, to help those in distress, to regard trained intelligence as an essential of healthy social life, they must try with laborious earnestness to apply these to their subjects in India. The astonished Hindus have had to accustom themselves to English notions of impartial and systematic justice and the punishment of crime. Wherever it has seemed practicable they are given the vote — as in municipal government. They are given posts in the civil service by a strict examination system. Schools and universities have been established and the students are taught not only reading and writing in their own language but the languages and sciences of Europe, the apprecia-

tion of Keats and Molière, the understanding of economics and politics, of chemistry and bacteriology. And when famine and plague are sent by the gods, energetic officers on behalf of the government, with armies of white and colored assistants, distribute corn, isolate patients, establish relief works, enforce rules of sanitation, and lavishly spend on saving lives the millions of rupees wherewith the newly developed wealth of the country has filled the treasury. For by some magic, by no increase of taxes, the Viceroy and his servants seem to have riches beyond the dreams of the Great Mogul.¹

These are the ordinary tasks of administration, to be carried through with the least possible irritation of princes and priests, landowners and tenants, Mohammedans and Brahmins, and the least possible awakening of the infinitely varied religious and social prejudices of the people at large. But there still remains also the ancient problem of the frontier. As the anxious traders of Madras and Calcutta once had to consider danger from the Nawabs, as the rulers of the Carnatic and Bengal had to consider the menace of Mysore and the Mahrattas, so the lords of India have to look to the northwest frontier. In each

¹Partly because of the immense increase in production and partly through extensive government ownership of revenue-bearing public works. Thus the net profit to the state from railroads in 1915-6, after meeting interest charges, etc., was over four million pounds sterling.

case conquest merely carried the danger a little farther away.

India is bounded on the north by some six thousand miles of mountain wall,— a wall in places four hundred miles broad, and in the main an impassable barrier to invasion. As a matter of fact it has needed attention for centuries only in the northwest, where the Khyber and the Bolan passes have long been the highways into India of merchant and invader. Here, especially in the great hills that overlook the Punjab, the fiercest of mountaineers lurk in inaccessible retreats, rob and murder the unwary traveler, fight one another in endless feuds, combine now and then in ferocious crusades against alien intruders, or pounce in daring raids on the farms and villages of the plains. In their own mountains they are as formidable as they are intractable, and there is little prospect of their ever being less so. “ Except at the times of sowing and of harvest a continual state of feud and strife prevails throughout the land.¹ Tribe wars with tribe. The people of one valley fight with those of the next. And to the quarrels of communities are added the combats of individuals. Khan assails Khan. . . . Every tribesman has a blood feud with his neighbor. Every man’s hand is against the other and all against the stranger. Nor are

¹ Winston Churchill, “ The Malikand Field Force.”

these struggles conducted with the weapons which usually belong to the races of such development. To the ferocity of the Zulu are added the craft of the redskin and the marksmanship of the Boer. The world is presented with that grim spectacle — the strength of civilization without its mercy. At a thousand yards the traveler falls wounded by the well-aimed bullet of a breech-loading rifle. His assailant, approaching, hacks him to death with the ferocity of a South Sea islander. Here the weapons of the nineteenth century are in the hands of savages of the stone age."

The presence of such a frontier is of itself a sufficiently serious matter. It is as if in a range of hills in the midst of Massachusetts or New York, a range ten times as lofty and as inaccessible as the Berkshires or the Adirondacks, there lived a still unconquered race of Indians as savage as the Mohawks of the seventeenth century and as skilled in mountain warfare as the Swiss or the Albanians. Permanent peace would be impossible, in that case, except through conquest. But conquest of the Himalaya country is practically an impossibility. Each forward step of British rule in India has been the solution of an insistent frontier question by conquest, as has been the case under somewhat different superficial conditions with the advance of the English race in America. But each new

frontier was wider than the old one and quite as difficult, until now the customary solution of the problem seems at last a hopeless one. All that can be done is to maintain a military force to serve as frontier police, to seize and hold as many strategic points as possible, to guard and keep the peace in the two great passes, and to maintain a sleepless watch against the tidal wave of ferocious savagery that may at any moment surge and swell in the mountains under the impulse of some half-demented prophet.

But this is not all. Back of the mountains lies Afghanistan. And back of Afghanistan lies Russia. In these days of a divided, torn, idealistic Russia, bewildered by its new problems, one is apt to forget the dread and suspicion with which the western peoples once regarded the empire of the Czars. But that dread was both keen and justifiable, and for generations the thinking men of India seldom forgot the menacing power that looked enviously south from Central Asia.

Indeed there are few more dramatic instances of that most spectacular peril of imperialism — the rivalry of two expanding empires. Russian expansion in Asia began in the days of Ivan the Terrible (1581), when Elizabeth was on the throne of England. But the conquest of Siberia between 1580 and 1636 and the expansion south

to the Amur in the far east mattered not at all to England or to any other power in Europe. When the Treaty of Nertchinsk was signed in 1689 between Russia and China the frontiers of England and Russia in Asia were four thousand miles apart,¹ and Russia's advance to the Oxus was as little anticipated as England's to the Indus. By 1800 Russia had absorbed the Khirghiz steppes, and England's influence, guided by Wellesley, was creeping into the interior of India; the distance between the two empires had dwindled to two thousand miles, and the Czar Paul was planning an invasion of India by way of the Caspian Sea and Afghanistan. Between 1800 and 1850 England annexed the Northwest Province, Scinde, the Punjab and — six years later — Oudh, so that her frontier posts touched the foot of the mountains. In the same time Russia had reached across the desert steppes and was launching boats on the Aral Sea. The distance was reduced to one thousand miles. The advance through Tashkent to Khiva, Samarcand and Bokhara in the sixties cut the thousand down to four hundred. Transcaspia was annexed in 1884, and in 1895 the Pamirs Commission appointed to arrange the frontier question perma-

¹ These few statements are practically a condensation of Roberts' admirably clear and interesting statement of the matter in his "Forty-one Years in India," a book that every student of Imperial England should read. A fuller account will be found in Curzon, "Russia in Asia" and in Skrine and Ross, "The Heart of Asia."

nently and satisfactorily (!!), left the empires touching at last on the "roof of the world" and separated for hundreds of miles west of the Pamirs only by the restless country of Afghanistan.

For years before 1895 this result had been foreseen. But what was to be done? England might protest against the annexation of Merv and Bokhara, but she could not really prevent it any more than Russia could prevent the annexation of Oudh. How then could safety be assured? Was England to watch the advance of Russia until the Cossacks watered their horses in the Cabul River or even the Indus, or should she forestall her rival and seize in time the most important strategic points? Simply so that we may see the situation let us note two expert opinions of forty years ago. Here is the opinion of Sir Herbert Edwards, one of the ablest and sanest officers of his day in India: "By waiting on our present frontier we husband our money, organize our line of defense, rest upon our base and railroads, save our troops from fatigue and bring our heaviest artillery into the field; while the enemy can only bring light guns into the passes, has to bribe and fight his way across Afghanistan, wears out and decimates his army, exhausts his treasury and carriage, and when defeated has to retreat through the passes and over all Afghanistan — plundered at every march by the tribes."

Note this carefully, and then add this utterance by Lord Lawrence, whose advice was equally against a "forward policy": "The approach of Russia may involve us in great difficulties; and this being the case it will be a wise and prudent policy to endeavor to maintain a thoroughly friendly power between India and Russia. . . . Nevertheless, . . . it is quite out of our power to reckon with any degree of certainty on the attainment of this desirable end. And I feel no shadow of a doubt that if a formidable invasion of India from the west were imminent, the Afghans *en masse* from the Ameer of the day to the domestic slave of the household would readily join in it."¹

If Edwards and Lawrence were right, therefore, it was wise not to advance a step farther, but to maintain a buffer state which might bear the brunt of any possible attack. The obvious "buffer" was Afghanistan. So Viceroy after Viceroy sedulously cultivated friendship with Afghanistan and supplied the gratified Ameers with money and rifles with little corresponding return. For the Afghans had an invincible objection to the residence of an ambassador of any power whatever at Cabul. They had faith moreover, based not without reason on the

¹ See Temple's "Lord Lawrence" and in more detail G. Bosworth Smith's "Lord Lawrence." A most admirable and fascinating presentation of the history of the question with a strong argument for the "forward policy" is in Lady Betty Balfour, "Lytton's Indian Administration."

first Afghan war, in their ability to prevent any permanent conquest of their country and to make an invasion so difficult and unpleasant that it would not be lightly undertaken. So in the eyes of some men the situation was unsatisfactory. The buffer state might at any moment ally itself with Russia in an invasion, as many a time had been done in the old days before the British conquest. The money and arms furnished by British India and received with lavish assurance might be turned against the givers, and Lawrence's prediction be fulfilled. No certainty was possible without the presence of a British resident at Cabul and some effective means of getting troops through from India.

The time came at last when practically conclusive information came to Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, that Russia was in secret correspondence with the Ameer, and definite news came that a Russian officer had been received with state in Cabul. Lytton and his chief at home, Lord Beaconsfield, were in agreement as to the immediate need of remonstrance. An ultimatum, a victorious war, the triumphant placing of an envoy — the gallant Cavagnari — in Cabul, his murder, another war closed triumphantly and ineffectively by a stately treaty,— these followed in rapid succession. But there was still no permanent embassy in the Afghan capital, and little had been really

achieved beyond an increased respect in the minds of the Afghans for the British arms. Russia had in a measure avenged herself for the check England had given her at the Congress of Berlin. A costly war, glorious enough, conducted with ability and gallantry to a successful end, had yet left matters very much as they were before. And since then soldiers and statesmen have gone on struggling with the situation, building a railroad through the Bolan Pass to Quetta — within striking distance of Candahar — chastising and conciliating the mountain tribes, and at all costs *keeping the peace* along the frontier and through the Khyber Pass.

If we say that India represents a still unsolved problem in government we are saying only what is obvious. But if we mean that statement to apply to India in any distinctive and peculiar sense it is not true. Few of the really profound and complex problems of politics can be said to be finally solved, and the problem of India seems unique only because it affects three hundred millions of people and because it brings to our minds so many associations of power, of beauty, and of mystery. Essentially it is the problem of the Philippines in that it is the rule by westerners, according to western methods and ideals, over an eastern people. But at the same time there are grave differences. The population of the Phil-

ippines can hardly be more than eight millions; Catholic Christianity is the dominant religion of the islands; at least seven-eighths of the people are of one race; and there is little in the past history of the Filipinos to awaken pride or emulation. The single province of Bengal contains forty-five million souls; the Christians form less than two per cent. of the population of India; the racial mixture is far more complex than that of all Europe, including even Austria-Hungary and the Balkans; and architectural and literary monuments of immortal beauty bear witness to a glorious past to which the thoughtful Hindu bows down with passionate reverence. The responsibilities of governing such a people are not easily to be over-estimated. Yet much has been done. No internal war has broken the peace of India since 1858. So far as human effort can assure it the poorest peasant and the wealthiest land-owner receive equal justice. Native councils and a vernacular press express the people's will, voice their grievances or their hopes, and educate the masses in social thinking. The genius of the Hindus has been directed in the past to the fields of art, religion, and philosophy. Their new rulers have placidly encouraged them to face the perilous problems of politics and social betterment. The result of it all no man can foresee. According to the way one looks at it it is " shooting Niagara "

or climbing an Olympus whose top is hidden in clouds. But taken all in all the government of British India is the most successful and the most courageous experiment in the rule of an alien people of which the world has any record. Instead of being a burden to drag the empire down India has proved a source of strength, and no problem that the English have ever faced has done so much to teach them humility, human sympathy, honesty, and withal a firmer confidence in their own best ideals.

XII

THE ROAD TO THE EAST: EGYPT

During the nineteenth century the British Empire was slowly becoming a world-wide nation. But a nation united by oceans in normal times of peace may be divided by them in times of war. An India or an Australia bristling with fortresses is insecure in its imperial and world relations if the sea highways are unguarded. And this means more than a great navy, essential as a navy may be. Even the most hurried glance at the map will show us point after point where naval power might be powerfully aided or largely nullified by the possession or non-possession of a small area of land. Take, for instance, the road to the East. At the Strait of Gibraltar, at the point where the Mediterranean narrows between Sicily and Cape Bon, at either extremity of the Red Sea, a rival to the power of Great Britain might endanger at any moment that free communication with her eastern possessions which she rightly holds to be of such enormous importance. When Gibraltar was taken in 1704 this was by no means understood. The Rock was held for a

hundred years as little more than a trophy, and great statesmen denounced its retention from Spain as unworthy of a magnanimous people. But the extension of Britain's interests in the East in the latter half of the eighteenth century clarified her vision somewhat, as it certainly did that of her enemies. Napoleon's stroke at Egypt in 1798 was evidence that he at least saw the possibility of striking at India by severing the chain, as yet unguarded except by the fleet of Nelson, which connected the British Islands with the Arabian Sea. And in 1801-3 England retained Malta chiefly because her surrender of the islands would have meant their occupation by Napoleon. So as the importance of the Mediterranean highway dawned by degrees on the statesmen of England the nineteenth century saw a gradual tightening of grip on Gibraltar and Malta, an increased interest in everything concerned with Constantinople, and a growing anxiety regarding Egypt. The southern entrance to the Red Sea could be and was secured in time by the occupation of the little island of Perim and the port of Aden. But Egypt was no mere fortress. Egypt was a country of fame exceeding that of most countries in the world, of wealth, and — in the nineteenth century, thanks to Mehemet Ali — of some energy and power. She was a recognized province of an empire obviously declining, indeed, and little able to pre-

serve order, and yet not so dead that it could be dismembered with decency or safety. Here, then, was the point on the whole road to the East that promised most embarrassment.

In the fullness of time this embarrassment took shape in the form of a distinct dilemma. A French engineer backed by French capital achieved that which English experts and public engineering opinion in the world at large had pronounced impossible. In 1864 the Suez Canal was begun. In November, 1869, it was opened in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of the French and representatives from every power in the commercial world, and England's old rival in India, flushed with a just pride in the courage and skill of De Lesseps, seemed installed as the patron and guardian of this gateway to the East. It was a gateway infinitely more valuable to England than to France, but its possession was none the less welcome to the proud nation whose triumphs over its island neighbor had been so few since the days of Montcalm or even since Louis XIV. England had had her opportunity, but the caution which so often has been her safety had this time betrayed her, and she apparently had to accept the consequences.

Yet it is never safe in politics to accept a foregone conclusion. The emperor who so proudly presided over the

ceremonies at Suez was twelve months later a broken and powerless exile. France, smitten and humiliated by the German invasion, by the Commune of '71, by the years of doubt that saw the launching of the Third Republic, was little able to watch over her interests in the East. At Cairo the spendthrift, irresponsible and picturesque Ismail, aided and encouraged by a joyous crew of officials who plundered and reveled at will in a carnival of prodigality, dazzled the astonished world by his splendor, his enterprise, his modern spirit, while he drove his helpless country full tilt toward an abyss of bankruptcy. All went cheerily until ready money began to fail. It became difficult to find capitalists who had a proper spirit of confidence in the Khedive's ability to pay his debts. And so it came about that the embarrassed prince bethought him of the market value of his shares in the Suez Canal, nearly half of which he had secured when the company was first organized. They were offered for sale. The great He brew, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and before France had begun to realize what was going on England had remedied her mistake of a few years before and had become the controlling shareholder in the Suez Canal.

But already the consequences of Ismail's misgovernment were showing themselves. Egypt was approaching

a financial crash that would carry disaster to every country in Europe and imperil law and order from Alexandria to the Soudan. Any catastrophe that would impair the efficiency of the canal in the least degree, while it mattered to Great Britain three times more than to all the rest of Europe put together, yet was a serious matter to the whole world. It was an affair that might very well be dealt with, if action were necessary, by concert of the Powers, and this as a matter of fact was done. The oppression of Europeans by the demoralized Egyptian administration was checked by the creation of the International Courts, which removed subjects of the Six Great Powers ¹ from the jurisdiction of the Khedive. And in May, 1876, was established the *Caisse de la Dette*, practically a committee appointed by the Powers to supervise the finances of the country and steer Egypt out of bankruptcy. A policy of caution and retrenchment succeeded the era of wild extravagance, but the inauguration of a sounder finance was not to be without difficulties and bitter friction. Ismail, without any adequate return in the shape of durable fixed capital, had, since his accession in 1863, increased the national debt from three millions to ninety-eight. His careless and lavish expenditure had given to Egypt the irresponsible feeling about money that comes from the

¹ Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy.

apparent possession of vast wealth that has dropped from heaven. The sudden stoppage of the loans, the sudden cessation of needless expenditure, the ruthless decision of the *Caisse* that interest on the debt and — by degrees — the debt itself must be paid not by renewed borrowing but by taxation, meant hardship not only for the official world but for the people at large. The officers of government, the army, the fellahin were at once deprived of the false prosperity that Ismail had given them and borne down with the unwonted taxation calmly imposed on them by a board of foreigners. The sins of the government had fallen heavily on the people, and it is not to be wondered at that Egypt, groaning bitterly under the burden and under the disillusionment, laid the blame on Europe.

The establishment of the International Courts and the *Caisse de la Dette* was obviously of little avail without some effort to guide and in a measure supervise the government which had proved itself so incapable. But such a task seemed scarcely to call for the continued action of the Six Powers, and the autumn of 1876 saw accordingly the beginning of the "Dual Control" by England and France. Each power was sufficiently jealous of the other, it was thought, to make any usurpation by either one impossible. At the same time the International Courts and the *Caisse* protected the other nations in re-

gard to finance and justice. Little was left indeed of any independent power on the part of the Khedive, and still less when Ismail was deposed in 1879; and yet so far no step had been taken by any power from motives of aggrandizement. All took the ground that however applicable principles of noninterference might be to other countries, Egypt was in a class by herself. Her position made her affairs of interest to the whole world. The accident that made Turks and Egyptians lords of the Nile Valley and the Isthmus of Suez could not, it was said, be urged as any reason why they should be gate-keepers between the East and West unless they were prepared to live up to the responsibility so incurred. "The inalienable rights of the individual," says Captain Mahan with some appearance of justice, "are entitled to a respect which they unfortunately do not always get; but there is no inalienable right in any community to control the use of a region when it does so to the detriment of the world at large, of its neighbors in particular, or even at times of its own subjects."¹ In which statement and in its application to Egypt there is doubtless room for discussion. And yet perhaps the reasons are sufficiently clear that induced Europe to interfere in the affairs of Egypt and in-

¹ *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1897.

duced England and France to undertake the responsibilities of actual and somewhat burdensome supervision.

All went, if not exactly well, yet tolerably, until the early days of 1881, when Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, and the governments of England and France began to be troubled by the machinations of an Egyptian officer of active and energetic mind named Arabi. He was the center and leader of a movement that was perfectly natural and yet essentially impossible, a movement directed against the foreign influence that had prevailed since 1876, and inspired by the war-cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians." Throughout the year the mutinous spirit spread through the army, caught the heart of the people at large, and finally seized upon the administration and tied the hands of the Khedive. Egypt was on the brink of a revolution which would destroy the remnant of Turkish rule and emancipate Cairo wholly from foreign influence. But what of the International Courts and the *Caisse* and the Dual Control? Let it be remembered that Egypt had been under despotic foreign rule — Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Arab or Turkish — for over twenty-five hundred years. The native Egyptian was even less able to cope with the problems of government than the Turk, Armenian or Greek whom he hated. To see for-

eign influence expelled from Cairo would be to see the only skilled administrators — such as they were — in the country forced to leave, and Egypt left in the hands of native officials, some corrupt and some honest, but all incompetent and untrained, with a nerveless, spiritless, ignorant population to be fleeced by usurper and tax-gatherer. Things were unquestionably in far from ideal shape. The spirit of the rebellion was neither unnatural nor ignoble. Yet it was impossible for any one who had a particle of interest in the maintenance of a safe road to the East to look on without dismay and misgivings. If the whole affair had been taking place in Central Africa the case would have been entirely changed. But the drunken riot to which we give only a glance and frown of disgust when we read of it in our newspaper causes quite another emotion when it occurs on our front porch or on the road by which our children go to school. And events which Englishmen might have viewed with equanimity in some parts of the globe caused them the utmost anxiety in Egypt. France was almost equally disturbed. The great orator Gambetta moved heaven and earth to achieve an Anglo-French demonstration that would restore order. And even Gladstone, of all men the least inclined to favor unnecessary interference, at last made up his mind that if the Sultan would not move, and if the

combined Powers would do nothing, England at any rate could not remain idle.

Not until he had tried every other solution of the difficulty did the great Liberal minister come to this conclusion. For he knew as many did not the gravity of the situation and the tremendous forces that would be set in motion if English troops had to crush the rebellion and bring order to Egypt. "Territorial questions," he wrote in 1877,¹ "are not to be disposed of by arbitrary limits; we cannot enjoy the luxury of taking Egyptian soil by pinches. We may seize an Aden or a Perim, where there is no already formed community of inhabitants, and circumscribe a tract at will. But our first site in Egypt, be it by larceny or be it by emption, will be the almost certain egg of a North African Empire, that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert, titles of the lake-sources of the White Nile, come within our borders; and till we finally join hands across the equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange River on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of viaticum on our journey." Never was there a truer forecast. And it may be imagined how earnestly a statesman of such con-

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1877; Gleanings of past years, IV, 357; Morley's "Gladstone, III," chapter V.

victions would strain every nerve to avoid taking the first step in such a formidable progress. Gladstone was not distinguished by love of the Turks, but the intervention of the Sultan seemed to him an infinitely less dangerous thing than the intervention of England. But the Sultan, obstinately blind, refused either to intervene himself or coöperate in a conference of the Powers, deliberately conferring upon England the right of exclusive control in the affairs of Egypt. This Gladstone declined. A combined demonstration of the fleets of England and France was decided on, and this combined action of the two powers would, it was hoped, avert the worst consequences of interference.

Then Gambetta fell from power. The government of France became doubtful and vacillating. And it was under these unpromising conditions, when no one was sure that the presence of the allied fleet in the harbor of Alexandria meant anything whatever, that the revolution approached the lurid stage. Definite danger menaced the Khedive and those who were loyal to him. On June 11, 1882, a mob at Alexandria murdered some fifty Europeans and severely wounded the British consul. Outbreaks and murders in other places seemed to indicate that the expected reign of anarchy had arrived. Egyptian soldiers were working night and day at the harbor

fortifications and at batteries commanding the fleet. If action were contemplated at all — if the Dual Control meant anything — then now was certainly the moment for a definite blow. Sharp orders came at last from England, and early in July the British admiral advised those on shore that unless work on the batteries was discontinued he would be compelled to destroy them. On July 11 this was done, the French fleet having previously sailed away, leaving the responsibility of the action which both governments knew to be necessary to fall on England. That act of refusal ended the Dual Control. England had taken on herself the burden of restoring order in Egypt.¹

The result is one of the most instructive cases on record of what might be called constructive imperialism. Perhaps the greatest single difficulty in England's way lay in the fact that she never has had a free hand. Egypt has never been a colony or dependency; only since the outbreak of the Great War has there even been a protectorate. Nominally and in great part actually Egypt was until 1914 an autonomous province of the Ottoman Empire, the British control over her international relations and the advising power of the British Consul General at Cairo being largely a matter of tacit understanding. The ancient Capitulations by which the subjects of something

¹ See Cromer, *Modern Egypt*, Parts I-II.

like twenty-three different powers were outside the jurisdiction of the Egyptian courts made it difficult to maintain order, and the universally understood reality of the British power did not obviate the inconvenience of its informal basis and jealously limited scope.

Yet the system had its advantages even from the British point of view. The English in Egypt were advisers, protectors, inspectors; but the country was and is administered by Egyptians. Most of the offices are held by sons of the soil, and an elected Legislative Council has helped to train the people in the difficult and unfamiliar art of politics. It is true that British influence penetrates the whole machinery of state, but it is influence, not management. The deposition of the last Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, in 1914, the cutting loose from Turkish suzerainty, the nomination of a Sultan, and the proclamation of a British protectorate did not change a single essential fact. Egypt is still governed by Egyptians instead of by Turks, even though English inspectors guard the treasury and the tax-payers from rapacity and dishonesty, and though a British High Commissioner is there to give suggestion and advice to the Sultan.

From 1883 to 1907 the man at the helm in Egypt was Evelyn Baring, better known now as the Earl of Cromer, and it is he more than any other one man who must be

regarded as the creator of the Egypt of to-day. His status in the Egyptian government was simply that of British Consul General, and nominally his power was limited to advice and suggestion. Actually, however, his word was almost law, not simply because he was backed by the power of Britain but because of his amazing aptitude for the great task of the redemption of Egypt. Aided by a small group of expert colleagues and assistants who looked up to him as their all-wise chief he set himself to the task of clearing away the rubbish of ages, of placing Egyptian finance, justice, agriculture and public health on a sound foundation, and making the country (*Caisse de la Dette*) representing the six great powers. an orderly, prosperous, happy and self-respecting state.

In the field of finance he had to start from the bottom, and had, moreover, to work under the constant and jealous veto power of the commissioners of the public debt. Egypt was almost bankrupt, and the people — working under conditions that had been little if at all improved since the age of the pyramid-builders — were oppressed by a heavy taxation and a corrupt officialdom that made life a never-ending and soul-numbing labor of Sisyphus, hopeless and crushing. To increase the revenues and to escape insolvency it was necessary both to economize in expenditure and to develop the country's resources.

By the London Convention of 1885 an arrangement was agreed upon by the Powers which provided a working basis for financial reconstruction. The interest on bonds was lowered and the public debt was consolidated. A definite proportion of the annual budget was assigned to the *Caisse de la Dette*, and the remainder to current expenses. If the cost of administration in any year should exceed the appropriation and the amount assigned to the *Caisse* should exceed the interest charges the government could ask for a grant from the commissioners. If the *Caisse* still had a surplus it was divided evenly between the two funds, half being devoted to the reduction of the debt and half to expenses. But to make this workable nine additional millions had to be borrowed to get rid of a number of extravagant short loans and miscellaneous debts incurred by Ismail, and of the nine million pounds the Egyptian government managed to secure one million for the repair and completion of the Delta Barrage and the clearing of the canals. On the face of it the spending of this million looked like extravagance; in reality it was an investment that was to yield more than one hundred per cent. return within two years.

The recovery of Egypt's solvency might be traced in an apparently dry but really illuminating page of figures, — illuminating because every pound saved meant a bur-

den taken from the backs of the people, and because every pound spent on irrigation, roads and canals meant a permanent addition to the country's wealth. But we shall be content to sum up the general result. First, the revenue has increased by leaps and bounds. Second, the taxation has been diminished and at the same time reapportioned to rest less heavily on the peasants. Third, the four great dams, the Delta Barrage and the huge dams at Assiut, Esneh and Assouan, have increased the cultivable area of Egypt by much more than a million acres and have paid for their cost many times over. Fourth, by adding to the annual expenditure the sum of about 400,000 pounds the government has been able to abolish the *Corvée*, forced labor on clearing canals and on public works of all kinds,—a terrible burden which had rested on the fellahin of Egypt for uncounted ages.

Among the visible results of the British occupation the most impressive, no doubt, is the improvement in irrigation. The ancient system of irrigation in Egypt was the simple process of holding back as much as possible of the Nile's annual overflow in basins of all sizes and using this reserved water during the dry season. In the days of Mehemet Ali (1843) the Delta Barrage was commenced, damming the Nile near Cairo in order to regulate the irrigation of the most fertile and populous portion of the

country.¹ It was completed in 1861, but was found immediately to be of faulty construction. The masonry began to crack and the whole structure to settle. Within a few years it was a mere mass of useless stone and concrete, an impressive monument of the mismanagement and corruption of the old régime, while the fertile but thirsty lands of the Delta slowly deteriorated and the cotton growers found their burden becoming steadily heavier. In 1883 the new administration faced the situation. Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, an Anglo-Indian irrigation expert, was summoned to take charge of the matter. Within ten years the Barrage had been patched up, the foundations practically rebuilt, and the whole work strengthened. The maximum head of water held up by the dam in 1863 before its collapse had been 5 feet 9 inches. In 1890 it was holding 9 feet 10 inches, and the year after it held 13 feet with no difficulty. The effect may be stated in figures. The original cost had been 1,800,000 pounds plus a vast levy of forced labor. The cost of the improvement under British management was less than 500,000 pounds. The increased production in cotton

¹ The fan-shaped area below Cairo known as Lower Egypt or the Delta has a population of about 5,500,000, and there is grown the greater part of the cotton which is Egypt's staple industry. Upper Egypt, the long narrow strip of valley between Cairo and Assouan (500 miles), has a population of something over 4,700,000.

alone was estimated at about £800,000 annually, even in 1889, while the work was still incomplete.

But there still remained great areas of land in the Nile valley which only needed water to redeem them from the desert. In 1902 were completed the dams at Assouan, the ancient Syene, 500 miles above Cairo, and at Assiut, half way between Assouan and the apex of the Delta. An additional barrage was completed at Esneh in 1909. The Assouan dam alone increased the cultivable area of the country by 500,000 acres, and this was doubled by the further additions of 1912. It is now proposed to add to these works a further dam at the Victoria Nyanza which will bridle the Nile still more effectively and substitute for the annual inundation of the father of waters an immense system of perennial irrigation.

Perhaps not even irrigation has done so much for the lasting good of Egypt as the steady wiping out of the tradition of corruption, incapacity, and government in the interests of a single class. For the first time in ages the cultivator can calculate to a fraction what he will have to pay in rent and taxes, and can contemplate with amazement the phenomenon of increased production and diminished taxation. For the first time in ages forced labor for the government is unknown. If foreign control irritates the official classes — themselves nearly all

Turks, Armenians, Albanians or Greeks under the old régime — it is a matter of supreme indifference to the mass of the people. Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines and Turks had ruled Egypt for over two thousand years before the days of Cromer and Kitchener, and the English protectorate is an insignificant detail to a population that has never known political freedom. And the English, for their part, are interested only in Egypt becoming a stable, law-abiding and self-respecting state. The Suez Canal brought them there, and now they stay partly because of the Canal, partly because there is work to be done. But they do not govern the country; they have never annexed it; and they probably never will. As far as the Empire is concerned Egypt is a protégé and a vitally important station on the road to the East.

The real crises of modern Egyptian history are then crises of finance and administration, of the clearing of canals and the building of dams, not of battles and international rivalries. Yet Egypt has had her frontier question also, and it is an instructive one. Indeed the story of the valley of the Nile in the last forty years is one of the best illustrations in history of the curious way in which events, themselves unlooked for and apparently accidental, may lead with inexorable certainty to undesired and disconcerting results. It is a lesson already

seen in the conquest of India, but it is worth while to look for a moment at the case of the Soudan. So let us turn to the first problem that Mr. Gladstone and his cabinet had to face in Egypt after Wolseley had finally broken Arabi's resistance at Tel-el-Kebir, and after Tewfik Pasha had seated himself securely once more on his shaken throne in a humbled and more or less relieved Cairo.

In 1881, when Egypt was growing more and more restless each month, there arose a prophet at Dongola on the Nile whom the world came to know as El Mahdi. Seldom has a deliverer been more needed by a wretched people than by the Soudanese when El Mahdi began to preach his fiery gospel. Conquered in 1819 by the son of Mehemet Ali, the Soudan had been held more or less insecurely since by a government which was ambitious beyond its capacity, and which would better have sought to govern Egypt alone adequately than to control the desert region of the Upper Nile. "I look upon the possession of the Soudan," said Gladstone before the Khartoum tragedy had made the whole problem an English one, "as the calamity of Egypt. It has been a drain on her treasury, it has been a drain on her men. It is estimated that one hundred thousand Egyptians have laid down their lives in endeavoring to maintain that barren conquest." But far from abandoning the Soudan as the century went

on the dominion of Egypt was extended in the days of Ismail over Darfur and Kordofan. Not that the Egyptians could fight better than the Soudanese, but they had the advantage of a more advanced civilization, and the savage, divided, quarrelsome tribes were overcome one by one by the better disciplined, better led, though less warlike forces from the north. But to divide and conquer was an easy task compared with the steady, never-ending burden of government. The officials and soldiers sent from Cairo were practically licensed brigands who wrought their pleasure on the unhappy Soudanese unchecked by Pasha or Khedive. Only while Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan (practically 1874-9) was there any real attempt to fulfill the duties of a sovereign power to its subjects, and six months' absence of his strong hand and incorruptible soul left matters in as intolerable shape as ever. No wonder then that chiefs and warriors all over that vast area should turn with eagerness towards the Prophet of Dongola, as he preached crusade and deliverance from the hated yoke of Egypt.

Up to the summer of 1882 England had no responsibility, no power and no knowledge of the Soudan. The personality of Gordon interested his countrymen, and they read with admiring pride the occasional newspaper jottings of his achievements in distant Africa as the good

people of Pennsylvania or Texas might glow over the doings of some brave American adventurer in China or Morocco. But Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir changed the situation. Without being nominally or actually in charge of the administration of Egypt, Baring in Cairo and Gladstone in London yet were in a position distantly resembling that of Clive in Bengal after Plassey, and before many weeks they had to determine the character of the advice they were prepared to give regarding the Soudan. Gladstone's feeling about its value to Egypt we have noted, and with this sentiment Baring and his associates agreed. But to make this feeling effective and authoritative in a country in which England had no legal power was a matter of some delicacy. The prime minister knew the abyss towards which the relentless current of events was drifting him, and he resisted it with all his strength, even in the face of a crisis. For the rapid disappearance of the old tribal divisions and the formation of a great empire under El Mahdi made the matter a pressing one. Instant offensive action was demanded if the Soudan was to be held, and such action, in spite of the recommendations of the English statesmen — and as yet they hesitated to do more than recommend — was decided on by the government of the Khedive. An able English officer in the Egyptian service, General Hicks,

was commissioned to check the Mahdi and reconquer the Soudan. This Gladstone should doubtless have forbidden, but he still hoped that England might soon leave Egypt entirely alone, and desired not to assume any responsibility that might be thought to imply a claim of over-lordship. So Hicks went forth with his Egyptians, won some small successes, and finally on the fifth of November, 1883, was destroyed with his entire force by the fierce-fighting followers of El Mahdi.

Action by England now was imperative if she was to assume, as was unavoidable, any responsibility whatever for the defense of Egypt. In January, 1884, Gordon himself wrote to Lord Granville that the Soudan ever was and ever would be a useless possession and that the only wise or even possible policy was that of evacuation. To do this there was practically no disagreement. But at Khartoum and at points throughout the Soudan there were still to be considered the Egyptian garrisons, soon to be surrounded and annihilated by the fast rising tide of the Prophet's power. Should not some responsible officer be sent to Khartoum to carry through the evacuation and bring away the garrisons from the abandoned posts? This decision was by no means an easy one. But after anxious debate it was at last decided to send Gordon to evacuate the Soudan. Wolseley — the victor of

Tel-el-Kebir, now commander-in-chief — brought Gordon to the room in which a committee of the cabinet were sitting, went in to confer with them, came out soon and said to Gordon — as the latter himself reports the conversation, “Government are determined to evacuate the Soudan, for they will not guarantee the government. Will you go and do it?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Go in.” I went in and saw them. They said, “Did Wolseley tell you our orders?” I said, “Yes.” I said, “You will not guarantee future government of the Soudan, and you wish me to go up and evacuate now.” They said, “Yes,” and it was over, and I left at 8 p. m. for Calais. Not a complete version of the conversation, as we know, but sufficient, and the tragedy was begun.

The dreary tale of the next twelve months must be told briefly. Gordon did go to Khartoum, and there soon changed his mind with the impulsiveness which was characteristic of him regarding the whole purpose of his mission. Instead of proceeding with the evacuation he decided to stay and crush El Mahdi. On his way to Cairo he had written, “The Soudan is a useless possession; ever was and ever will be so. I think Her Majesty’s government are fully justified in recommending the evacuation, inasmuch as the sacrifices necessary towards securing a good government would be far too onerous to

admit of any such attempt being made. Indeed, one may say it is impracticable at any cost. Her Majesty's government will now leave them as God has placed them." Before the end of February he had abandoned this in favor of British suzerainty. In March he was enthusiastically preparing to "smash up the Mahdi." By May he was shut up in Khartoum, and the cabinet in London was considering a relief expedition.

Early in April it was seen that this might be necessary, but many of those who had watched the matter from the beginning were still unconvinced that Gordon could not leave Khartoum—a matter in which there was radical difference of opinion. Indeed there is little doubt that he could have brought his whole garrison safely back to Egypt early in the year if he had not changed his purpose from evacuation to attack. Six or eight years earlier his prestige in the Soudan had been immense; it had enabled him then to work miracles against the forces of disorder; but he did not realize how helpless he or any one else might be when pitted against the wild fighters of the Soudan and the equatorial provinces united and maddened by the fierce enthusiasm of a holy war. If escape from Khartoum might have been effected in March, the gate was certainly closed by June and by the end of that month there was no hope except through the relief

force. But this was a matter of immense difficulty, unanticipated and unprovided for. Gladstone was blamed by the English people for slowness, but all our admiration of Gordon's heroism should not blind us to the fact that he had done precisely what he had been told not to do, and that the whole terrible situation of the summer of 1884 was something of which the British premier and his advisers had never dreamed.

Much time was spent during the early summer in the consideration of the best route to Khartoum — a matter in which there was radical difference of opinion among the men who knew most about it. The Nile route was decided on finally at the end of July. Wolseley was at Cairo ready to start on the ninth of September and at Wady Halfa on the fifth of October. And then came the slow, heart-breaking task of ascending the cataracts, sweeps of rapids and falls seamed with rocks, where the boats had to be pulled up by ropes for mile on mile against the fierce current, guided by Canadian voyageurs.¹ Early in December the relief force reached the bend of the Nile beyond Dongola, where it sweeps down in a great elbow from Abu Hamed before flowing northward

¹ The fourth cataract, between Dongola and Abu Hamed, drops one hundred and sixty feet in sixty-eight miles; the fifth, between Abu Hamed and Berber, two hundred feet in one hundred miles.

again toward the sea. To continue the climb up the fourth cataract to Abu Hamed and then toil on through the fifth to Berber and the sixth to Khartoum was practically to throw away all chance of success. So at Korti a flying column was formed to speed across the desert and strike the Nile again at Metemneh, a little below the doomed city. A swift march, broken by fierce fighting, brought the little army to the point where four steamers sent by Gordon awaited them, and on January 24 two of them, with twenty-six British soldiers and two hundred and forty faithful Soudanese on board, set out up the river to reconnoiter. On the 28th, as they sighted Omdurman they heard an occasional shout from the bank telling them that Khartoum was fallen and Gordon dead. But not until they forced their way nearer and under heavy fire anxiously swept the city with their telescopes searching in vain for the Government house and the flag that had waved there so many weary months, did the grief-stricken men who had tried so hard to save Gordon realize that their long struggle had been in vain. They at least had done their best, and had done it nobly. But they were just three days too late.

So El Mahdi's empire swept unchecked up to Wady Halfa, and his triumphant followers carried their spears and their war-cry to the very gates of defeated Egypt,

while far-away England mourned her hero and looked bitterly up the valley of the Nile into the savage darkness of the Soudan. Year after year passed and as the wild neighborhood of the dervishes became more and more insupportable the old law that forbids a permanently stationary line between civilization and savagery came slowly into operation. Bit by bit the steel road crept south, bit by bit Egypt hurled the raids from the Soudan farther back, until at last Kitchener stood victorious on the field of Omdurman, the Union Jack waved over Gordon's grave, and Gordon's own dream of a crushed Mahdi and a restored British rule in the Soudan was fulfilled.

Nothing could have been less planned by England than the occupation of Egypt and the conquest of the Soudan. The greatest of anti-imperialistic British statesmen presided over the councils of Britain when the order was issued to bombard Alexandria. The event that led to the conquest of the Soudan was the mission of Gordon for its evacuation. The defense of Egypt is rendered necessary only by the enormous importance of that which is commanded by the citadel of Cairo — the Suez Canal, built by Frenchmen. The canal is important because it leads to the East, and the East means Australia — casually discovered and casually colonized, and India — conquered

by a trading company in defiance of orders. Nothing less like a coherent, well-planned whole could be imagined. Every stone in the structure seems an accident.

Yet looking at it now we see no ill-ordered confusion, but a great and peaceful empire in which each part fills its place as if a master-builder had put it there. And one may at last see that the result is no accident at all. For if it is true that each link in the chain was unplanned, and if it is true that the intervention of 1881-2 brought unlooked-for results, it is also true that England accepted those results without weakness, took over the new responsibilities without dismay, and settled down to the task forced on her,—the regeneration first of Egypt and then of the Soudan. Gladstone's anxious foreboding has become a fact. But it is a fact no longer viewed with gloom but with the satisfaction of a laborer in work well done.

XIII

IMPERIAL PROBLEMS: THE CASE OF IRELAND

Imperialism is no longer a policy. It is a fact. But it is a fact of such recent realization that its problems are by no means all settled, and some of them are sufficiently perplexing. The question of imperial coördination and administration has hardly even been faced. The danger of conflict with other expanding powers is a constant one, is indeed one of the elements in the present war; it has been frequently averted by treaties or arrangements more or less temporary in character as difficulties have arisen, but it is a real and terrible menace. The moral danger of arrogance is perhaps less acute than it was a generation or so since, grave as it still seems to many thoughtful minds. But the most specific and insistent problem of empire is no doubt the tangible and ever-varying problem of the treatment of alien peoples who in one way or another come within the "sphere of influence" of the expanding power.

England had to face this in a practical way long before she was capable of any lofty or altruistic conception

of imperial responsibility, for she had to adjust her national existence to that of three other peoples within the British Isles,—the Welsh, the Scottish and the Irish. All hated the conquering Saxon. All were separated from their neighbors by fundamental differences in temperament and traditions. All carried on bitter war against the English for many centuries. Yet finally all were united in the present partnership of the four peoples. The union has been hardly an unqualified success, but still it does in its own way represent a real triumph in adjustment and conciliation. While the Welsh and the Scots would indignantly repudiate the name of Englishmen, they have permanently buried the hatchet; retaining all of their pride of race, they yet regard the English with some condescension, perhaps, but with a thoroughgoing and often intense friendliness. With the Irish it has been otherwise. Bitterly resenting the fact that their union with Great Britain was the result of armed conquest, having no soothing memories of a Bannockburn, of Stuart and Tudor kings, they have never been quite willing to let bygones be bygones. No other part of the British Empire offers difficulties quite so perplexing as the ever-present problem of Ireland. For she is at once a conquered province and an equal partner. And the fact does not obliterate the memory.

There are three clearly marked methods of dealing with an alien and conquered race. One is absolute and complete repression, including the annihilation, so far as possible, of native language and laws; one is admission to equality with the rulers; and one is a compromise, the conquerors retaining the administration of laws and government but leaving the conquered their language and their local customs, perhaps even associating them with the government in a subordinate or advisory way. Britain has used all of these methods in the past. At present her policy is to abandon the method of repression and to aim at the immediate or ultimate free equality of all citizens of the empire. And the curious result is that this policy of freedom has brought the empire face to face with a problem as difficult as it is inevitable, a problem still unsolved in at least two portions of the British dominions.

For in administration of any kind, political, industrial, educational or domestic, autocracy is infinitely simpler than democracy, repression than freedom. A little liberty is as dangerous as a little learning and is just as apt to intoxicate the brain. Our anarchist brethren would continue the quotation and remind us that if shallow draughts intoxicate, drinking largely will sober us again; that complete liberty like broad learning is the best cor-

rective alike of erratic action and unbalanced thought. But the world has hitherto not thought it wise to try the experiment, and Rousseau's free child of nature is still a shadowy creature of the radical pamphleteer and the soap-box orator rather than of practical life. We reject Prussianism but we equally reject anarchism. We believe in democracy, and on the whole it justifies our faith. But it is futile to pretend that democracy and empire make an easy team to handle. Autocracy solves the problem by the crude method of force. Anarchism would solve it by ignoring it. We have chosen the difficult task of compromise, of clinging to both liberty and law.

So that, rightly or wrongly, our western democracies combine much restraint with much liberty, and the policy of America, Britain and France in their ordinary government is in this regard the policy of the British Empire. The average American or Englishman enjoys the liberty and is hardly aware of the restraint. He is living in his normal world, and he has grown so accustomed to its restrictions that he tends to forget their existence or to extol them as standing for "law and order." But it is not long since Americans were appalled at the thought that they might be forced into a conquest of Mexico, and all the waving of the flag, all the impassioned periods of editors and orators could not remove the weight of the

burden that seemed imminent,—not the burden of conquest but the burden of rule. For they realized, if vaguely, that not the gift of all that means liberty to the citizen of Massachusetts or of Iowa would atone to the Mexican for the things, unappreciated by Americans, that he would lose by annexation to the United States. If President, Congress and local authorities were all incarnations of Jefferson and Lincoln they would yet be “Gringos,” and their benevolent rule would be seen as a hateful tyranny.

This imagined case of Mexico is perhaps extreme. But it may help us to appreciate in a measure the cases of Quebec and Ireland. Of Quebec we have already spoken. This French province of Canada, in which language, laws and customs were left untouched, in which a freedom of speech and action unknown under the government of Louis XIV or of Louis XV became a commonplace under the British flag, in which the coming of representative government included Canadians of French and British descent on absolutely equal terms, is yet a center of restless disaffection. When all Canada seethed with eager loyalty to the empire at the opening of the Great War, Quebec stood aloof and complained that those of her children who had moved to the Ontario side of the Ottawa River were compelled by the Ontario

school regulations to learn English. When Belgium was overwhelmed by the German Fury, when northeastern France was devastated, when western liberty stood at bay before the relentless onset of the Prussian legions, the orators and newspapers of French Canada hotly declared that they cared for none of these things if Ontario was to be permitted to make English the exclusive language of Ontario schools. The phenomenon is unintelligible to the rest of Canada, an enigma to the world. Yet the failure of Prussian methods of repression in Alsace-Lorraine and in Poland should make us hesitate to condemn the more magnanimous policy of Britain. It is true that here the gift of free speech and of self-government would seem to have failed. Nor do we venture in academic arrogance to suggest a remedy. We are simply stating the facts and the problem.

The problem of Ireland is only more acute than that of Quebec because of the geographical nearness of Ireland to Great Britain and because of the world-wide fame of the Irish race. Politically, Ireland has been a source of distress and boundless worry; yet the English, like the rest of the world, bow in an enthusiasm that they do not try to modify or conceal before the radiant genius of the Irish people. If the English despised them, hated them, were indifferent to them, the problem would be

less acute. If the Irish were less active, less virile, less compelling, they could be ignored or disciplined. But they cannot be ignored and they cannot be disciplined. Ireland is like a brilliant, mercurial, passionate and lovable convalescent, her temper soured by pain and unsoothed by sympathy, uncertain as to what she wants, unwilling to seem grateful for favors because she views favors as rights, sure only of her discontent and intent only on assuring her legal guardian of undying enmity. The case is a peculiarly instructive one and is worth some examination. Few histories are more tragic; none have a more direct bearing on the problems of to-day.

Ireland, never a province of Rome, never touched by the Germanic invasions until the Danish inroads of the ninth century and never really conquered even by the Danes, never organized on an imperial or feudal basis, was up to the year 1171 politically outside the European system. A land of patriarchal democracy, peopled by a loose aggregation of clans, a nation but hardly a state, famous for her craftsmen and her saints, her minstrels and her scholars, she tempted the cupidity of a too powerful neighbor. In an age when might was right the world over and justice the interest of the stronger, Ireland was attacked and superficially conquered by the Norman-Angevin rulers who had conquered England herself a

century before. The invasion and subjugation of Ireland by the Earl of Pembroke and Henry II was on the same level of justice as the conquest of England by Duke William. But it involved a much more fundamental change in the social and political life of the conquered people. For the Norman conquest of Ireland meant the establishment of feudalism and personal rule in place of the old clan system with its tribal land tenure, a change far deeper than the mere assertion of dominion and felt as an insult by every tenant and every chief in Ireland. In England, Saxons, Normans and Angevins were gradually assimilated into one people, not without some bitterness indeed but without any permanent ill result. In Ireland there were some then and later who made their peace with the conquerors, but the greater part of the people yielded only to force, and yielded with a watchful and sullen eye to future rebellion. From the twelfth century to the nineteenth the history of Ireland is a history of repression and revolt.

It is difficult to think of a parallel case. It is true that there have been other conquests that have involved almost or quite as fundamental a conflict. War always means suffering, and defeat always means bitterness, but most conquered peoples have in time forgotten their scars and adapted themselves to the situation. Indeed, a long pe-

riod of friction, resentment and non-adjustment is a rare phenomenon in history. So rare that every student of Irish history is tempted to make the same comment,—that the curse of Ireland lay in the fact that she was neither conquered nor unconquered, neither subject nor free. The English influence was always there, a perpetual insult and a perpetual challenge, but it was never absolutely dominant,—not, at any rate, until the mischief was done—and it was always repressive. The rising of a chieftain or of a group of chieftains would be put down by armed force and would be accompanied and followed by devastation and suffering. But it was ever a case of the mailed fist and nothing else; the restive victim was struck down, punished, and then left alone; there was never any attempt at permanent organization, at intelligent or sympathetic government. Ireland unconquered might have worked out her own salvation; Ireland conquered might have become an Anglo-Irish dominion in which the strength and virtues of both peoples might have been merged as they and other peoples are merged now in the colonies and the United States;¹ but Ireland half-conquered meant perpetual irritation, perpetual conflict, perpetual antagonism between alien and native. The Normans and English who were given

¹ This is brilliantly questioned by Mrs. J. R. Green, "Irish Nationality."

lands in Ireland aided not a whit in assimilation. For some remained alien, holding their lands by force, viewed by the Irish as intruders, and some became adjusted to their new environment and gradually became themselves Irish — like the Fitzpatricks, the Fitzgeralds and the Burkes.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century made a bad situation infinitely worse. Ireland remained faithful to the Roman Catholic communion. England became predominantly Protestant. So that when the generals of Queen Elizabeth really did complete at last the subjugation of the island religious persecution was added to the bitter antagonism of four centuries. Moreover Catholic and discontented Ireland became a menace, a possible ally of Spain, a weak point in British defense against attack, to be chained, weakened, paralyzed in every possible way. James I tried the method of plantation somewhat as Imperial Germany has tried it in the Polish provinces of Prussia and with much the same measure of success. A section of Ulster was colonized with English and Scotch settlers, and in some respects the colony did become what it was intended to become, a little new Britain, a stronghold of loyalty and of Protestantism planted in the midst of a bitterly resentful native population. But the evil was increased, not diminished, by the plantation of Ulster.

In the civil wars the Ulstermen fought for Cromwell and King William while the Irish stood by the Stuarts and shared in their ruin. With the battle of the Boyne (1690) and the surrender of Limerick the doom of Ireland was sealed. There was indeed a furious insurrection in 1798 and there have been the Fenian risings of 1867 and the Sinn Fein outburst of 1916, but these were hopeless from the outset. To all intents and purposes Ireland was definitely a conquered province at the end of the seventeenth century. And in the conquest, extending over six centuries, one is at a loss to think of any blunder or of any crime that the conquerors had failed to commit.

But if we have to account for Ireland's present ills quite largely by the evil record that begins with Pembroke's invasion of 1171 and ends with the Treaty of Limerick we can not, unfortunately, draw a line at 1691. The conquest was no doubt completed. But the Treaty, containing at least some promise of fair treatment, was set aside as unauthorized. The policy of persecution and relentless oppression continued without intermission during the eighteenth century. The Irish became "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their conquerors. They were held down by what an English historian has called "the most terrible legal tyranny under which a nation has ever groaned." Everything that ignorance,

indifference, contempt and intolerance could devise was done to keep Ireland's wounds open and bleeding. Legislative autonomy was conceded, indeed, in 1782, when England was fighting a losing battle with France, Spain and America and could ill afford to spend any strength in misgoverning Ireland; from 1782 to 1801 there was a relatively free Irish Parliament in Dublin; but bribery and false promises ended Home Rule in 1801, and the nineteenth century opened with the ills of Ireland apparently as far from settlement as ever.

These ills may be summed up in a paragraph. One was religious, and was a grievance shared by the Catholics of England. By the existing laws no Roman Catholic could enter the House of Commons, could hold public office, could serve on a jury, could enter a university or could plead at the bar. No Catholic could buy land or bequeath it by will. And to make the religious disabilities more exasperating, Catholic and Protestant dissenters alike were forced to pay tithes for the maintenance of an established church that commanded the loyalty of an insignificant minority of the Irish people. Secondly, there was the ever present land question. The land was almost all held by absentee landlords. Rents were heavy and were raised at the slightest appearance of increased value, so that all inducement to improve land or dwellings was

taken away. Evictions were apt to be enforced at a day's notice, either for non-payment of rent or because the landlord might wish to open an area of land for pasture. Hardly any farms were held in proprietorship, so that the vast majority of the people — forced into agriculture by the jealous crushing out of Irish industry — were at the mercy of the landowners, few of whom lived on their land or cared a jot about anything in Ireland but their rents. Thirdly, there was the intangible but powerful sentiment of nationality. In spite of ages of brutal repression the Irish loved their country and longed for liberation from the blind misrule of England.

Yet two things are to be remembered: first, that not all the Englishmen who crossed the Irish Sea were tyrants, and second, that the Irish, gifted as they were with an often irrepressible good-nature and lightness of heart, did not all or always hate the English. Many of the ruling race learned to love and admire the sons of Erin. Many of the Irish went boldly over to England and won fame and fortune among their oppressors without any sacrifice of principle,—men like Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith. Thousands of Irishmen entered the British army and fought gallantly and loyally under the flag that bore the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. For half unconsciously they saw that the

tyranny that was crushing Ireland was the tyranny of a small class, and was quite largely a tyranny of insular prejudice, of unthinking ignorance, rather than of wanton malice or cruelty. A betterment of the whole situation would become possible when the English should themselves become free and should awaken to a wider outlook, a deeper and fuller humanity.

We have already noted the beginning of the change in English public life in the twenties of the nineteenth century. Nothing in the history of the last hundred and fifty years is more enthralling than the study of the slow breaking down of the old artificial narrowness of the English "upper classes," the gradual and steady appearance of a new idealism, a noble if still conservative spiritual life. It had already found expression in the religious revival led by the Wesleys, in the self-sacrificing work of Howard and Wilberforce, in the stern realism of Hogarth, in the lofty poetry of Wordsworth, and in the passionate songs of Keats and Shelley before it began to undermine the firmly based power of the ruling oligarchy. But after 1822 the walls of Toryism began to crumble. Unconquerable by forces from without, they were moved and shaken by the resistless power of an awakening people, as a mighty tower may be riven by the roots and stem of a slow-growing oak.

At this critical moment Ireland found her leader. Much had been done in paving the way, in removing prejudice and in awakening a half-unwilling sympathy, by the personality and oratory of Henry Grattan. The foremost figure of the Dublin Parliament before the Union, an unswerving advocate of Catholic emancipation, Grattan died in 1820 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. But even Grattan would have found the leadership in the final campaign for emancipation too tremendous a task, and it was well for Ireland that a leader now arose who precisely fitted the occasion. Daniel O'Connell, unlike Grattan, was a Catholic. He studied in Belgium and France, adopted the legal profession, practiced it so far as the laws would permit, and early became a member of a society organized to promote the cause of liberation. His marvelous gifts of popular oratory soon brought him to the front, and the two causes that he advocated were never again to be forgotten or ignored in either Ireland or England until victory was finally achieved,—Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Union.

Only the former did O'Connell live to see, and it was brought about wholly by his own genius for leadership. In a series of great meetings he had aroused and unified Irish enthusiasm, keeping absolutely within the limits of

the law, until the very force of his own personality as the leader of a united people began to shake the stubborn resolve of his opponents. Then at the psychological moment he took action. He offered himself as candidate for the county of Clare, was elected, presented himself at the House of Commons, refused to take the prescribed oath, and was ordered to withdraw. The election was annulled and the seat declared vacant. But once more he stood for the seat, once more he was elected, and the government realized that a force had arisen in Ireland, backed by a strong and growing English public opinion, which could be crushed only by civil war. The two men at the head of the administration, conservative as they were, were neither unintelligent nor unrighteous, and the surrender of Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington marked the end of the battle. The laws against Roman Catholics were repealed (1829) as were also the similar laws that had been directed against Protestant dissenters. And the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland two generations later ended the religious oppression that had so sorely tested the faith of the Irish people for two hundred years.

There remained the land question and the demand for Home Rule. On both of these the fight was long and bitter. The evils were manifest. But the settlement of

the land question involved the hostility of the whole landed interest of the two islands, and the movement for Home Rule was attacked as a menace to the unity of the empire and the safety of England. Moreover the Protestants of Ulster set their face steadily against the repeal of the Union on the ground that in an Irish Parliament they — the wealthiest and most prosperous portion of the Irish people — would be left helpless, subject to the tyranny of a hostile and revengeful majority. Yet both movements went on, and thoughtful people in England realized increasingly that no arguments could be valid that tended to perpetuate the misery and resentment of a whole people. Outbreaks, riots, outrages, executions did harm in exciting fiercer passions, did good in driving home to the English the profound evil of the situation. In tens of thousands the Irish migrated to the United States and the colonies. And at last in the decade of the sixties the most brilliant and popular English statesman of the nineteenth century resolved to try the experiment of facing the Irish question from the Irish point of view, of legislating in the interests of the Irish as a whole rather than in the interests of a small class or of England.

Gladstone's first achievement in his new adventure was the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the last relic of religious oppression. Then he turned to the land ques-

tion. The demands of the Irish had been formulated in the "three F's" of the Tenant-Right League,—fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale. Such a slogan seemed even to Gladstone incompatible with the rights of property, but at the same time the Irish Land Act of 1870 did try to face the issue. It encouraged long leases, recognized the principle of "fair rent" by government valuation, gave the tenant the right to claim compensation for eviction, and opened the way to free purchase and sale by offering to advance to a tenant two-thirds of the purchase money to be repaid at the rate of five per cent. per annum spread over thirty-five years. This was not final, but it was a fair start towards the creation of a peasant proprietary. Its weakness lay in the permission given the landlords to evade the Act by "free contract" with the tenant and its vagueness as regards fair rent.

It was not to be expected that this first attempt to settle the land question would work. As a matter of fact it failed utterly. Poverty, famine, evictions and emigration marked the seventies as they had the sixties. In 1879 the Land League was formed with Charles Stewart Parnell as its first President and Michael Davitt as its chief agitator. And in 1881 Gladstone brought in a second Land Bill, recognizing definitely the "three F's" and making a bolder effort both to fix rents and to facilitate purchase.

From 1881 to Wyndham's Land Purchase Act of 1903 a series of measures, each seeking patiently to remedy the faults of its predecessors, have gradually eliminated the land grievance from Irish politics. The result was thus stated by the late John Redmond in a speech in Detroit in 1910: "I desire to put before you, in plain business-like language, what the last ten years have accomplished for Ireland. . . . Over one-half of Ireland the tillers of the soil are absolute owners. In a few short years the whole of the land of Ireland will be free once and forever of landlordism. . . . A few short years, and the land question in Ireland, that fruitful source of poverty, starvation, misery, bloodshed, and crime, will have absolutely passed away. And with the passing away of that system, will have passed the chief cause which kept the Irish people, not only poverty-stricken, but enslaved."

There remained the question of Home Rule. From one point of view there was no more reason for an Irish agitation for Home Rule than for a similar agitation in Scotland or Wales. When Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill in 1886 the British government represented four partners, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, as it does still (May, 1918). None of these have Home Rule. All are governed by the united Parliament meeting at Westminster. So that the difference between

Canada, for instance, and Ireland is not that Canada is free and Ireland oppressed, but that Canada governs herself without representation in the council of the empire while Ireland is a member of the Imperial Parliament, the second member, moreover, with 103 members to Scotland's 72. The only sense in which it can be said that Ireland is governed by England is the sense in which the Bronx may be said to be governed by Manhattan; for naturally the English members, representing thirty-five millions, can outvote the Irish members, representing less than five millions. As a matter of fact, however, this disparity of numbers is usually nullified. The English members never by any chance vote *en bloc*; they are split normally into two approximately equal parties, so that the Irish Nationalists have a power in the House far beyond their actual voting strength in the United Kingdom. They have frequently held the balance, and have determined the continuance or the fall of a government.

To speak of Ireland as subject to the hated Saxon rule, to imagine her in chains, is then hardly consistent with the truth. As a matter of fact it is Scotland, not Ireland, that has a grievance. Ireland, with a smaller population than Scotland, is represented by 103 members to Scotland's 72, and the Scottish taxpayers have joined with the English to help the Irish peasants purchase their land.

So that some of the Scots have complained, not without reason, that Ireland is now a spoiled child rather than an oppressed victim, a complaint that was given new force when a Parliament in which the Irish held the balance of power applied conscription to England, Scotland and Wales, leaving Ireland exempt. Yet the fact remains that Ireland has a basis for her never ceasing cry for autonomy *in the simple fact that she wants it*. It is the firm belief of Irishmen that England and Scotland do not understand Ireland, do not look at things from her angle, cannot adequately deal with her affairs. It is true that since England revised her ancient policy, abandoned methods of repression and tried with awakened conscience and real earnestness to study Irish needs, much has been done to atone for the past and to advance the prosperity of the smaller island. It is true that terrible as were the wrongs that the older England inflicted on Ireland, yet the present generation of Englishmen are only too anxious to join hands with their Irish brethren and to give Connaught as just a government as Yorkshire. The complaints of English tyranny sound now like bursts of ill temper, twenty to forty years out of date. But the trouble is that Ireland cannot forget the past. She feels sensitive and uneasy in her union with her mighty partner, friendly now indeed but bearing a name of terror, a name

hated so long by Irishmen that suspicion still overpowers confidence. She wants Home Rule.

Since Gladstone first committed himself to the repeal of the Union the cause on which he shipwrecked his party has steadily gained ground. Under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, of Justin McCarthy, of John Redmond and their lieutenants the Nationalists have never allowed Britain for a moment to forget the existence and claims of Ireland. They might speak and vote on other topics, but they have never drifted far from the main issue. They might welcome the land acts, the local government act, the measures taken for the protection and encouragement of Irish industries, but even these never drew their eyes from the goal on which they had set their hearts. Throughout the years of debate their opponents rested their case on three fundamental arguments: Irish autonomy meant dismemberment of the empire, meant delivering over Ireland to a people openly hostile to England, and meant the sacrifice of Ulster. The first has been met by the statement that the British Empire is based on a harmony of friendly and contented self-governing nations under a common flag, not on centralization, and that the loyalty of the great colonies has made the dismemberment argument an empty anachronism. The second is answered by the statement that Ireland's hostility

survives only because Home Rule is denied her, that Canada too was restive and discontented until she was given autonomy, and that the surest way to win and hold Irish good-will is to allow her to manage her own affairs. The third is not so easily answered, and during the last ten years it has been far and away the most formidable barrier in the way of a peaceful end to the controversy.

In April, 1912, Mr. Asquith introduced a Government of Ireland Bill giving Ireland a Parliament at Dublin, responsible government (i. e. an executive on the English model, responsible to the Irish Parliament, not to the Crown) and at the same time continued representation at Westminster. That is to say, Ireland would not only receive Home Rule in the Canadian and Australian sense but would retain what Canada and Australia do not possess, a partnership in the government of the British Empire. The Bill aroused fierce resentment in Ulster,¹ and the controversy surpassed in fury anything that Parliament had seen since the Repeal of the Corn Laws, cer-

¹ We quote just two sentences from a solemn appeal adopted by the Belfast Chamber of Commerce: "We can imagine no conceivable reason — no fault that we have committed — which could justify the treatment which this Bill prepares for us. We are to be driven out of our present close connection with England and Scotland; we are to be deprived of the power to control our own future; and we are to be handed over to the government and guidance of men of whose principles we disapprove and whose capacity has never been applied towards the practical advancement of the material interests of the country."

tainly since the Gladstone-Disraeli debates of the sixties and seventies. The Unionists of the north, inspired and led by Sir Edward Carson, bound themselves by a solemn covenant never to submit to an Irish Parliament and even organized a volunteer army. Civil war seemed imminent.¹ Even the wisest statesmen of Britain were in doubt as to the best course of action, and when it seemed possible that the threatening measures of the Ulster volunteers might have to be met by an armed force some of the ablest officers of the army tendered their resignations. Suggestions were made for the exclusion of the north from the operation of the Bill for at least a limited period, but it was so difficult to find an acceptable compromise that the debate raged in Parliament and throughout the two islands with little respite for two years. Then came the outbreak of the Great War. Controversy was suddenly stilled. Nationalists and Ulstermen alike put aside their quarrel in an unprecedented burst of loyalty and enthusiasm for the common cause. The Bill was passed and became law in September, 1914, while at the same time it was temporarily suspended until its details could be agreed upon.

¹ A book issued in 1913 by Mr. Pembroke Wicks ("The Truth about Home Rule") with an approving introduction by Sir Edward Carson, closed with these ominous words: "If the Bill is persisted in, two things will be certain. There will be civil war in Ulster and an end to public confidence, security and credit throughout the rest of Ireland."

It was hoped in 1914 that the war would be a brief one. As this hope faded away the fiercer of the Nationalists began to agitate for the fulfillment of the promise conveyed in the Act. And to complicate matters a society named Sinn Fein ("ourselves alone"), whose leaders had long been the earnest and enthusiastic apostles of an Irish revival — literary, linguistic, legal, artistic and political — proclaimed a new ideal, no longer Home Rule but Irish independence.

To a mere statesman or historian absolute Irish independence is, to speak quite frankly, a chimera, and most Irishmen — whatever their feelings towards England — have so recognized it. As Captain Mahan has pointed out, the national safety of England, Scotland and Wales forbids an independent Ireland even more imperatively than the national safety of the United States forbade an independent confederacy in the South; the five millions may demand from the forty millions justice, sympathy, even autonomy, but certainly not an independence which would be a perpetual menace to Great Britain. But the dream of Sinn Fein was far more than one of political independence. It desired the reestablishment of the Irish language, Irish law, Irish land tenure, the complete rebuilding, in short, of the Irish national life shattered long ago by the Norman and Tudor conquest, the uprooting of

all that was foreign, the wiping out of eight centuries. Its finest spirits represented much that was noble in the Irish civilization, much that might be welcomed as one welcomes the revival of all the beauty and truth that is so often buried in the ruins of the past. But to the masses of the people Sinn Fein meant only the raising of the green flag, a blind crusade against the supremacy of Albion. And to many of both the friends and the enemies of Ireland the Sinn Fein movement seemed an ill-omened symptom of a restless and captious spirit that regarded the prospect of peace with disappointment and discontent, that loved agitation for its own sake, that adopted an impossible new ideal in a gleeful joy at the thought of renewed and perhaps never-ending friction.

Whether this attitude was just or not, Sinn Fein certainly introduced a new and difficult factor into the situation. A conspiracy was formed by the society's wilder spirits to promote an Irish rising in alliance with Germany, and Sir Roger Casement was finally arrested on the charge of using German arms and German money to overthrow British rule.¹ His death on the gallows and the repression of a murderous rising in Dublin in May, 1916, apparently ended the matter for the moment. But

¹ See Gerard's "Four Years in Germany" for Casement's activities in Germany.

the passions of many of the Irish were stirred by the execution of the Sinn Fein leaders more directly concerned in the Dublin insurrection; a small group of enthusiasts became national martyrs; and in spite of the efforts of Mr. Redmond and his associates the whole settlement of the Irish question seemed threatened by a wave of anti-English agitation that swept through the unhappy island. Unreasoning, fanatic, hysterical and murderous, Sinn Fein succeeded for the time in discrediting Ireland before the world, in alienating sympathy, and in supporting the oft uttered sneer that what Ireland wanted was neither justice nor Home Rule but a perpetual Donnybrook Fair.

Something had to be done, however. England was committed by the Act of 1914 to the principle of Home Rule, and yet the British government, straining every nerve in a life and death struggle on the continent, was confronted in Ireland by three parties, hostile, irreconcilable, and insistent. Dufferin's remark—"Ireland does not know what she wants and will not be happy until she gets it"—lost its humor in its grim fact. Ireland's best friends were helpless before the dissensions that made any single solution certain to bring a howl of wrath from two-thirds of the people concerned. In May, 1917, the British Premier, David Lloyd-George, laid a proposal before Parliament for the settlement of the question

by the Irish themselves. He suggested that a convention be summoned that would represent all sections of Irish opinion, that their discussions be secret, and that their final decisions be made the basis for an act of Parliament that should determine the future constitution of Ireland. The Convention duly met, and though the Sinn Feiners refused to send delegates on the ground that Irish independence was not to be open for discussion, yet the 89 members probably represented the interests and views of the great majority of the Irish people. An able and representative non-partisan, Sir Horace Plunkett, widely honored as the man who had probably done more than any one living for the upbuilding of Ireland's agricultural prosperity, was elected chairman, and for nearly a year the details of the whole problem were patiently considered and debated. In April, 1918, the Convention submitted its report and adjourned.

No one expected unanimity, nor was unanimity attained. But the resolutions reached gave a possible basis for a workable Irish government, and as these pages go to press Mr. Lloyd-George is preparing a new Home Rule Bill which may at last give rest to the ghosts of O'Connell and Parnell. The Convention has recommended the immediate creation of a bi-cameral Irish Parliament, forty per cent. of the membership of the House

of Commons to be guaranteed to the Unionists. Parliament is to control the executive through a responsible ministry and is to have power to legislate on all matters of purely Irish concern. Provisions are to be introduced that will protect the liberties of Ulster and of Protestants throughout the island, and Ireland is still to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by forty-two members.

Home Rule is at last to be given its trial — unless, perchance, it should be shipwrecked on the rocks of Ulster, Sinn Fein, or some hidden shoal not yet charted. With the whole civilized world rocking in the most terrible tempest that has been seen since the fall of the Roman Empire, Ireland is to set forth on the perilous venture of self-government, perilous not because the Irish lack either political talent or patriotism, but because of bitter memories and a partisanship peculiarly hot and uncompromising. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, factory-worker and farmer, Celt and Saxon, the Irish must prove their love for Ireland by the unfamiliar virtues of charity, concession, and patience. And they must fashion and steer their new state with an anxious eye on the southern horizon, where what are left of 200,000 Irishmen fight shoulder to shoulder with Scots and English, French and Americans, against the deadly menace of the hordes of

Prussia. The new Ireland comes to its birth in a strange world, and old memories of hate and suffering may well be buried in the graves of Flanders and Picardy.

In the story of the Empire the case of Ireland stands out with lurid distinctness as the one case in which the rulers of England tried to carry out the policy of repression. It was an utter failure. If England had had the peculiar qualities of Prussia she might have succeeded in Anglicizing Ireland by force, but it may be doubted whether by any method such an end could have been attained without the practical extinction of the Irish people. At any rate England failed. Early in the nineteenth century came the dawn of a new era. England herself was changing, and the Emancipation Act of 1829 was the first sign that the old policy was doomed. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the series of acts for the remedy of agrarian and industrial ills, finally the victorious movement for Home Rule, have tended to heal the one blot on the free empire of Britain. For Ireland is no longer an oppressed nation. Her ancient tyrants are in their graves. And England now gives and asks only friendship, coöperation, and a "square deal." The responsibility for their future rests with the Irish themselves.

The tale of Ireland is in many ways a tragic one, a

tale of conquest, oppression, revolt and passion. And yet to close a study of Ireland with anxious reflections on partisanship and with any hint of foreboding is to emphasize the wrong thing. Partisanship and melancholy are strikingly characteristic of the Irish people, indeed, but no more so than a joyous heroism, a magnificent generosity that are to be paralleled only among their natural kindred, the French. Ireland is not Sinn Fein or Ulster, Nationalist or Unionist. Ireland is simply Ireland, and we prefer to take the Irish of Gallipoli and of Neuve Chapelle rather than the Irish of the Dublin insurrection as those on whom the future of their country rests.

“It is these soldiers of ours,” said John Redmond,¹ “it is these soldiers of ours, with their astonishing courage and their beautiful faith, with their natural military genius, with their tenderness as well as strength; carrying with them their green flags and their Irish war-pipes; advancing to the charge, their fearless officers at their head, and followed by their beloved chaplains as great-hearted as themselves; bringing with them a quality all their own to the sordid modern battlefield; exhibiting the character of the Irishman at its noblest and greatest — it is these soldiers of ours to whose keeping the Cause of Ireland

¹ In his introduction to Michael MacDonagh's “The Irish at the Front” — a book that tends to make an impartial attitude none too easy.

has passed to-day. It was never in worthier, holier keeping than that of these boys, offering up their supreme sacrifice of life with a smile on their lips because it was for Ireland. May God bless them! ”

XIV

THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT WAR UPON THE EMPIRE

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,
And no new stones laid where the pathway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow from the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls.

This poem, *August, 1914*, by John Masefield, appears in Mr. Masefield's *Philip the King and Other Poems*, copyright, 1914, by the Macmillan Company. It appears here by permission of the publishers.

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind,

Then sadly rose and left the well loved Downs,
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands,
Which love of England prompted and made good.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

On his visit to Harvard University shortly before the Great War began, Rudolf Eucken, the leading German philosopher, made the statement that the British Empire was rotten to the core, that at the first touch India, Ireland and South Africa would rise in rebellion and the whole edifice fall like a pack of cards! These conclusions, he said, were based on the evidence of paid German agents who kept the Imperial German government informed as to the exact conditions existing in various parts of the world. The events of the past four years

form an interesting commentary on the German power to estimate spiritual values and on the efficiency of a system of espionage, for to-day the British Empire, firm, united and grimly determined, seems likely to be a chief factor in the defeat of German autocracy. And never has there been a more splendid and dramatic justification of a generous, just government than is shown in the enthusiasm and eagerness with which almost every part of the Empire has rallied to the Imperial cause.

This response has been prompted partly by gratitude and affection, but even more by the justice of the cause, for Britain entered the war chiefly on moral grounds. Doubtless commercial jealousy, fear of German naval power and imperial rivalry influenced some of the people, but they were few in number. Britain *en masse*, especially organized labor, could not have been carried wholeheartedly into the war, had it not been for the invasion of Belgium, which violated the traditional British love of justice and fair play.

In the midst of the conflict, it is not the part of the historian to pass final judgments. All that can be done is to draw conclusions from the evidence at hand, with the thought ever in mind that new documents and the perspective of time may later modify, if not displace, them.

While the larger part of the world believes that Germany has run amuck and become a menace to civilization, the Germans regard themselves as an essentially peace-loving people upon whom war has been forced by jealous, intriguing, decadent neighbors. From their point of view they are a chosen race, whose superior civilization (*Kultur*) entitles them to leadership and territorial expansion, but France and Russia hem them in, while Britain prevents their colonial development. They are convinced that an autocratic state, with a huge standing army, is necessary for protection and a great navy to assure them "a place in the sun." Their point of view was expressed by Emperor William in a speech to his army soon after the war began:

"Remember you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Almighty; I am his sword, his agent. Woe and death to all those who shall oppose my will. Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission. Let them perish. God demands their destruction." The Kaiser's favorite book, it may be added, is Machiavelli's "The Prince."

Though the Germans insist that the war was forced upon them, nevertheless it is a significant fact that Ger-

many and Austria have never published the correspondence that passed between them previous to the invasion of Servia. Moreover, a close study of the official statements issued by all the Powers involved has convinced the vast majority of American and neutral scholars that no diplomat could have struggled harder than did Sir Edward Grey to avert the conflict. All through the momentous days preceding August 4, 1914, he constantly impressed upon the Powers involved the necessity for more negotiation and still more negotiation, the need for modifying ultimatums and of postponing mobilization.

The latest (April, 1918) and most convincing proof of German and Austrian guilt is the memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky, German ambassador to England in 1914. In this he declares positively that England had showed the "greatest good-will" in commercial matters, that she never would have gone to war over German naval development, that Sir Edward Grey was friendly to German colonial expansion, and that England consistently followed a peace policy while Germany consistently followed a war policy. "My London mission," concludes the document, "was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British but by the perfidy of our policy."

Having made a peaceful settlement by negotiation impossible, Germany declared the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality (to which she was herself a party) to be

a "mere scrap of paper" and struck through that unhappy country in order to take the French on their unprotected frontier. The unexpected and heroic resistance of Belgium probably saved the allied cause, for the ten days' delay enabled France and England to make some degree of preparation to meet the oncoming tide of invasion. Fighting against desperate odds, short of ammunition and equipment, the defenders were slowly forced back to the Marne. There the brilliant strategy of Field Marshal Joffre and General Foch turned the tide and Paris was saved.

Thus almost before she knew it Britain found herself engaged in a war with an empire the exact antithesis of herself in organization, policy and ideals. Save from a naval point of view she was utterly unprepared, has consequently had to "muddle through" as best she could, and has paid the price in costly mistakes. But her persistence and dogged determination have atoned in large measure for her blunders, and once under way her financial, industrial and military contributions have been a vital factor in "carrying on" the allied cause. The old individualistic, unprepared Britain has suddenly become a highly efficient, unified state. This transformation has been due first to the energy and resourcefulness of three men, David Lloyd-George, Earl Kitchener and Lord

Northcliffe, and then to the splendid coöperation of the women of England, to the leadership of her university and public school men, and to the self-sacrifice and intelligence of British labor.

Perhaps the most important of these factors has been the personality and ability of Mr. Lloyd-George. Unlike most British statesmen, he has sprung from the masses and is not a university man. Born in a Welsh village and brought up by an uncle—the village cobbler—amidst poverty and hardship, he has never lost touch with and sympathy for the “inarticulate classes.” Through the sacrifice of his uncle he was able to secure a legal education, went into politics, and was soon returned to Parliament. He himself says that he has been greatly influenced by Milton and Lincoln, and the similarity of his life and interests to those of Lincoln strikes the American reader at once. In Parliament his qualities soon asserted themselves and he quickly sprang into prominence as an opponent of the Boer War. His Celtic imagination made him a fiery orator, and his wit and repartee a dangerous opponent in debate. Add to these qualities resourcefulness, marvelous powers of organization, a remarkable grasp of finance and a penchant for social reform, together with dash and persistence in the carrying out of his plans, and you have the most commanding figure in

England. As Chancellor of the Exchequer under Mr. Asquith in 1909 he brought forth his famous budget, which placed the burden of taxation "on the broadest backs" and won for him the favor of the masses and the hatred of the classes. This was followed by the Old Age Pensions and State Insurance Acts which have done so much to alleviate the social misery of Britain and to establish the reputation of their author as a great administrator.

The daring innovator was just preparing to attack the land question when the war burst upon Europe and social legislation had to be abandoned in the death grapple that followed. Lloyd-George was soon made Minister of Munitions, and, having been granted wide powers by Parliament, he secured the coöperation of capital and labor by the following provisions: 1) compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes; 2) the keeping of skilled laborers out of the army; 3) the suspension of Trade Union regulations when they hampered production; 4) the elimination of excessive profits to employers. The results were almost immediate, and by 1917 nineteen times as much ammunition for light guns and two hundred and twenty times as much for heavy guns was produced as at the beginning of the war. Industrial organization was fully developed along all lines, and to-day Great

Britain is supplying herself and the Allies in quantities sufficient to meet the demands of the situation.

Owing to a widespread conviction that unity of action could not be secured under a party government, a coalition ministry was formed with Mr. Asquith as premier, Lloyd-George Minister of Munitions and Kitchener Secretary of War. Late in 1916, however, serious differences arose between Lloyd-George and Mr. Asquith over the conduct of the war. The Northcliffe press, including the powerful *Times*, was scathing in its criticism of Mr. Asquith and loud in its demand for Lloyd-George as prime minister. It was evident that the public was of the same opinion and in December, 1916, Mr. Lloyd-George became prime minister, with Arthur J. Balfour as Secretary of State and Bonar Law Chancellor of the Exchequer. The conduct of Mr. Asquith, the deposed leader, has been admirable. He has consistently refused to hamper the new ministry and has given it his loyal support. To secure greater unity and rapidity of action an inner War Cabinet of five members was established, consisting of Lloyd-George, Bonar Law, Earl Curzon, Lord Milner and Arthur Henderson, leader of the labor party. Earl Curzon and Lord Milner have had wide administrative experience, the former as Viceroy of India and the latter in Egypt and South Africa. The cabinet as thus con-

stituted was chiefly made up of Conservatives and with a few changes is still (April, 1918) in power.

At the outbreak of the war Lord Kitchener was universally regarded as the foremost military figure in the Empire. His splendid services in India, Egypt and South Africa, where he had revealed rare talents for organization, had won him the unbounded confidence of the people. Simple, silent, and determined, devoted heart and soul to his profession, he had impressed the public imagination, and his name was one to conjure with. Made Secretary of War August 5, 1914, he saw the magnitude and character of the coming struggle more clearly than any other, and immediately began to organize the country for a long and exhausting war. His calls for volunteers met with a magnificent response until by the close of 1915 over five million men had been raised. "Kitchener's Mob" was rapidly transformed into an effective fighting machine which has sustained the splendid record of the original Expeditionary Force of 140,000 men sent to France within twelve days after the declaration of war.

In the meantime the Northcliffe press had been carrying on a vigorous campaign for universal military service. The public and the ministry were finally converted to the policy as more effective and more democratic than

the volunteer system, splendid as had been its results. At the present time all men between 18 and 41, in some cases 50, are liable to service. One important feature of conscription is that it permits the government to conserve its supply of skilled laborers and to mobilize and distribute the manpower of the kingdom in the most effective and economical way.

In bringing about rapid changes in public opinion and therefore in public policy Lord Northcliffe, owner of the *Times* and some forty other papers, has been by long odds the greatest single force. His rise to the leadership of the British press has been sensational and dramatic, and these same qualities characterize his journalistic methods. Quick in decision, fearless in attack, careless of consistency and unhampered by convention or professional ethics, he has upset all the traditions of conservative British journalism. He makes and unmakes ministers and even ministries almost at will, and altogether exercises a power dangerously close to despotism. Whether on the whole he has wielded his power more to the advantage or the disadvantage of the country, it is yet too soon to determine, but on at least two questions, high explosives and conscription, events have long since justified his position.

But personalities however forceful must have support, so let us turn to the part played by the various classes of

the nation. Most striking, of course, has been that of the women; their magnanimity, loyalty, sacrifice and adaptability deserve special praise. Under the resourceful leadership of Mrs. Pankhurst they had been carrying on for several years a militant campaign for the removal of their legal and political inequalities. They had resorted to destructive and revolutionary tactics, such as picketing Parliament and destroying historic buildings. There was developing a hopeless chasm between them and the government, supported by an irritated public. With the declaration of war, however, all agitation was dropped, and Mrs. Pankhurst and her organization placed themselves at the service of the government, and have been among its most effective agents in mobilizing the nation and its resources.

Not only the "militants" but women of all classes and ranks have come to the front and shouldered responsibilities and duties hitherto undreamed of. Thousands of women who had led sheltered lives are now acting as clerks, nurses, tram and bus conductors, engine cleaners, agricultural workers, motor drivers and in many other occupations. In November, 1917, 1,302,000 women were employed on government works of all kinds. They have done sixty to seventy per cent. of the machine work on munitions and have contributed over 1400 trained me-

chanics for the Royal Flying Corps. The women of England have shown a loyalty and devotion never surpassed, and it is gratifying to note that the nation has recognized the fact and shown its appreciation in the Franchise Act of 1918 which gives the ballot to over six million women. The age of eligibility is fixed at 30, and the franchise is limited to certain classes, but it is a great step forward and is doubtless but the beginning of legislation which will eventually bring entire equality.

If the record of the women of Britain has been highly creditable, that of British labor has been equally so. As soon as the government had provided against excessive war profits on the part of capital, labor cheerfully waived for the duration of the war all Trade Union regulations which interfered with maximum production. Men have worked overtime, relinquished holidays, and have displayed an intelligence and self-sacrifice that are inspiring to all believers in democracy.

While organized labor and the women have perhaps played the most striking part in the mobilization of Britain, it is proof of the soundness of her body politic that no class or section has failed to respond to her need with equal enthusiasm. The nobility has more than lived up to its traditions in the army and navy, and has set an example to the nation in self-sacrifice, service and

leadership of all kinds. Large estates, palaces and country homes have been turned over to the government for use as hospitals, factories, and barracks, while large and generous gifts have been made to the various relief funds. The same is true of the universities, technical and public schools. The liberal character of English higher education, developing self-reliance and a sense of responsibility, has proved an excellent training for leadership in such a crisis. To-day Oxford and Cambridge are practically deserted. Their sons are officering the army and navy and serving in hospitals, laboratories and relief work. The public schools, like Eton and Rugby, and the technical institutions have been no whit behind them either in enthusiasm or service. College buildings are everywhere being largely devoted to government purposes, while the faculties have devoted themselves to experimentation in government laboratories, to the organization of public utilities, and to the counteracting of German propaganda in neutral countries. Thus, in the face of grave national danger, selfish interests have disappeared and all have coöperated for the common end.

A spiritual change has come over England, the proof of which is that she has changed her habits. She is by instinct individualistic, but to-day her industries are nationalized, her life socialized, and her people on rations.

She is by nature open handed, but to-day millions of people are saving money to enable the government to carry on the war. The workingman works overtime and buys his sixpenny war stamp, while the society man of the West End discovers that life has purpose and is supremely worth while. The Englishman is a lover of outdoor games and sports, but to-day the Henley regatta, the Derby, cricket, football and rowing have made way for the more serious business in hand. By temperament the Englishman hates system, but to-day he is going at things systematically and with a larger intelligence than ever before. One striking proof of this is the welfare work carried on by Seebohm Rowntree to protect the health of a million government employees. Model villages have been established and the laws of fatigue studied and applied. "Here," says Lloyd-George, "is the greatest attempt ever made by a government to surround the workers with safeguards for their health and well-being. And it was the making of munitions that brought us to it. It was war and shells. It is always true that humanity has to descend into hell in order to rise again on the third day. It is only through hell that it can achieve its resurrection."

The one problem with which England has failed to grapple successfully is the liquor evil. While some regu-

lations have been enforced in the munitions areas, the liquor habit is so ingrained in the public and the liquor interests so powerfully entrenched that even Lloyd-George has hesitated to attack the problem in anything like a drastic or satisfactory manner.

Of course John Bull has not relinquished his natural prerogative of grumbling and fault-finding. He is always his own severest critic and is ever asserting that things are going to the dogs. The outsider who does not know him is likely to take his expressions seriously and overlook the real facts. England continues to grumble. She always has and always will, but to-day she is at war en masse, is determined to win, and has surprised even her admirers by her unity and her achievements.

Not only has Britain thrown herself into the prosecution of the war with energy and determination, but she is already giving serious attention to the problems of peace and the reconstruction that must follow. Numerous government commissions have been appointed to investigate the various phases of these questions while a vigorous public discussion of them has been carried on through the press. The Labor Party under the able leadership of Mr. Arthur Henderson has been particularly active and intelligent. It has reorganized along broad liberal lines, has set forth clearly defined war aims and

has mapped out a comprehensive plan of reconstruction.

These plans are ably set forth in the reports of two committees of the party, entitled Labor War Aims and Labor and the New Social Order. The former report was made the basis of the report of the Inter-allied Labor Conference held in London in February, 1918. This body represented all the pro-war labor and social parties among the western European democracies. It reached its decisions after a four days' conference by an almost unanimous agreement. It made the following important demands:

- 1) The restoration of conquered territory and the right of self-determination for smaller nations,
- 2) The establishment of a league of nations as the basis of the whole settlement,
- 3) No economic war after the war.

The document meets every issue specifically, whether territorial, administrative or economic, and translates President Wilson's utterances into an actual working program. The purpose and hopes of the Conference were expressed by Mr. Henderson as follows:

"Peace will come when the working class movement has discovered by interchange of views the conditions of an honorable and democratic peace worthy of the unimaginable sacrifices the people have made, and has

pressed these terms upon the governments with the resolute declaration that peace must be made on these terms and no other."

After the war the British Labor Party proposes "a new social order, based not on fighting but on fraternity, not on competitive struggle for the means of bare life, but on a deliberately planned coöperation in production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or by brain — not on the utmost possible inequality of riches but on a systematic approach towards a healthy equality of material circumstances for every person born into the world,— not on an enforced dominion over subject nations, subject races, subject colonies, subject classes or a subject sect, but in industry as well as government, on that equal freedom, that general consciousness of consent, and that widest possible participation in power, both economic and political, which is characteristic of democracy.

"The four pillars of the house that we propose to erect resting upon the common foundation of the democratic control of society in all its activities, may be termed:

"a) The universal enforcement of the national minimum wage,

"b) The democratic control of industry,

"c) The Revolution in national finance,

“d) The surplus wealth for the common good.

“One of the main aims of the party is to secure for every producer his (or her) full share of those fruits (of industry) and to insure the most equitable distribution of the nation's wealth that may be possible, on the basis of the common ownership of land and capital and the democratic control of all the activities of society.”

The report states the attitude of the party toward the rest of the Empire as follows: “What we look for, besides a constant progress in democratic self-government of every part of the Britannic alliance, and especially in India, is a continuous participation of the ministers of the Dominions, of India, and eventually of other dependencies (perhaps by means of their own ministers specially resident in London for this purpose) in the most confidential deliberations of the Cabinet, so far as foreign policy and imperial affairs are concerned; and the annual assembly of an Imperial Council, representing all constituents of the Britannic alliance and all parties in their local legislatures, which should discuss all matters of common interest, but only in order to make recommendations for the simultaneous consideration of the various autonomous local legislatures of what should increasingly take the constitutional form of an alliance of free nations.”

The Labor Party's voting strength has been greatly increased by the recent extension of the franchise and by the opening of its ranks to brain workers. The National Union of Teachers and the Assistant Masters' Association are considering amalgamation with it and it seems altogether likely that in view of its strength, solidarity and definiteness of aim it will prove a highly important factor in the work of readjustment after the war.

Already its influence has been seen in the Education Bill now before Parliament. At the beginning of the war interest in education had been aroused as never before partly by the revelation of defects in the existing systems and partly by the splendid response and assumption of leadership on the part of the graduates of all educational institutions. The public became convinced that the future of the country was closely bound up with education, a practical educator, Mr. Fisher, was appointed Minister of Education, and the last budget for educational purposes was increased by eighteen million pounds.

The Education Bill introduced by Mr. Fisher provides for a national system of education which shall conserve the physical and intellectual strength of the nation. Schools for training in motherhood are to be subsidized by the government and day nurseries established for children between two and six. The elementary schools are

to be less bookish and more practical, and must be attended until the close of the fourteenth year. Between fourteen and eighteen, compulsory attendance for at least eight hours a week between 8 A. M. and 7 P. M. is provided for in what are known as continuation schools. The work of the continuation schools is not to be vocational but is to be devoted to general education and healthful recreation. The aim is to avoid specialization and to prepare for citizenship. "If, in our reforms," runs the Bill, "we fix our eyes only on material ends, we may foster among ourselves the very spirit against which we are fighting to-day." The proposed curriculum will deal "with the capacities and ideals of mankind as expressed in literature and art, with its achievements and ambitions as recorded in history and with the nature and laws of the world as interpreted by science, philosophy and religion." The lower secondary schools therefore will be devoted to languages, history, science, mathematics and geography, with some economics and politics, while the advanced courses will afford opportunity for specialization.

The Bill does not deal with the position of teachers, but the war has greatly improved both their status and their salaries, and a real career of dignity and influence is now open to them. The Bill has the support of all

parties and will undoubtedly become law. Together with the electoral reform it forms a basis for the realization of the hopes of democracy. The one gives freedom and power and the other, the training and intelligence necessary for an appreciation of the responsibilities attached to power.

Having thus seen the splendid rôle played by the mother country in the Great War let us now turn and examine the part played by other members of the Empire. Australia is the most homogeneous of all the self-governing colonies of the Empire, for ninety-seven per cent. of its population is of British blood. It was natural therefore that in spite of the distance from the home country, its people should feel that British cause was their cause. This feeling was promptly expressed by Premier Fisher, who declared, "We shall stand with the Empire to the last man and with the last penny." This pledge, it is scarcely necessary to add, has been loyally carried out.

Australia has been able to render unusually effective aid because it had a small fleet fully equipped and because of the Defense Act of 1910 in which she had adopted universal military training. The virtue of this act lay in its recognition of the duty of all citizens to share in defense as part of the duties of citizenship. It

provided for their training from the ages of 12 to 26, first as part of their school education and afterwards for brief periods of each year. Australia, therefore, had a considerable body of trained men and officers which after a brief preliminary training was sent as an expeditionary force to Egypt as early as November, 1914. It was in the Gallipoli campaign, however, that the Australians won undying fame by their gallantry in attack and steadiness under long continued shell fire. One of the splendid achievements of the war was the taking of Lone Pine Trenches by the First Infantry Brigade after fifty hours of bloody fighting underground.

The small Australian navy saved Australia from attack by the German Pacific Squadron and it was the battle cruiser *Australia* which destroyed the raider *Emden*. By October, 1914, Australian and New Zealand forces escorted by the Australian fleet had conquered Germany's Pacific possession, while German warships were driven into South American waters where they were sunk off the Falkland Islands by the British fleet.

The outstanding figure of the war in Australia is William H. Hughes, who has risen from sheep herder and ditcher to the position of premier, and is undoubtedly one of the ablest leaders in the world of labor to-day. It was largely through his efforts that the social and labor

legislation for which Australia is famed was brought about. Early in the war he visited Canada and Great Britain and attracted great attention by his vigorous demand for the further consolidation of the Empire, the prosecution of the war and the adoption of conscription. "The British Empire," he declared, "ought to be an organized Empire, organized for trade, industry, economic justice, national defense, preservation of the world's peace and for the protection of the weak against the strong."

Hughes attended the Economic Conference of the Allied Powers in June, 1916, where he favored the establishment of an economic union against Germany after the war. Plans were laid for such a policy, but they have since been repudiated by President Wilson, a large part of English public opinion, and the English Labor Party.

Lloyd-George said that no speeches of modern times have made a deeper impression upon the British public than did those of Hughes, which brought him the offer of a seat in Parliament. The Labor Party in Australia, however, felt that he had been hobnobbing with conservatives. He lost much of his following, and the party finally repudiated him on the question of conscription. This measure has been twice defeated in popular referen-

dums, but the Opposition has been unable to form a government, and Hughes has remained premier, with a Coalition Cabinet.

While in England Hughes made passionate appeals for a voice on the part of the Dominions in the determination of the Empire's foreign policy. Premier Massey of New Zealand has voiced the same sentiment. The two countries are thoroughly loyal and have proved their loyalty by giving freely of men and money, but they desire and deserve not only the duties, but the privileges of complete imperial citizenship.

Like Australia, Canada has asked for a voice in imperial affairs but, though there has been a vigorous growth of national feeling of late years, it has by no means diminished her loyalty to the Empire. When the present war came public opinion was enthusiastic for participation, and the *Toronto Globe's* declaration "When Britain is at war Canada is at war" won the approval of both the Conservative and Liberal parties. Party strife was at once suspended and Premier Borden's statement that "Canada speaks with one voice. . . . We stand shoulder to shoulder with the mother country" was warmly seconded by his great political rival, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Liberal party and foremost orator of the Dominion.

Canada was fortunate in having as Minister of Militia Sir Sam Hughes, a veteran of the Boer War and a man of great energy and blunt honesty. Within three weeks 32,000 men were in camp and Valcartier had been transformed from a small village into a large, well-equipped military camp. By September 24 this force was on its way to England, and after four months' training these were sent to the front to take a gallant part in the second battle of Ypres.¹

The government decided that Canada's total contribution of men should be 500,000 men and most of these were raised by voluntary enlistment. All parts of the country responded with enthusiasm save the French-speaking province of Quebec, which, while it contains about one quarter of the total population of Canada, contributed less than one twenty-fifth of the total number of volunteers. Laurier, himself a French Canadian, made recruiting speeches all through Quebec, trying to arouse enthusiasm for the imperial cause. His efforts were largely counteracted, however, by Bourassa, leader of the Nationalists, who openly discouraged enlistments and maintained that "Canada, an irresponsible dependency of Great Britain, has no moral or constitutional obliga-

¹ The deeds of this first Canadian contingent have been well told in the story of "Private Peat."

tions and no immediate interest in the present conflict" and that "it is the duty of England to defend Canada, not that of Canada to defend England. In protecting the territory and commerce of the colonies Great Britain ensures her own subsistence." That such short-sighted arguments should have won favor can be explained only by the irritation of Quebec over the "bi-lingual question"¹ and by the extreme isolation and provincialism of the French Canadians. Settled by pre-revolutionary France and unmoved by the forces which brought about the Revolution, they have been alienated from the France of to-day by her disestablishment of the Catholic Church and by the liberal character of French thought. From their English neighbors, on the other hand, they are separated by differences of race, religion, language and traditions. Thus they have lived in a world of their own, self-centered, self-absorbed, intensely jealous of their national integrity, and unmoved by the great currents of thought and politics which have affected the rest of the world. To them the war is remote, they have no direct interest in it and no sense of imperial responsibility.

By 1917 it became evident that conscription would have to be resorted to if Canada's contingent was to be kept up to full strength. This was deemed necessary not only be-

¹ See pp. 307-8.

cause of the attitude of Quebec, but also because of the injustice of the voluntary system, splendid as had been its results. Laurier and many of the Liberals insisted that such an important measure should be decided only by the country and advocated a referendum. Though Sir Robert Borden had got a Conscription Bill through the House, and had won the coöperation of numerous prominent Liberals in the formation of a "win-the-war" coalition cabinet, he nevertheless finally consented to submit the question to the country in December, 1917. For this election the ballot was given to all the soldiers and to women who were nurses in the war, or wives, widows, mothers and sisters (if over 21) of enlisted men. On the other hand, the suffrage was denied to those who had religious scruples against fighting and to all citizens born in enemy countries naturalized since 1912.

All realized that Canada was facing a grave crisis and that much was at stake. The election was not a contest between parties, for a large part of the Liberals, backed by the powerful *Toronto Globe*, supported the government measure. Women took an active part, for the most part on the Union side. The country rendered its decision, in a serious and resolute temper, overwhelmingly in favor of conscription. So overwhelming, in fact, that even if no women had been enfranchised and no

aliens disfranchised the Union government would have been sustained.

Since the election there has been a good deal of violent writing in Quebec, with threats of resistance and separation, but it is likely that little will come of it. Laurier has declared that Quebec will submit to the will of the country, while even Bourassa regards secession as impracticable. Moderate counsels are prevailing on both sides, and, as ex-President Taft has said, "England's justice will retain for her a loyalty that a less equitable policy would have lost."

A striking example of the loyalty which such equitable treatment has already inspired is seen in the case of South Africa. At the beginning of the war there was a rather widespread fear that South Africa would be disloyal or at least prevented from rendering effective aid to the Empire by internal strife. This fear was based on the prevalence of industrial unrest as revealed in strikes, and on the supposition that the Boers still cherished resentment against their late conquerors.

On September 10, however, the Dutch premier, Louis Botha, pledged his loyalty and on September 13, the Union Parliament, controlled by the Dutch, confirmed Botha's assurance that South Africa would support the Empire. In spite of the proximity of German posses-

sions, British troops were immediately withdrawn and defense left to home forces. A few isolated revolts were easily and promptly suppressed and the German colonies in S. W. Africa and S. E. Africa were conquered, the former at a cost of 16,000,000 pounds by an army commanded by General Botha and the latter by a force led by General Smuts. South Africa has also sent an expeditionary force overseas. By the close of 1916 there were 60,000 South African troops in the various fields and 10,000 Kaffirs were being sent to France to work at the harbors.

The loyalty and activity of South Africa is due to two men, Louis Botha and General Smuts, both of whom fought against Britain in the Boer War of 1899. Botha as commander in chief made a gallant struggle of two and a half years (1899-1902), but when the war was over he accepted the situation without bitterness. When the Transvaal was given self-government in 1906 he became the first prime minister, and later the first prime minister of the Union. "If every public man in South Africa," he said, "has to go about with his past on his back, then all I can say is God help South Africa. Who has not made mistakes? We must start with a clean sheet. The extremists on both sides are the difficulty and danger. They keep uppermost the spirit of

enmity and suspicion. That is what we have to battle against, else we never shall secure harmony between the two races, and without harmony, South Africa cannot progress." He sternly denounced as treason the rebellion of 1904. "It can only mean the total destruction of our people," he said. Botha led the force to put it down, a force made up largely of men of Dutch ancestry. The reasons why it did not assume larger proportions was the loyalty of Botha and the generous policy of Britain in granting self-government in 1906.

This same largeness of spirit characterized Botha's conquest of Southwest Africa. He refused to shoot the German troops in defensive positions, saying, "We shall have to live with these people in the years to come." His terms to them were as generous as those of Grant to Lee at Appomattox and it was through him that German Southwest Africa was made a province of the Union. It is pleasant to add that the tactful, sympathetic, tolerant statesman is free from vulgar ambition, has great charm and personal magnetism and is greatly beloved by the people.

If Louis Botha is the dominant personality of South Africa, his life long friend and co-worker, General Smuts, is the dominant brain. He gained a high reputation for scholarship at Cambridge and has made a brilliant record

as a lawyer. Though he fought against England in the Boer War, his reasonable attitude was an important factor in the peace negotiations that followed. He became a member of Botha's Cabinet in 1907 and in the convention for the formation of the South African Union in 1909, he overcame so many deadlocks that he has been called the Alexander Hamilton of South Africa.

In the present war he has rendered distinguished service as Minister of Defense and as commander of the force which conquered German East Africa. He is also the member of the Imperial War Cabinet for South Africa. In England he has attracted much attention by his forceful personality and his vigorously expressed views on the war and Imperial Federation.

Guided by broadminded statesmen like Botha and Smuts, South Africa seems likely, not only to have a happy and prosperous future, but to become an important factor in the settlement of Imperial problems.

If the response of South Africa has been unexpected, that of India has perhaps been even more so. For here we have a people, not only alien in race, creed and language, but too backward in civilization to be granted any large measure of self-government, a people whose traditions, institutional experience, and mental bias combine to make them inappreciative of Western ideals and upon whom those ideals had to be imposed by authority. Fur-

thermore, the Government in establishing an educational system has emphasized higher rather than lower education. The result has been the development of a class of intellectuals longing for and waiting upon self-government long before the masses of the population are ready for it. This unfortunate situation had given rise to a good deal of discontent and even disturbance just previous to the war and had been answered by some concessions in the Morley-Minto reforms.

In view of these conditions, India's attitude seemed at least problematical, but nowhere has the response been more genuine and complete. "Since the outbreak of the war," said Lord Hardinge, "all political controversies concerning India have been suspended by the educated and political classes, with the object of not increasing the difficulties of the government's task. In certain cases where drastic legislation was necessary, the Indian Government was able to pass it without the slightest opposition in the Imperial Legislative Council, which consists of 68 members, with an Indian representation of about 30, and a government majority of only four. Speeches made by Indian members of the Council are striking testimony to their sense of increased responsibility. There is no doubt of the very considerable political progress of India. Even during the five and a half years of my stay there I

noticed a vast political development. It is unquestionable that this improvement is an outcome of the reformation of the councils undertaken by Lord Morley and Lord Minto."

The testimony of natives is equally strong. The *India*, the organ of the Indian National Congress in London, declares that "The Indian princes are with one accord offering their services and the resources of their states," while A. Y. Ali, a native Indian writer, says, "The Minto-Morley reforms were chiefly responsible for the desire of India to identify herself with the rest of the 'Empire in the war.'"

The intensity and universality of this desire has been made manifest in many ways. Individual princes have voluntarily contributed large sums of money (the Nizam of Hyderabad, 2,000,000 pounds), and several of them have combined to furnish a well equipped hospital ship. The Viceroy's Council has asked that India be allowed to support her own troops in the field, offering 8,000,000 pounds annually for the purpose, and has offered to contribute 100,000,000 pounds to the war debt.

Of course India's greatest contribution has been in men. Not only have there been no revolts, as was predicted, but agitation has so entirely ceased that the government has been able to largely withdraw British troops for the

Western Front. At present there are but 10,000 British troops in India, as opposed to 75,000 in August, 1914. India has also given freely of her own sons, the number at present (1918) being 325,000 in overseas service. Many of these have been furnished by native princes, who have led their forces in person. Perhaps the flower of the Indian army is the Sikhs from the Punjab, but the Gurkhas, Rajputs and Parthians have all done excellent service in Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, East Africa and on the Western Front. The soldiers came from all varieties of faiths, Brahman, Parsee and Mohammedan, and provision is made for all forms of worship in the service. In spite of the "holy war" proclaimed from Constantinople, the All Indian Moslem League adopted resolutions pledging "the loyal support of the imperial cause by the Mussulmans of India." Educated Indians have been forbidden the military service because of their political activity before the war, but in spite of this, students have loudly demanded that they be sent to the front, and, failing in this, they have demonstrated their loyalty by the organization of hospital and relief units.

All that India has done is the expression of her loyalty. There has been no compulsion or even suggestion from the Government for participation. India has herself loudly and persistently demanded such participation and

has more than fulfilled the pledge of her 13th National Congress of 1914 that "India would stand by the Empire at all cases and at all hazards." The complete and unhesitating manner in which the pledge has been fulfilled constitutes one of the most striking tributes to the justice and sympathy of British rule.

Thus we see that India and the self-governing colonies have generously and enthusiastically accepted imperial responsibility in the Great War, but at the same time they have insisted in unmistakable terms upon a voice in the determination of imperial policy. This demand has been made within the United Kingdom also and has been responded to by the calling (March, 1917,) of an Imperial War Cabinet, composed of the five members of the British War Cabinet and representatives from India and the Dominions. Its most prominent members were Mr. Lloyd-George, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, Bonar Law, Mr. Henderson, General Smuts, and Sir Robert Borden. Australia was unable to send a representative.

The functions and powers of the Cabinet were defined by Lord Curzon on February 7 to the House of Lords. "The representatives are coming as members, for the time being, of the governing body of the British Empire. This seems to me the greatest step ever taken in reorganizing the relations of the Dominions and our-

selves on the basis of equality. We have often spoken of them as though our own sons and daughters were coming to take a seat at the parental table. It seems to me we are passing out of the stage of filial relationship into that of fraternal union; they have fought in this war, not only as sons of England but as citizens of the British Empire. The War Cabinet is, for a purpose, being expanded into an Imperial Council, and this in the future may give us a nucleus around which to form some kind of Imperial Constitution."

The Imperial Cabinet held fourteen sittings and, according to Mr. Lloyd-George, it will meet annually and become an accepted part of the British Constitution.

This body, together with the Imperial Conferences which have been held from time to time (the first in 1887 and the last in 1917), constitutes the first steps in the solution of the problem of Imperial Federation. The Imperial Conference of 1917 declared that the readjustment of constitutional relations within the Empire was necessary but too complex to be dealt with during the war. It committed itself, however, to the view that "such readjustment should be based on a full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth," and that effective arrangements should be made for continuous consultation with India and the

Dominions in all important matters of common Imperial concern.

The development of a plan for taking the five Dominions into full partnership with the United Kingdom presents many difficulties and will constitute one of the most complex problems to be settled after the war.

With the organization described above, and fully aroused to the magnitude of the task before it, the Empire has thrown itself into the Great War with all the energy and determination it possesses. Five million Britons have taken the field and have gallantly upheld the traditions of the British army. Referring to the efficiency of this army, Lord Northcliffe has said: "No one will accuse me of failing to criticize the mistakes of the British army in the early months. But I want you to know that to-day we have the finest fighting-machine in the world. It has taken time to build it, but now we have it."

It must not be forgotten either that British industry and British finance have made possible the heroic and sustained resistance of France and Belgium, while the British fleet has been absolutely indispensable in saving the Allies from defeat. The navy has kept the seas open to British and neutral shipping and has transported thirteen million troops, together with the necessary supplies and equipment. In addition it has seriously reduced Germany's

economic vitality by the maintenance of the blockade, and it is rapidly overcoming the submarine menace. It is the British fleet, too, which makes possible the pouring of millions of Americans across the Atlantic, resolved that government of, for, and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

But in the midst of the all-absorbing struggle, the British have remained true to their traditions as a politically-minded, politically-gifted race. They have found time to recognize and repair the defects in their political and social system even while carrying on a death struggle for its very existence. Furthermore, they have approached these problems in a new spirit. Britain is no longer content to "muddle through" as a nation of amateurs. She is now applying the results of scientific investigation to the solution of her national problems. She has recognized the need of a professional spirit and her readiness to do so is proof of her ability to profit by the experience of the war. Permeated with such a spirit, Britain seems likely to achieve a reconciliation of liberty and efficiency — an ideal for which nations have long striven.

The full realization of such an ideal can only come in times of peace, and peace seems yet far distant. There have been numerous "peace drives," which have resulted

in Britain's defining her peace terms more and more along democratic lines. Her position is now practically identical with that of President Wilson in insisting upon the self-determination of nations, the sanctity of treaties, the elimination of war, and the establishment of a League of Peace. To Germany these terms seem absurd and the positions of the contending powers appear therefore to be irreconcilable.

The end of the Great War then is not in sight, and the tremendous sacrifices already made, and yet to be made, fill many with gloom and foreboding. A Japanese statesman, Count Okuma, has even said that it spells the suicide of Western civilization. But it is well to remember that in the midst of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), the most terrible of all the conflicts which have preceded the Great War, when Germany lost between one-third and one-half of her population, and conditions were so terrible that men even resorted to cannibalism, there was brought forth into the world by the Dutchman, Hugo Grotius, the great book, "*De Jure Belli ac Pacis*." This work became the foundation of International Law and has exercised a more beneficent influence upon the human race than any book of non-sacred origin. Its principles have slowly made their way into the mind and practice of Western civilization, with the result that the relations be-

tween states have been gradually humanized, savage, unregulated warfare has given way to regulated warfare, and arbitration has steadily grown in favor. To-day practically the whole world is fighting to insure that these blessings shall not perish at the ruthless dictation of one power.

As International Law had its birth amidst the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, so there is being born amidst the terrors of the Great War a New Spirit. For not only are the members of the British Empire being drawn more closely together, but liberal forces the world over are being consolidated. England's mission to see that "peace on earth shall not depend on the verdict of one man" has become a world mission. Internationalism and International Law will not only have a rebirth, but this New Spirit of coöperation and understanding will quicken them into forms more comprehensive and effective than any the world has yet known.

Furthermore, the elemental and titanic character of the struggle has swept away the artificial and the superficial. Men are again face to face with stern realities and falling back upon eternal verities. Once more men are achieving self-conquest and self-mastery and knowing what it is to lose themselves in the cause. Everywhere spiritual forces have been quickened and life has taken on new

interest and deeper meaning. Out of the old individualistic, materialistic, tired, blasé world is emerging a New Religion permeated with a New Spirit. And as ever there will come a New Art and a New Literature to give them expression in lasting and lovely forms. With such results, who can say that the sacrifice and travail of the Great War have been in vain?

CHAPTER XV

A BALANCING OF ACCOUNTS

It is possible now, perhaps, to attempt a brief summary of the net result, a balancing of accounts. It has been our aim to portray the British Empire as it now stands in the midst of the Great War, and we have found it possible to do this only by a survey, however rapid and superficial, of its origin and development. For a descriptive account of present facts and present facts only, however valuable such an account might be for some purposes, would throw no light on the forces that make the Empire a living and dynamic thing. It is no mechanical structure, no well-planned engine of world-power that can be analyzed and explained by external study. It is a political organism, to be understood only by comprehension of the motives and aims that have made it possible.

In 1750 the British Empire as we know it did not exist. When the word "empire" was used it signified nothing more than "rule" or political independence. It is true that in America there were flourishing colonies that oc-

casionally engaged the attention of the British Parliament, but the real significance of the colonies was probably not seen by a dozen men in Britain. Apart from America the little ports and bits of coast that flew the British flag in various parts of the world meant only two things to the average Englishman: from the sentimental standpoint they were evidences of a far-flung sea power in which one might feel some complacent gratification; viewed more practically they were depots of trade. The most distant British possessions were regarded purely from a British point of view. If they meant an increase of British wealth and power they were worth while; if otherwise they were a source of irritation, and their acquisition and holding was a grievance. Great Britain was still an island, and the outside world — Europe, Asia and America — was viewed by British statesmen primarily as a market. Chatham, indeed, had a wider and truer vision; to him Virginians and New Englanders were fellow-countrymen, and to him a purely insular statesmanship spelled disaster. But Chatham stood alone.

A century later the British Empire had come into being. Between 1750 and 1850 the American colonies were lost, indeed, but in their place had come Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India, and a colonial policy was beginning to take shape. Colonies inhabited

largely by Europeans were being given self-government; others were classed as Crown Colonies and were governed by officials appointed in London and responsible to the British government; concerning the nature and destiny of the whole incoherent and widely scattered mass of British possessions there was much confused thinking and little clear vision, but the Empire was in being.

At the opening of the war the British possessions included over eleven million square miles of territory, inhabited by about four hundred millions of people. Of this vast population over three hundred millions lived in India; one quarter of the rest were Asiatic, African or Australasian natives of all stages of development, and the sixty or seventy million white British subjects, the "dominant race," were scattered over the five continents and the seven seas. The government of the Empire rested mainly with the Imperial Parliament, i. e., the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though in the case of the greater dependencies this power was exercised more in the way of oversight than in anything like actual administration. The self-governing colonies, whose visible tie to the mother islands consisted solely in the British name, the British flag, the Governors-General and the right of judicial appeal to the Privy Council, were unrepresented at Westminster, un-

taxed except by themselves, under no obligation to contribute a dollar or a man to imperial service, free in all respects to govern themselves as they pleased. In the territories known as British the student of politics might find every form of government known to man, from despotism to complete democracy, with more varieties of race and color than were ever ruled by Alexander and Cæsar combined. Nothing looser, less organized, more heterogeneous had ever been devised by the human mind than the British Empire as it stood in 1914.

These are the external facts, and they represent the Empire as it looked to an outsider or to a student of statistics. Against it was hurled in August, 1914, the full weight of its exact antithesis, an Empire organized to the minutest details, highly centralized, its immense resources capable of rapid and perfect mobilization at the will of its rulers, its faith based not on democracy or individual liberty but on the sanctity of the State. Kindred in race and language, Imperial Germany and Imperial England were utterly unlike in both form and spirit. The one, springing from infinitely varied beginnings and guided by infinitely varied aims, clung proudly to her tradition as the guardian of liberty and calmly accepted variety as normal; the other, created by the Hohenzollerns, inspired by one aim throughout, has worked steadily for

homogeneity and organized efficiency. In immediately available fighting strength Germany was incomparably the superior. No one indeed doubted the vast potential strength of Britain. But the British power and resources were scattered, unorganized, only to be mobilized slowly and with infinite difficulty. The fleet was ready for action and was to prove its incalculable value in the emergency; but naval power is essentially police power, indispensable in keeping safe the sea highways but useful primarily in defense and in transport. It remained to be seen whether the land power of the Empire was able to meet the unexpected test, whether the little regular army of Britain and the military force of her continental allies could prevent the immediate triumph of the invaders, whether after all the ties that held the Empire together might not snap under the strain.

What Britain needed above all was time, and this was provided by the fact that Germany, instead of concentrating her strength, dared to defy Russia and France at the same moment as she threw down the gauntlet to England by the attack on Belgium. The unexpected speed of Russia's mobilization, the amazing courage and constancy of the Belgians and the French, and the heroic self-sacrifice of the first British Expeditionary Force, gave the Allies a respite and weakened the paralyzing effect of that

terrible first blow. The German invasion was stopped and held, and there began the long war of the trenches. It was Britain's opportunity, and as the months passed Britain's enemies made a disconcerting discovery. Their belief in her weakness was based on logic and on history; but it had failed to take into account a spiritual movement which was in truth not only a new phenomenon in political experience but one essentially unintelligible to the Prussian mind.

Two generations before, as the nineteenth century passed into and through its third quarter, as Prussia was welding with successive hammer-strokes the new Germany, as France was trying and discarding her second venture in Bonapartism, as Italy was at last achieving unity, a momentous change was coming over the British Empire. It was gradual, not to be dated with any exactness, but it was very real,—the development of self-consciousness. In our survey of the self-governing colonies we have used the term "imperial patriotism." But it must be remembered that it was a term that had little meaning to the Canada of 1840 or the Australia of 1850. It was a sentiment of slow growth because the fact on which it came to be based was only slowly realized. In the colonies of the early nineteenth century there was love of England, the love of the exile for his mother land,

and there was love of the new home. But not at once were the two loves merged into one. Then slowly, bit by bit, a new understanding of the situation, a new sense of mingled pride and responsibility that was by no means confined to the British islands, arose and grew rapidly in clearness and intensity. It was expressed in Dilke's "Greater Britain" (1868), in Seeley's "Expansion of England" (1883), in the writings of Rudyard Kipling, and in numberless stories, poems, and books critical and descriptive that were eagerly read by Britons in Melbourne and Auckland, in Calcutta and Bombay, in London and Edinburgh, in Toronto and Winnipeg. To unity of language, tradition, institutions and attitude to life was added by imperceptible degrees unity of national sentiment, a unity so obviously clashing with the facts of geography and with previous experience yet so actual and compelling that its realization brought a glow of enthusiasm. The riddle of Britain's destiny seemed answered. Tremendous possibilities dazzled the eyes of Englishmen, and the "weary Titan" staggering under the "too vast orb of her fate" suddenly found the years and burden falling away and youth coming again. The sea was still an enclosing wall, but the metaphor was no longer adequate: the sea was now a highway to the broad and friendly dominions beyond the horizon, and the Empire

was no longer a burden and a perplexity but an immense source of hope.

In the face of this new imperial consciousness legal and political complexities, external inconsistencies, racial diversities and unsettled problems sank into insignificance. Indeed they became a source of a curious pride. Unity based on centralized organization seemed a commonplace and mechanical thing as compared with unity based on sentiment, on common traditions, on common aims, on "liberty, equality and fraternity." The question as to whether such a unity based on "imponderables" would stand the test of time and shock was one that few Britons the world over seriously asked. Thinkers of other nations shook their heads and ridiculed the so-called Empire as a house of cards. But the war came, and Britain's amazed enemies saw her heterogeneous empire stiffen and draw together, alive, eager, unified and fired by a patriotism as vital and impenetrable as though there were no seas. The bonds of sentiment became bonds of living steel.

That the Empire, quite apart from the war, has problems to solve, perils to meet and endure, no one doubts. It is an anomaly, of course, that the colonies may be involved in wars without their knowledge or consent, that the British Islands — England, Ireland, Scotland and

Wales — bear alone the weight of the imperial navy, that the Crown colonies and protectorates and all matters connected with the Empire as a whole are the concern of the British Parliament and the British Parliament only. But anomalies have never seriously worried the British mind. When war came no Canadian or Australian urged that they had never been consulted regarding the guarantee of Belgium's neutrality or the *Entente* with France. The situation does indeed suggest a danger. But when this and other problems become sufficiently acute to be a positive source of irritation they will be met and solved, wisely or unwisely: if wisely, the settlement will stand, if unwisely it will be amended, as in the past.

To the Briton the world is a practical one, withal. In the last hundred years or so he has become broader in outlook, more human and cosmopolitan in his sympathies, and he has lost much of the old arrogance, the old insularity, the old stubbornness of prejudice. He is still cautious, still suspicious of abstract or academic generalizations, still conservative, still primarily interested in to-day's problems and to-day's work. Yet the practical British soul is stirred nevertheless in these days by a mighty fact and a dazzling vision. For every son of the Empire feels himself one of a great brotherhood, one and indivisible, based on ideals fundamentally identical with

those of the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg speech.

The dispassionate observer who might find himself unable to understand or to evaluate the element of imperial patriotism might still see three clear reasons for British success in empire-building. One is the Empire's elasticity, its refusal to force human nature into a rigid mold, its abandonment of the policy of centralization, repression, uniformity,—in other words, its steadily increasing comprehension of the meaning and power of liberty. Another is an inborn capacity for administration,—a capacity of which India and Egypt are sufficient proofs. The third is the application of a principle that may yet result in the dawn of a new era of peace and good-will on earth,—the discovery that political boundaries, political forms, systems of law, are none of them of final and sacred consequence, that an infinite variety of institutions may be consistent with unity of spirit and harmony of action, that sympathy and good fellowship matter more than any external form. When the world shall have discovered this it will be a new world. The union of the nations that make up what the world calls the British Empire is a prophecy of a wider union, not bound by rigid forms but by common humanity, which is already more than a dream.

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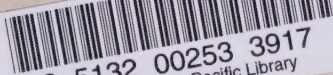
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